

LIFE



AUTUMN

OCTOBER 29, 1945 **10** CENTS
BY SUBSCRIPTION: TWO YEARS \$8.50

Since engine parts
don't grow on trees,
Protect yours now
with *anti-freeze*



Du Pont advises car-owners to get anti-freeze early this year to protect engine parts that are not only expensive, but hard to replace.

However, even the best anti-freeze made won't protect your car if it is allowed to run out through a leaky radiator or a rotted hose connection. That's why—before you have anti-freeze put in—it's wise to have your cooling system thoroughly checked over. Have your dealer stop leaks and make sure that all parts of the cooling system are in tip-top working order.

Why not ask him to check your cooling system today? Then have your car protected with either of these dependable Du Pont anti-freezes—"Zerone" or "Zerex."

**Get a Du Pont
anti-freeze now!**

\$1.40 a GAL. War Emergency "Zerone"* gives thorough protection against rust and corrosion as well as freezing. Until regular "Zerone" comes back (this season's production went to war), there's no better buy at the price. Remember, it's made by Du Pont.

\$2.65 a GAL. A limited supply of "Zerex,"* Du Pont's non-evaporating anti-freeze, is now available. "Zerex" won't boil out. One filling lasts all winter. Gives complete protection against rust and corrosion—won't form sludge or clog radiators.

*TRADE MARK



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

"ZERONE" AND "ZEREX"
ANTI-FREEZE

Advanced Design
P H I L C O

*Coming
Soon!*

**YOUR NEW 1946
PHILCO REFRIGERATOR
IS IN PRODUCTION**

**YOUR PHILCO DEALER
WILL HAVE THE FULL
STORY FOR YOU SOON**

PHILCO

*Famous for Quality
the World Over*

This One

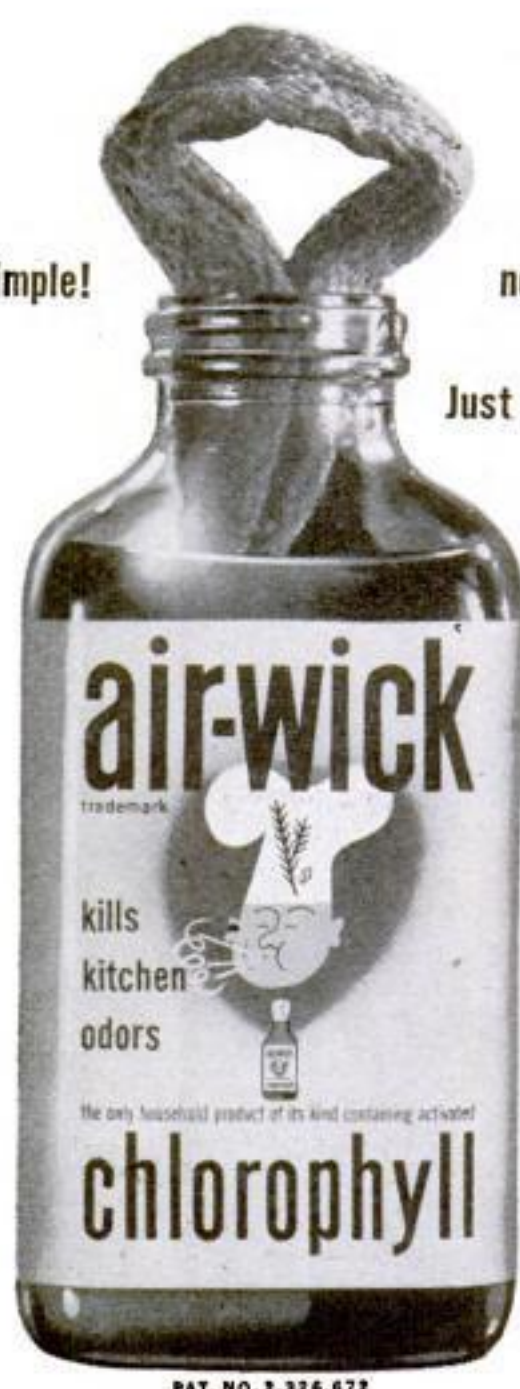


TGNH-JD2-2CRE

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It's simple!

nothing to light...
non-inflammable...
Just pull up the wick...



sensational new way

to kill kitchen

...make indoor air country-

why risk offending?

...get air-wick

more than 5,000,000 bottles already sold

*air-wick deodorizer and household freshener is fully protected by U.S. patent. air-wick is a trademark of Seeman Brothers, Inc.

Millions of people have already discovered **air-wick***...the revolutionary little bottle with the magic wick which kills all household odors and makes indoor air country-fresh.

You see, **air-wick** has no medicinal odor of its own. It is not in any sense a perfume. It freshens air as nature freshens the air in garden and forest. **air-wick** contains activated chlorophyll...the substance found in its natural state in growing plants...the miracle substance that makes each green leaf "a miniature purifying laboratory".

All you do is uncap the bottle and pull up the wick. There's nothing to light... nothing to burn...nothing to spray. Use this latest product of modern science to kill all unpleasant cooking odors. Use it to freshen the living-room after heavy smoking, to keep your bathroom always fresh. Use it for closets, for nurseries, for sickrooms, for musty cellars and to banish the smell of pets.

You will find **air-wick** at drug, grocery, variety, hardware, chain and department stores. If your favorite dealer has not yet received his supply, please send us his name and address immediately.

Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.

odors fresh!



kills cooking odors

Whether you are cooking cabbage, cauliflower, onions, fish or fried foods, **air-wick** kills the odor quickly, simply. Just open the bottle in the kitchen...and pull up the magic wick.



kills bathroom odors, too

Many fastidious people keep a bottle of **air-wick** on constant duty in the bathroom. It keeps the air country-fresh 24 hours a day.



kills odors of stale smoke

air-wick clears the air almost immediately after heavy pipe, cigar or cigarette smoking... keeps curtains and furniture fresh and odorless. Invaluable for use after parties.



kills stuffy closet odors

Open a bottle of **air-wick** for an hour or so each day in your closets. It will banish all perspiration and stale tobacco odors and make each closet as fresh as all outdoors.



freshens nurseries and sick rooms

air-wick banishes the unpleasant lingering memory of diapers...in nurseries... transports the sickroom into a pine forest.

BETTER-GROOMED HAIR Scores Touchdown

BOTH ON THE JOB AND WITH THE LADIES...



Thrown for a loss:

Didn't get the job because of his messy, unkempt hair. Combing his hair with water simply doesn't keep it in place. Thousands use Kreml to keep hair neatly "combed for the day"—so keen and spruce looking.

Always fumbling:

He just can't find "what's right" for his hair. How ridiculous and out of date he looks with it plastered down with grease. Too bad he doesn't try Kreml—it grooms hair so handsomely. Yet Kreml never leaves hair with that offensive oily or greasy look.



Penalized:

And justly so! No man who cares about his appearance would be guilty of untidy dandruff flakes on his shoulders. Kreml is famous to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes. Leaves scalp feeling so clean—so refreshed.



Touchdown!

You just bet Kreml-groomed hair helps get the better job—and get the girl! Kreml keeps hair neatly groomed all day—so lustrous—so masculine looking. Kreml never "pastes" hair down. Never leaves hair stiff. A nationwide favorite.

• Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use Kreml daily—to help improve the appearance of your hair—look like a winner!

**KREML
HAIR TONIC**

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes



A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE WALDORF

Sirs:

Your picture essay on The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel (LIFE, Oct. 8) left me with a desire to tell those who have not stayed there during wartime of its amazing accomplishments. The linen is more than generous, which is very different from what I have found in any hotel, hospital or even my own home during the war. . . .

The only fault I could find was the absence of a Bible in the rooms.

DOROTHY W. GOLDTHROPE
Charleston, W. Va.

• The Waldorf's room service supplies copies of the Bible on request.—ED.

Sirs:

I note that in your Waldorf-Astoria story you mention, "There is even a special underground siding for private railway cars." I also remember an official Waldorf-Astoria denial of this a few years ago. . . .

What I want to know is, does this siding exist or doesn't it? I am en route in my special car, and I'd hate like hell to have to walk from Grand Central if I really didn't have to!

LESLIE R. COFFMAN
Birmingham, Ala.

• The Waldorf does indeed have an underground siding, which has been used on important occasions. But, the hotel explains, it is not available to just anybody with a private railroad car.—ED.

Sirs:

. . . It seems to me that the Waldorf's 26 uniformed officers together with the seven plain-clothesmen should be able to determine what happened to the \$5,500,000.

This \$5,500,000 is represented by the difference between LIFE's figure of \$50,000 per day deposit, which would amount to \$18,250,000, and the total annual business, which amounts to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

LIFE is published weekly by TIME INC. at 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago 16, Illinois. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter November 16, 1936 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, 2 yrs., \$8.50; 3 yrs., \$12.50; Canada, 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50 (Canadian dollars, including duty and exchange); countries in Pan American Union, 1 yr., \$6.00; elsewhere, 1 yr., \$10.00. Special rates for members of the Armed Forces: 1 yr., \$3.50; 2 yrs., \$6.00; 3 yrs., \$9.00. There will be a 3-month delay in the entry of new non-military subscriptions.

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LIFE
October 29, 1945

Volume 19
Number 18

Gary Cooper

Producer and Star of International Pictures

"Along Came Jones". . . always a dependable performer.



DEPENDABLE
PERFORMERS



Stratford
Regency

New stream-lined beauty plus time-proven Stratford dependability...that's real pen value! But Stratford gives you even more. Exclusive extras like stunning duotone color combinations; a smart, wide band; a recessed clip; a satin-glide point. See the Stratford Regency! It will be available soon at your favorite pen counter.

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WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB, OFFERS—

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YES, IT'S TRUE! This three-in-one feast of mystery—yours FREE. Ellery Queen, Carter Dickson, Dorothy Hughes. The very LATEST detective novel of each (described below) is selling everywhere right now for \$2.00. But, as a new member of the Detective Book Club, you receive ALL THREE FREE in this single handsome gift volume—a \$6.00 value if bought separately.

This "3 in 1" Mystery Volume Contains

THE MURDERER IS A FOX

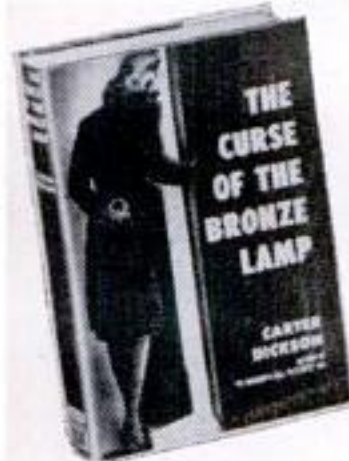
By Ellery Queen



THE murder had been committed twelve years before! But Ellery Queen had to crack the case wide open again. For now the lives of two people hung by a single thread! The further Queen goes, the worse it looks. And then his biggest headache: a missing box of 100 aspirins! See if you can out-fox this murderer!

THE CURSE OF THE BRONZE LAMP

By Carter Dickson



LADY Helen Loring hurried into Severn Hall with the cursed Egyptian lamp which (it was whispered) would "blow her to dust." In a few moments, they found her raincoat, the bronze lamp—but no sign of her, INSIDE the castle or OUTSIDE! No secret passages! No trap doors! But the great Sir Henry Merrivale thinks he knows the answer!

DREAD JOURNEY

By Dorothy B. Hughes



YOUR name is Kitten Agnew. Your face and figure have captivated millions, including the famous Hollywood producer, Vivien Spender. You have everything to live for. But right now, speeding eastward on a streamliner, you're mortally afraid that Death is riding WITH you! For Mr. Spender is also aboard—determined to get you out of his life. By taking yours!

Yet this is NOT a heavy, awkward, "jumbo" book. Its handy size and large, clear print are perfect for comfortable hour-after-hour reading pleasure. Here is a "triple-decker treat" for every mystery fan. Accept it FREE now!

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Members of the Detective Book Club can get, in one handsome volume, three BRAND-NEW top-notch mystery novels every month—for the usual price of only ONE! And EACH of the three is complete, full length, unabridged. So that you may see what our members enjoy—and what *you* have been missing—you are now invited to accept one of these three-in-one Club volumes FREE.

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About 300 new detective books are published every year. You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But if a mystery is by an author like Ellery Queen, Carter Dickson, Dorothy B. Hughes, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, or Frances and Richard Lockridge, it's sure to be good! All of these and many other famous writers have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club. Many of them are members of the Club themselves!

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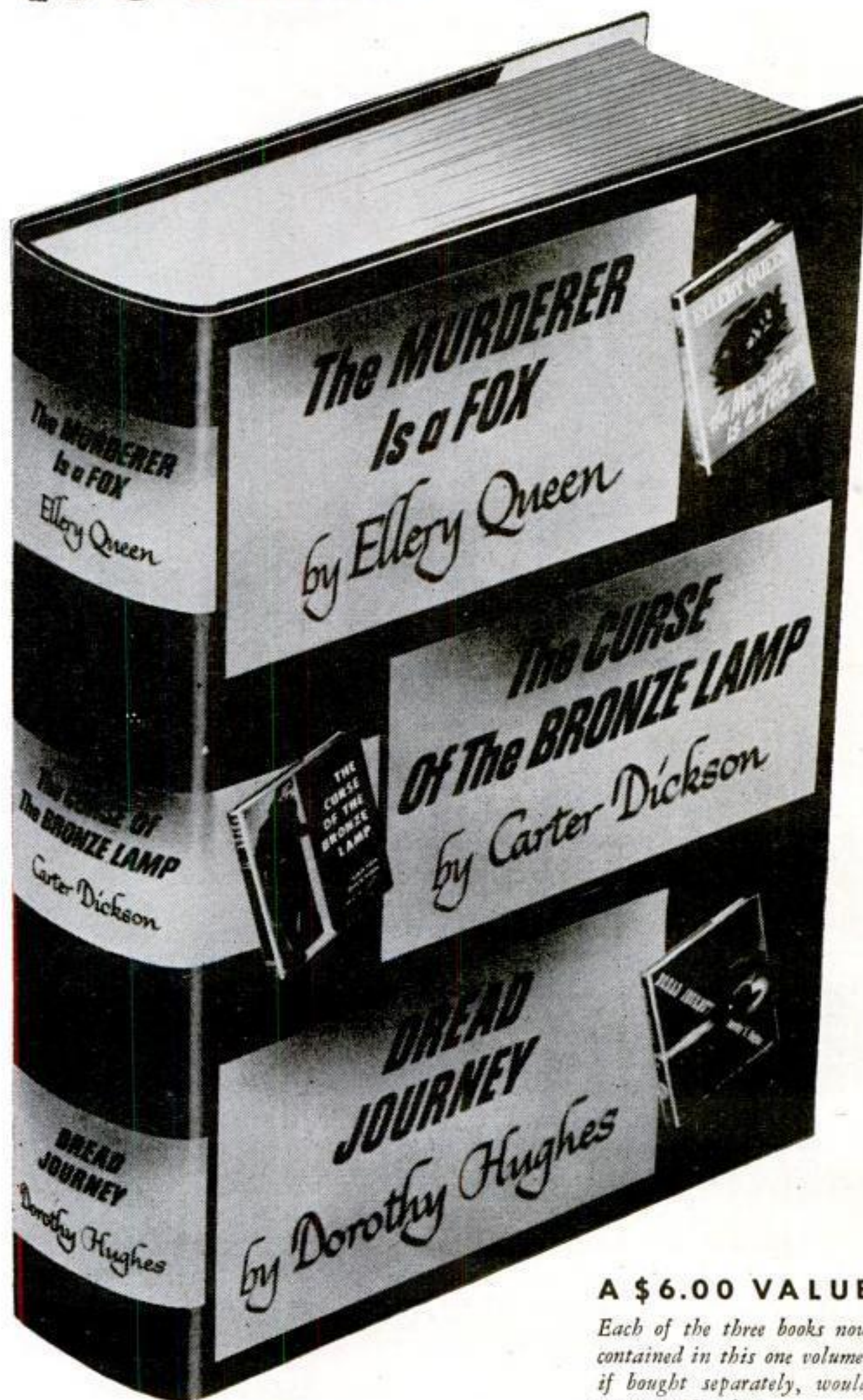
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A \$6.00 VALUE

Each of the three books now contained in this one volume, if bought separately, would cost you \$2 today.

SEND NO MONEY

4

Walter J. Black, President
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
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GGL

Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, the three-in-one gift volume pictured on this page. In addition, send me the current triple-volume of the month, which also contains three complete new detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly volume. I may cancel my membership at any time, but as long as I remain a member I agree to take no fewer than four books a year.

I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and may reject in advance any volume I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I do accept I will send only \$1.89, plus few cents postage, as complete payment, within one week after I receive it.

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(if any)



A flat hat
may be a
happy
accident...

...but a flat drink
is always a tragedy!



Keep drinks **Lively** with
CANADA DRY
WATER



Why spoil drinks with an inferior mixer? Unlike ordinary club sodas... or carbonated tap waters... sparkling Canada Dry Water is scientifically made to *improve* your drinks, rather than just dilute them. Original "Pin-Point Carbonation" keeps 'em bubbling with life—to the last sip. And Canada Dry's exclusive formula points up... never drowns out... flavor.

In addition, it has all the purity, all the uniformity that has made the name Canada Dry famous the world over.

It's smart to serve Canada Dry Water at home—to ask for it when you're out. You'll agree... it's the only club soda that belongs in your drinks.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

\$12,733,000. Is it possible that it could have been chopped up with the parsley?

A. ROPER

Shreveport, La.

• The Waldorf's services include cashing checks and advancing money for nonhotel expenses, which accounts for the apparent discrepancy.—ED.

HITLER YOUTH

Sirs:

... It seems a terrible shame that the principal of a school that is to teach democracy to Hitler Youth is only a private first class (LIFE, Oct. 8). Now that the war is over, re-education of German youth is so important that I feel the U.S. Army should take more cognizance of this fact and give men like Private Tourtillot ranks commensurate with their important jobs. ...

MRS. ROBERT A. KRAUSE

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Hitler Youth or not, all I can say for Johann Ihnen is huba, huba! What a hunk of man!

DIANE BULL

Genesee, N. Y.



HUNK OF MAN

Sirs:

... Would it be possible to correspond with any of those boys?

MICKI ROONEY

Greeley, Neb.

TEXAS

Sirs:

I would like to have that "furriner," Lieut. Jerry Kyle (Letters to the Editors, LIFE, Oct. 8), know that just because the roughest county in Texas is disciplined by a female sheriff, it does not mean that Texas is not still the roughest, toughest, rootin'-tootinest, wildest and woolliest state in the Union. On the contrary, it just goes to show that a woman from Texas can hold down a job that no man from any of the other 47 states could handle.

... Also, I should like to take advantage of this space to thank the rest of the United Nations for helping Texas win the war.

DAVID M. HERRING

Rockport, Texas

A NEW OUTLOOK

Sirs:

A year ago if someone had told me that today I would have a complete new outlook on the racial question of Mississippi, I would have laughed at him. That was before I joined the Navy. ...

I was born in Mississippi and grew up like any other kid in that state. I grew to understand that there were only two kinds of people, the white and black,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

LIPS HURT?



CHAPPED?

When exposure chaps and cracks your lips—apply soothing Lypsyl.



DRY?

Has a cold dried and roughened your lips? What you need is Lypsyl for quick relief!



WINDBURNED?

If your lips are roughened by wind and sun—ease pain, help heal skin cracks with Lypsyl.

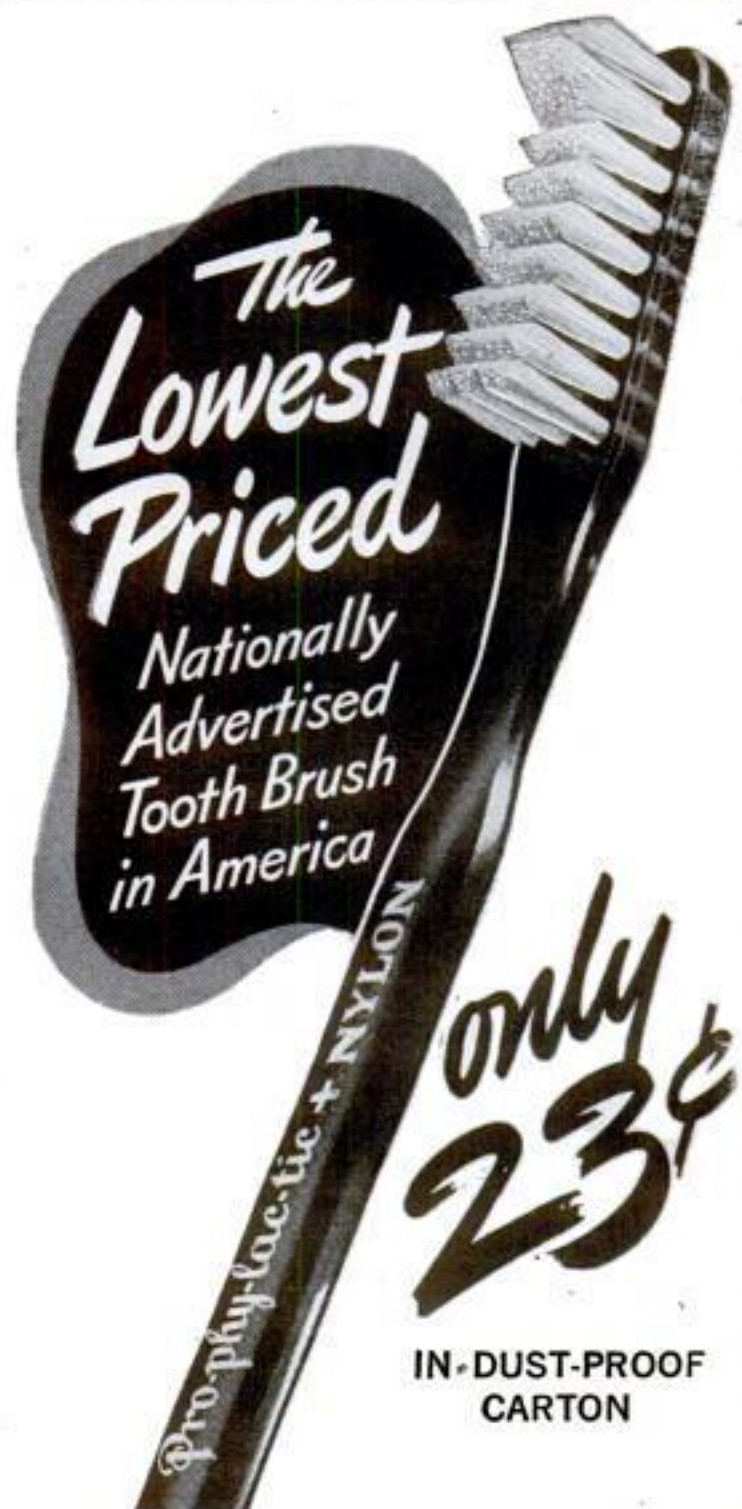
Get **LYPSYL**
for Quick Relief!



• Yes, Lypsyl brings quick relief from sore, chapped lips. Helps heal cracked skin. A colorless stick pomade. Easy to apply. Handy to carry with you. Only 25¢ at most druggists. Ask for Lypsyl today!



LYPSYL (PRONOUNCED "LIP-SIL")



IN-DUST-PROOF
CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush

HERE AT LAST!

The 1946-model
comedy with lots of
new, modern features!

From the Broadway Stage
Hit about a returned
boy-hero whose post-
war problem is
his family!



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

SNAPFU

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION

Stageplay and Screenplay by LOUIS SOLOMON and HAROLD BUCHMAN

WITH ROBERT BENCHLEY • VERA VAGUE • CONRAD JANIS

NANETTE PARKS • JANIS WILSON • JIMMY LLOYD • ENID MARKEY

Produced and
Directed by
JACK MOSS



Here's
HELEN JEPSON'S
favorite "pin-up"!



HELEN JEPSON
Metropolitan Opera & Concert Star
and 1-yr. old "Ricky"

What every mother wants—beautiful opera star or not—is to give her baby the best care . . . and the smoothest, healthiest skin this side of heaven! That's why so many mothers choose mild, soothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder. It's antiseptic, helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, urine irritation, chafing, many other troubles. Here's why Mennen is best . . .



1. More baby specialists prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder than any other; they know best that Mennen Powder keeps baby's skin healthier, lovelier.*
2. Mennen is smoothest—shown in microscopic tests of leading baby powders. Mennen powder is "cloud-spun" for extra smoothness—means extra comfort.
3. Makes baby smell so sweet . . . new, mild flower fresh scent!

*According to surveys

Buy **MENNEN**

"Twin Blessings"
for
Baby!



Also, MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL is preferred by more Doctors, Hospitals, Nurses than any other. MENNEN Baby Oil is antiseptic, has helped millions of babies to have smoother, healthier skin . . . to be lovelier, happier babies!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

and that the Negro was not my equal. That was never said to me in so many words but you could always hear it in such things as "Nigger, you can't sit there—you can't eat here—not in our schools—not in this theater." That was my democracy in action. . . .

In the Navy there were a great many Negroes and it was not easy at first to eat, sleep and wash by them. I brushed off those thoughts with "The Navy is run by a gang of damn Yankees." But when I became very seasick and couldn't eat, it was a big colored guy named Lewis from Florida who fixed me something that would stay on my stomach. When I was broke in Hawaii it was a colored guy who lent me money.

At night when there was not much to do on the ship, we used to sit out on the rail and talk till all hours of the night . . . and it was not too long before I realized that they wanted the same out of life as I did, had the same dreams as I. They were fighting for a democracy they had hardly shared, one that had given them only poverty. Yet they have been willing to give their lives for that. I too was willing to fight for a democracy, one in which I had shared every benefit. Who was a better American? I'm sure it was not I.

. . . I never had the privilege of fighting beside a Negro but I have talked to countless numbers of white men who have, men who fought on Iwo Jima and Okinawa. And they can all tell instances of uncommon valor among the Negroes fighting beside them. . . . I had felt if the Negroes worked and proved themselves worthy of democracy they would obtain it. But now I see that I was wrong to have thought such a thing, for what right did I have? . . .

The Negro in this war has proven himself entitled to the benefits of democracy above and beyond the call of expectation. If this be denied then we are frauds.

In what I have written I by no means wish to condemn the state of Mississippi but only some of the people of Mississippi for their selfishness and narrow-mindedness.

JAMES P. O'BRYAN

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

URGENT BUSINESS

Sirs:

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR OCT. 8 EDITORIAL, URGENT BUSINESS, WHICH DESERVES THE EARNEST CONSIDERATION OF EVERY AMERICAN INTERESTED IN POSTWAR PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

JOE J. MICKLE
President

Centenary College
Shreveport, La.

Sirs:

You picture the U.S. as a young son who refuses to support his aging parents for the rest of their lives, though he is quite in debt.

It seems to me that Lord Keynes or some Union Now member must have written that garbage, but in ten years we'll see who's crazy.

RAYMOND E. LEARY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

● Exactly.—ED.

TRANSPORTATION

Sirs:

The situation on the Tokyo Express (LIFE, Oct. 8) may be tough, but things are no better in China these days. As a matter of fact, they never were. As proof I submit this picture, which I took at the railroad station at Hanchow.

I've returned repeatedly to the station to watch this; it is so amazing, and it happens every time. My interpreter

HEADACHE?
TAKE A TIP FROM ME



TRY
"BC"

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
HEADACHES
NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS



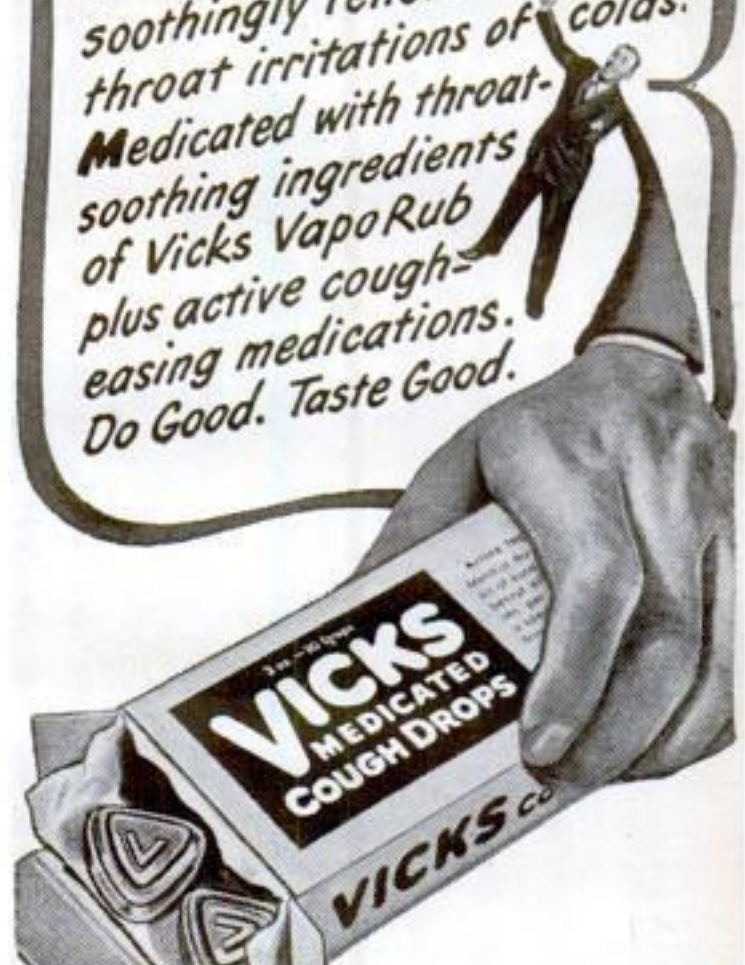
10¢
AND
25¢

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**HERE'S THE
MEDICATED
COUGH DROP**

millions now depend on to
soothingly relieve coughs,
throat irritations of colds.

Medicated with throat-
soothing ingredients
of Vicks VapoRub
plus active cough-
easing medications.
Do Good. Taste Good.



Here's Quick Way to **GREATER
BREATHING
COMFORT**

**Vicks
Inhaler**

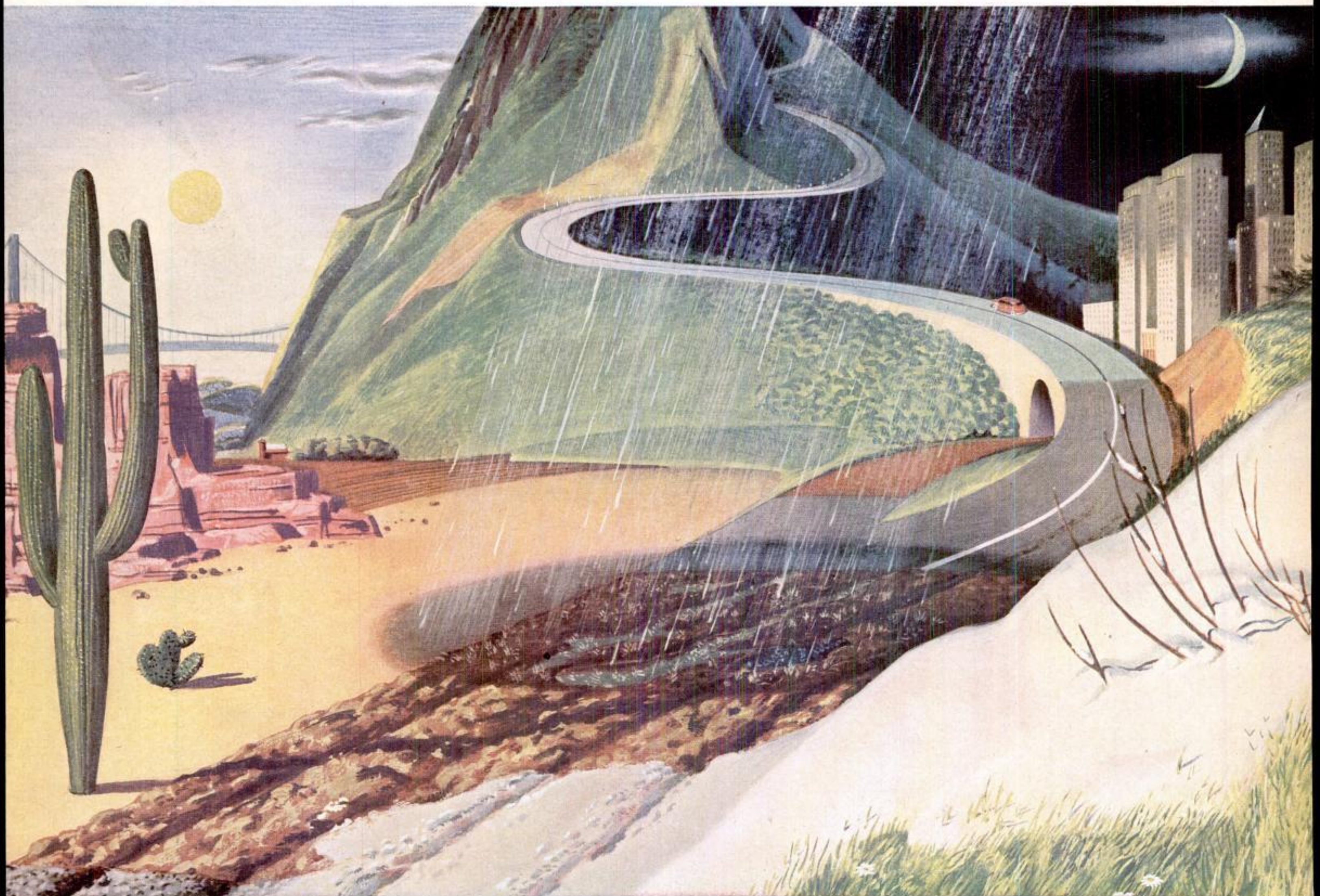
Cold-Struffed Nose Feels
Clearer in Seconds!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER CORPORATION

IMAGINATION IN TESTING

HOW IT GETS GOOD RESULTS FOR YOU



An artist telescopes into a single picture many different conditions under which road-testing is done

Keep on buying Victory Bonds

Imagination seeks the answer to every driving problem; it makes the whole U.S. a testing ground for cars!

Imagination at Chrysler Corporation hunts the worst roads and driving conditions — where the toughest drivers test our cars with more abuse than you will ever give them.

This picture of a strange combination of roads and weather will give you an idea of the many different kinds of actual road-testing the Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars go through.

We send them up the country's longest mountain grades, over the Southwest's burning deserts, through the snow and cold of the North, over miles of gravel. Wherever driving conditions are the most severe, we check performance, stamina and driving comfort — to make sure our cars will give exceptionally good account of themselves.

This is the way *imagination* helps us prepare our cars for any kind of driving you may do — the same

imagination that is the directing force all through Chrysler Corporation.

Useful *imagination* has pioneered many important improvements on our automobiles . . . gyrol Fluid Drive, Floating Power and the many other developments that bring you easier driving, greater comfort and smoother, more brilliant performance.

Imagination never stops testing, improving, developing. You'll see its results in our new cars and trucks — better performance, safety, comfort and value.

NEW THURSDAY NIGHT PROGRAM! *The Music of Andre Kostelanetz with the most popular stars of the musical world, Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., EST.*

Plymouth DODGE DeSoto CHRYSLER

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AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines • OILITE Powdered Metal Products • MOPAR Parts and Accessories

It's cleaner, brighter **Taste**
means cleaner, brighter teeth—
Pepsodent tooth paste
with **Irium**
removes the film that
makes your teeth look dull



Use Pepsodent twice a day,
see your dentist twice a year



**you BET it's
GOOD... it's a
Brentwood**

America's Finest
SPORTSWEAR

Proudly you'll wear it as admiring eyes tell you how well you look in sportswear by Brentwood.

For there's an unmistakable air of manner-born quality and casualness about its finer styling.

Smooth flattering lines — luxurious fabrics — superb craftsmanship — you'll find them all under the BRENTWOOD label!

• Illustrated: the smart plaid and-knit coat sweater... \$7

At Better Men's and Department Stores

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

says it isn't just the war ending; it goes on even in peacetime. They ride on the cowcatcher, under the cars, between the cars, half hanging out of the windows and jammed on the roof, as many as can stay on. . . . All this for a ride



that lasts from six to seven hours. . . . Most of them are coolies and all the bundles they carry contain rice, cigarettes, beer, sugar, salt and other things that they buy in Shanghai, lug back and sell here in Hanchow. Next day they go back and start all over, carrying silk or some Hanchow commodity that they can sell for more in Shanghai. Men, women and children, all do it. That is their work and although I'm not sure, I doubt if their life expectancy is very long.

MAJOR LESTER G.
BRUGGEMANN JR., USMC
FPO, New York, N. Y.

JEWISH NEW YEAR

Sirs:

As one who was in Berlin for quite a while in former times, I would like to tell you that in my opinion the pictures of the Jewish services in Berlin (LIFE, Oct. 8) were really fine. I thank you very much for their publication.

HERBERT PERLMAN
Alexandria, La.

Sirs:

I am greatly shocked to read the sentence referring to the Shofar, or ram's horn, viz.: "In ancient times the blast of the horn supposedly drove away evil spirits."

This is either ignorance or libel of the Jewish faith as it implies that the religious rite referred to is grounded in superstition. Any Christian who has read his Bible would know better. Basically the ram's horn was used in ancient times as a call to battle, as a tocsin for defense, but it also was a symbol ushering in the high holidays, the public fasts and other momentous convocations. . . .

MEYER KRAUSHAAR
New York, N. Y.

THE "KINUGAWA MARU"

Sirs:

In your portfolio of paintings of the Pacific war (LIFE, Oct. 8) one in particular caught my eye, the painting of the beached Japanese transport, the *Kinugawa Maru*. But your caption states that this transport was beached at Rendova.

Here is a snapshot of the *Kinugawa Maru*, which I took, but not at Rendova. The transport was sunk at Kokumbana Beach, Guadalcanal. . . .

TIM F. MCLAUGHLIN
Chicago, Ill.



JAP SHIP AT GUADALCANAL

ACT I...The curtains part!



7 A. M. Bill's promised to drive over and get the turkey from Farmer Lent bright and early. But he begs off. Feels

heavy, miserable. Head aches. "You need a laxative," says the missus. "A sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica!"

ACT II...Hero gets the bird!



9 A. M. Will you look at Bill! He feels swell! And is he grateful for Sal Hepatica! Taken first thing in the morning, this refreshing saline laxative usually acts within an hour—brings quick, ever-so-easy relief. Helps coun-

teract excess gastric acidity, too; aids in turning a sour stomach sweet again.

Three out of five doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend this sparkling saline. Try Sal Hepatica next time you need a laxative.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription: Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

**Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, speedy
SAL HEPATICA**

TUNE IN { "THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P.M., E.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, ABC, 8:30 P.M., E.T.



*Gate Guards
Joseph H. Downs & Frank M. Gill*



*William Simmons
Receptionist*



*Guard
John Cornell*



Delegation of ladies waiting to see the President

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . CARICATURIST PORTRAYS PEOPLE AROUND TRUMAN

White House attendants—



*Robert Goodloe
Messenger*



*Arthur Prettyman
Valet*



*Samuel Jackson
Houseman*



*Clayton Washington
Houseman*



*J. H. Carter
Chef*



*John Maya
Doorman*



*Judge Samuel Rosenman
& his secretary Katherine Gilligan*



*Charles Ross, President's secretary.
Ross's secretary Miss Berghem & her secretary*

The sly drawings on these pages constitute the first good look at the inhabitants of the White House in the six months of Harry Truman's presidency. They were drawn by globe-trotting Caricaturist Oscar Berger, who has sketched Churchill, Roosevelt, Attlee and the Pope and whose artistic fame is matched by his formidable reputation for getting into well-protected places. In this case it

was easy. Mr. Berger got an appointment to sketch the President, made such a hit with the caricature (above, left) that Harry Truman gave him the run of the White House. Accordingly, Berger wound up with sketches of nearly everybody from expugilist Guard John Carnell to "Judge" Maurice C. Latta, whom the President facetiously designated last week as "the indispensable man in the White House."



*Commodore
James Vandaman
President's Naval Aide*

*'Judge' Maurice Latta
Executive Clerk*

*Major Hartzberg
Marshall's Liaison*



*John W. Snyder
Reconversion Boss*

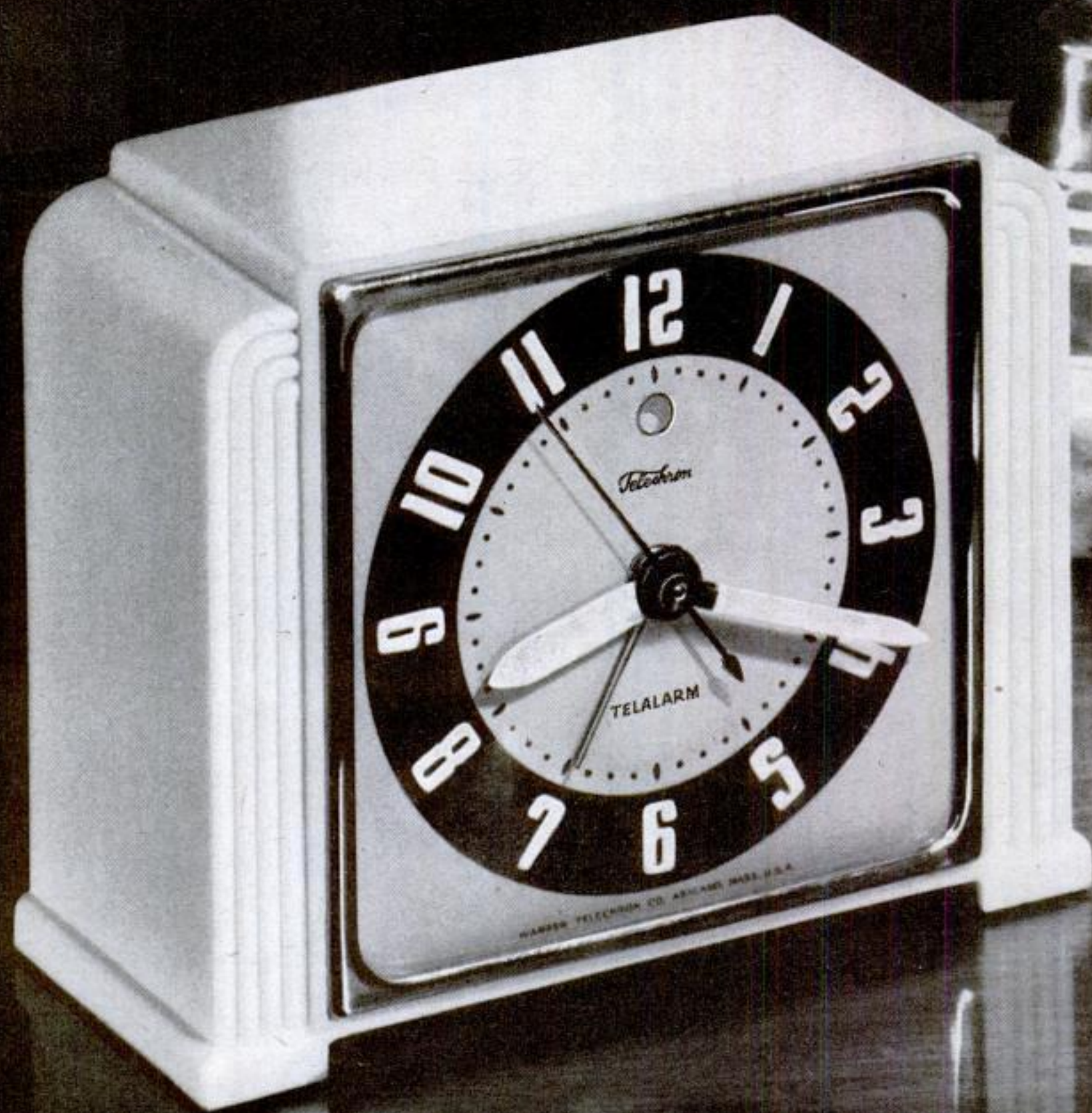


*Adm. Wm Leahy
Pres. Chief of Staff*

Looking for an electric alarm?

If you need an alarm clock that you can set and forget . . . you'll be glad to know that handsome Telechron *electric* alarm clocks are being produced in greater quantities each week • You'll like the new improved Telechron alarm bell. It's a beautiful chime tone that awakens you pleasantly and stays on until you stop the alarm. And you'll appreciate the dependable accuracy that has made Telechron electric clocks the nation's best-sellers for years.

BUY VICTORY BONDS



"Telalarm"

Chime tone bell alarm. Accurate Telechron clock with smart plastic case in ivory color, luminous hands and dial. **\$4⁹⁵** Plus tax

Telechron

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY • ASHLAND, MASS.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



Eben Ayers is assistant secretary to Charles Ross who is press secretary to President. Miss Terry Lorenz (left) is, in turn, secretary to Mr. Ayers.



Rose Conway works at a desk outside President Truman's office. Her official title is "administrative special assistant in the President's office."



Roberta Barrows, secretary to Presidential Secretary Connolly, sat for caricature which Truman liked so much he called everyone in to see it.

FLORSHEIM SHOES

...worth waiting for



MORE and more Florsheim Shoes are reaching your Dealer daily. The demand may still exceed the supply, and you may have to wait for your size in your favorite style . . . but, as you know, Florsheim Shoes are worth waiting for.

Most Styles \$10⁵⁰ and \$11

Florsheim  **Shoes**

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

CAPITOL HITS



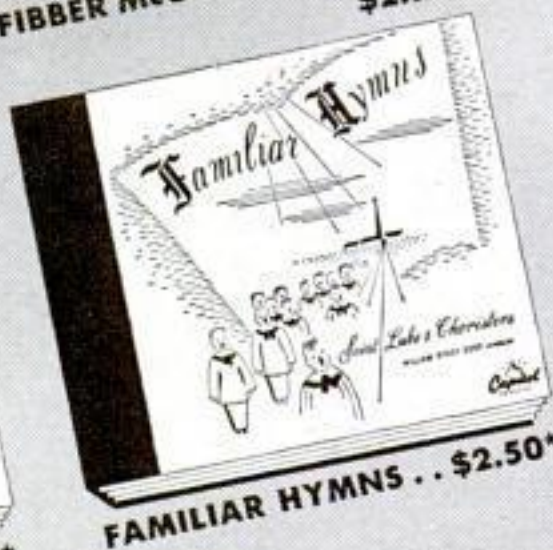
Arranger-conductor **STAN KENTON'S** "Artistry in Rhythm" combines with Capitol's electronic engineering to assure the full fidelity of Capitol's "Hits from Hollywood."

A Baritone-Brains-Beauty threesome: tall, dark and handsome **ANDY RUSSELL**, left; **BUDDY DeSYLVA**, Capitol's showman-executive with the knack of picking hit tunes; and **BETTY HUTTON**, Capitol's vivacious vocalist. (Andy and Betty currently star in DeSylva's film "Stork Club.") Capitol Records, in the heart of musical Hollywood, is unique in its wealth of screen and radio talent.

Big, friendly **TEX RITTER** is a favorite western star of the youngsters of America. Famed for his songs and stories of the open range, Tex records exclusively for Capitol.



*PLUS TAXES



A FEW OF Capitol's many albums. Stories in words and music, jazz collectors' items, religious music, folk tunes, vocal and instrumental specialties. Attractively-packaged Capitol albums make ideal gifts for year 'round enjoyment. At your favorite record store.



CAPITOL'S SAPPHIRE NEEDLE is guaranteed for finer tone, less record wear, less needle noise—up to 10,000 plays. \$2.50 at record stores. Preferred by recording artists for true reproduction.

KEEP UP with the latest about music, records, bands, singers, tunes. Read *The Capitol*, Hollywood's smart newsmagazine. It's free—at your record dealer.

from HOLLYWOOD

Smart tune-picking, plus Hollywood screen and radio talent, have combined to make Capitol Records top hit-producers of the U.S.



A Capitol discovery, the **KING COLE TRIO** is an overnight sensation. Nat (King) Cole, center, handles piano and vocals; Oscar Moore, left, is guitarist; Johnny Miller, bassist. The Trio's Capitol records are best-sellers.



Three of the many reasons for Capitol's spectacular success, and team-mates on many a Capitol recording: brilliant arranger-leader **PAUL WESTON**, left; sweet-singing **JO STAFFORD**; and Capitol president **JOHNNY MERCER**, singer, song-writer of *Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive*, *Laura*, *G. I. Jive* and *On the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe*.



JOHNNIE JOHNSTON is a guitar-playing Missouri boy whose rich, appealing baritone has brought him solid success in films, on the stage, in radio... and on smooth-playing Capitol recordings.



COMING SOON—CAPITOL PHONOGRAPHS!... a complete line of fully electronic table models, battery-acoustic and spring-wound portables—all designed by a record manufacturer to assure brilliant reproduction.

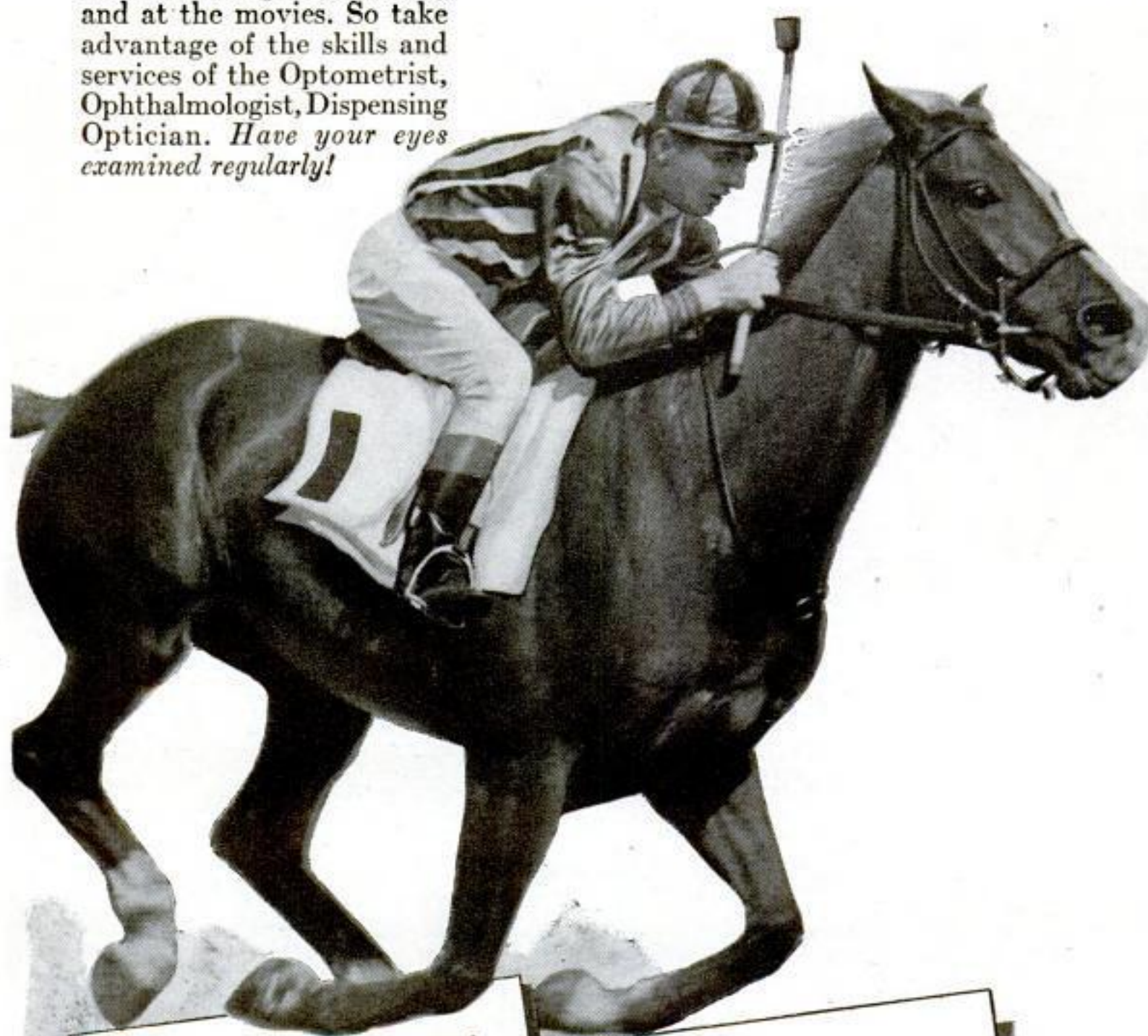


1. PHOTO FINISH? No—there's only *one* horse seen through two tired eyes. Maybe your eyes? If your eyes play tricks on you, don't wait for other disturbing symptoms—*have them examined now!*



Which winner did *you pick?*

2. OUT IN FRONT! Regular eye care is the secret of maintaining better vision, doing better work, having more fun at sports, reading and at the movies. So take advantage of the skills and services of the Optometrist, Ophthalmologist, Dispensing Optician. *Have your eyes examined regularly!*



R... Professionally prescribed when needed to make seeing more comfortable.

Soft-Lite Lenses
... Tone down harsh light, reduce overbrightness
Slightly flesh-toned... less conspicuous... better looking

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LIFE'S REPORTS

ANIMALS ARE NOT HUMAN

But some think, some talk and some make war

by DONALD NEWTON

Man is the only articulate animal, yet he has never understood the other animals. All he is really sure of is that animals are not human but they confuse him sometimes by acting that way. To help clear up many of man's misconceptions about the animal world, Ruth Crosby Noble, widow of the late great U. S. biologist, Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, has written *The Nature of the Beast* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75). Mrs. Noble's book is based on thousands of case histories in laboratory and field. It tells how animals perceive and even think, and why they act the way they do. These are some of Mrs. Noble's conclusions:

All animals may learn by experience. But only men, apes, a few other mammals, and possibly some birds, have the higher forms of intelligence such as reasoning, foresight, inventiveness and symbolism. This is mainly because they have piled upon their primitive brains a cortex of associational tissue. The size of an animal's thinking cap is roughly indicative of the animal's intelligence.

Animals live in a world apart. Their homes and haunts do not appear the same to them as they would to us, nor do they smell and feel the same. A mackerel cannot turn its head to look at itself; consequently it has no idea what it looks like. It has no clear knowledge that its playmates are "birds of a feather." Similarly, a gosling, when it first peeks out of its shell, may adopt as its mother the first object its eyes light on, even if the object happens to be a mule.

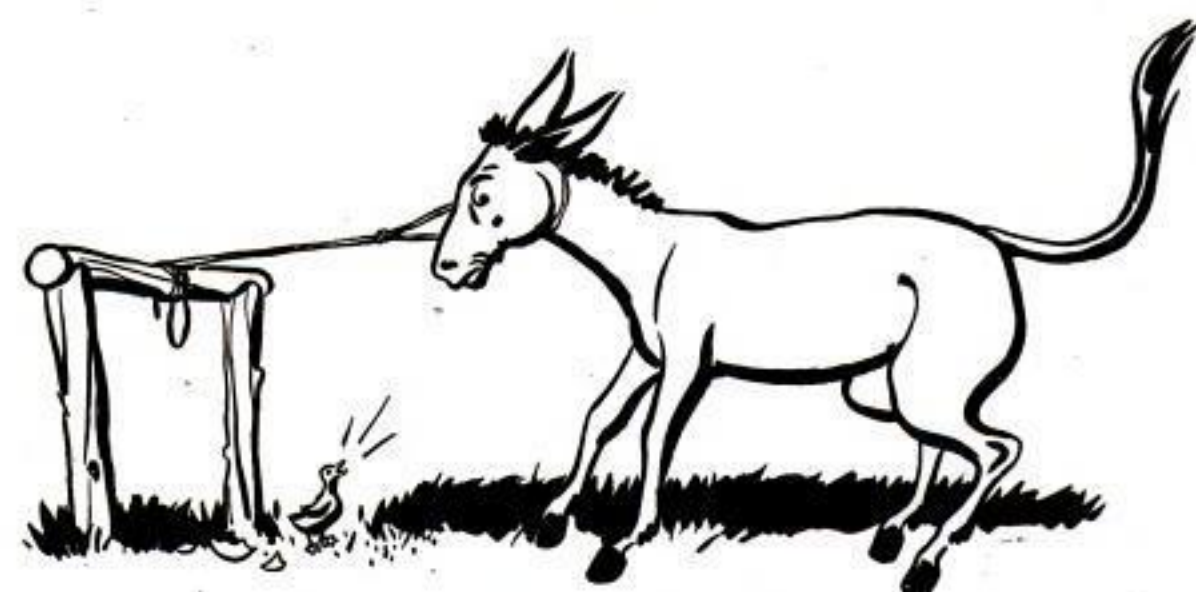
With the exception of fish, mandrills and highly colored birds, most of the animal world is color-blind. A bull would react more violently to a white cape than to a red one and a pink elephant would look gray to another elephant—if there were pink ones.

Dogs are color-blind, too. The dog lives in a foreshortened world, mistakes his master for the leader of the dog pack, is born with the ability to trail or guard and may suffer from inhibitions. A puppy whose desire to fight has been frustrated will chase its tail. A frustrated rat will bite its nails.

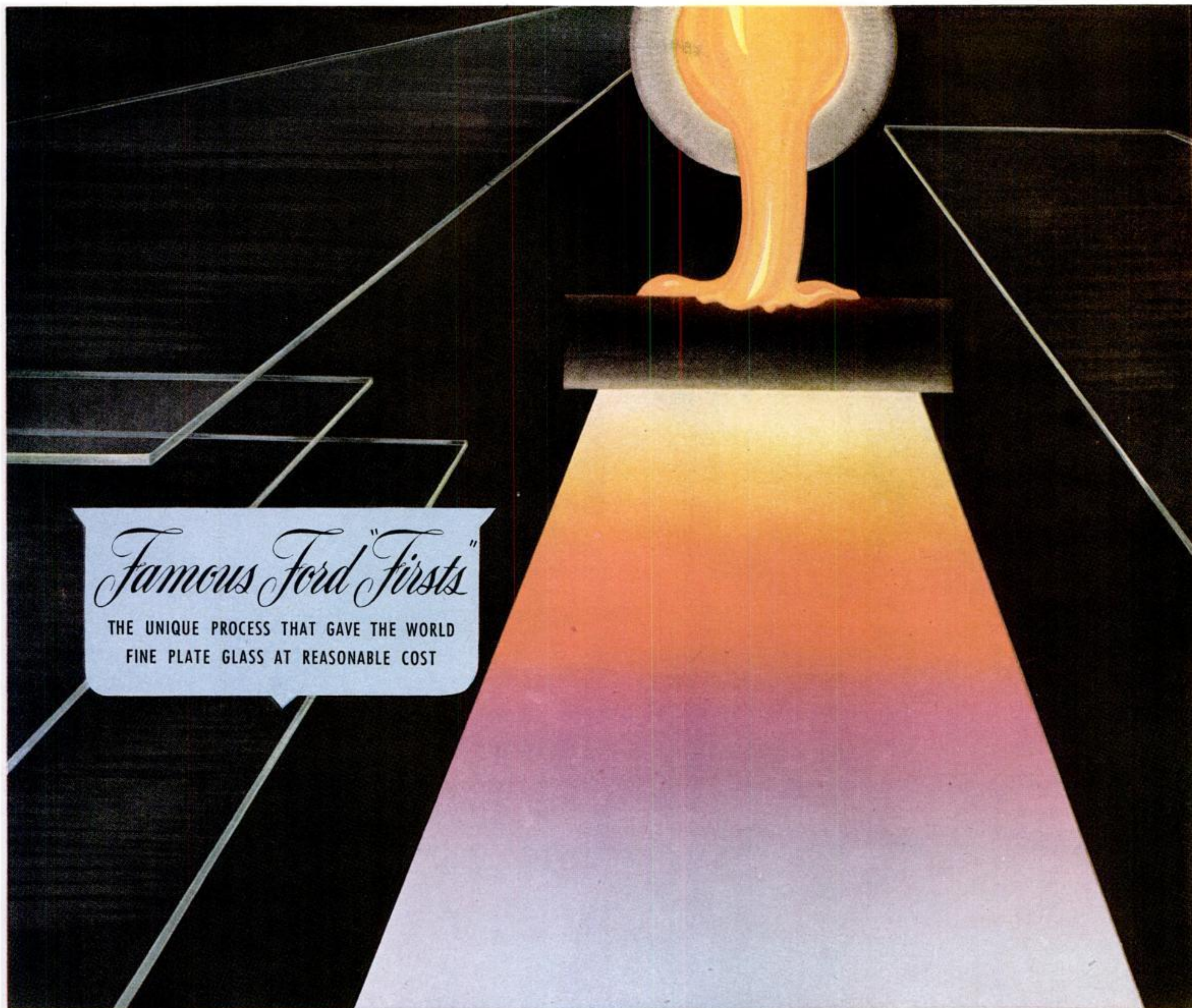
Animals may live lives rich in sensations and instincts. There is some truth in the popular belief that the call of the tree toad "brings rain." But it is really the other way around. Warm, moist air releases the male toad's mating urge, so he sings. A beaver's instincts are so strong that even if he is raised in solitary captivity he will build dams and carry things. But dogs and monkeys raised with cats have tended to imitate the cats, lapping up milk and washing behind the ears. This is because some animals like to imitate. This characteristic has gone so far with the bears that in Yellowstone Park mother bears actually teach their cubs to beg and cuff them when they don't.

Animals may never hold intellectual discourses among themselves, but they have a substitute system of signals, warnings and mating cries. The way a sea gull bobs its head, for instance, shows the other

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



AN INCUBATOR-HATCHED GOSLING MAY GET IDEA MULE IS ITS MOTHER



1st with a continuous process of glass making



In 1923, a red hot ribbon of plate glass began to flow from a giant furnace in the Ford Rouge plant. Year after year, this molten ribbon poured out . . . rolled into a 400 foot cooling oven . . . moved onto the polishing line to be finished and cut into crystal-clear sheets.

This was the first continuous process of glass making . . . capable of producing more than three miles of plate glass every day.

Started in a limited way in 1920, this process was conceived by Henry Ford to make possible the use of finest quality plate glass in low priced cars. It did even more. It has-

tened another great Ford "first" . . . safety glass as standard equipment "all around."

Following his usual policy, Mr. Ford made the continuous process available to all Industry without royalties. Thus, throughout the world, people came to enjoy the beauty and utility of plate glass, not only in their automobiles but in their homes as well.

The constant Ford search for new economies, new improvements, has produced many such "firsts." It will go on producing many more of them—to the lasting benefit of every owner of Ford-built cars and trucks.

EXPECT THE "FIRSTS" FROM FORD!



BEDROOM *Bedlam*

Well, some men learn it earlier than others: never argue with a woman. And when the odds are two to one, you're floored, brother; you're floored.

An impressive number of women prefer Pacific Sheets, and that fact, even more than our exhaustive laboratory tests, makes us confident that they are *good* sheets.

Pacific Sheets are made the balanced way, to provide maximum comfort and wear, and to keep the price at a modest minimum.

They're sleek and soft and white, yet strong and firm too, and when they are again available in quantity you'll want tall, gleaming stacks of them in your linen closet, to bring blissful comfort to every bed in the house!

PACIFIC PERCALE • PACIFIC EXTRA-STRENGTH MUSLIN • PACIFIC TRUTH MUSLIN

Made by the makers of Pacific Factag Fabrics—Cottons and Rayons

Pacific Mills, 214 Church Street, New York 13

BALANCED
PACIFIC
SHEETS

ANIMALS CONTINUED



Begging bears in Yellowstone National Park teach their young how to beg, too.

gulls the direction of a school of fish, and a change in the gull's course may be a danger sign to others.

Animals also show a curious aptitude for interpreting human sounds. In a Columbia University test a dog named Fellow recognized 400 words spoken by anybody. An orangutan learned to use the words "papa" and "cup." A parrot which learned to say "adieu" at the right time always said it to people it did not like. A German horse named Clever Hans became famous for tapping out the alphabet with his hoofs, spelling, adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, telling time, and even discriminating between musical notes in chords. But it was discovered that Hans's owner, a sincere man, unconsciously directed Hans's replies to questions. Hans could not answer questions when his trainer was not present.

Some of the subtler emotions may be expressed by animals. Gorillas sometimes act bashful. A goose appeared shocked and indignant when it saw its companions making love. Dogs may be jealous, lonely or joyous. Animal courtship is full of female coyness and male vanity. When the female spotted turtle is approached by the male she usually moves away but not without looking over her shoulder to make sure he is following her. This maneuver is effective only if the markings on her face are of a particularly bright orange-yellow. Females with dull faces are consistently ignored. The higher apes like to put flowers and bright ribbons in their hair to make themselves attractive and one male Macaque monkey seemed to derive esthetic pleasure from tidying and plucking his mate's coat.

Mammals make the best mothers, yet chimpanzee and rat mothers are bewildered by their first-born. They soon learn to care for them, however, and



He's had a busy day. Now office hours are over. For he's so cozy in his Hanes Merrichild Sleeper that little eyes just can't keep awake.

Knit from carefully selected cotton, these sleepers keep babies and children warm and comfortable—protected from neck to toe against exposure. Smooth, flat-locked seams won't irritate and awaken the child. Double-soled for scuffing feet.

The fine values will open your eyes. These carefully made garments are the product of the long experience and modern facilities of Hanes, the makers of Hanes Underwear for men and boys.

The romping children below show you the variety of styles. Made in pink and blue—in lovely pastel tints. Shop at your leading store—for your children's sleep. P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.



- A Two-piece suit. Ages 0 to 4. With extra pants, this three-piece combination gives more sleeper changes for the child with less laundry for mothers.
- B One-piece button-back suit. Ages 0 to 3.
- C One-piece button-front suit. Ages 4 to 8.

The supply of Merrichild Sleepers will be limited again this year because much of Hanes production has gone into underwear for the Armed Forces.



HANES
Merrichild Sleepers
FASHIONED BY THE MAKERS OF
HANES UNDERWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Frost at night... warm sun at noon—that's ideal weather for a good crop of maple syrup and sugar.

Old-fashioned real maple sugar flavor

In the maple sugar country, folks young and old love to follow the whiff of wood smoke to the sugar house... to enjoy that luscious treat—real maple sugar flavor.

To give you that flavor in Vermont Maid Syrup, we choose maple sugar that has a rich, full flavor. Then blend it with cane and other sugars. This blending enhances the maple flavor—makes it richer, more delicious. Get Vermont Maid at your grocer's.

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Vermont Maid
Syrup

starring in
RKO-Radio's
"MAN ALIVE"

PAT O'BRIEN



THIS IS WHAT
I CALL A **WOW**
OF A TOMATO-
JUICE COCKTAIL!

You try a **WOW!** Made with
FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE!

To make this different, refreshing cocktail, add to each glassful of tomato juice a pinch of salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire. Mix well—serve very cold. Blended from choice ingredients, this famous sauce gives tomato juice a wonderful rich new flavor!

Top-Notch Quality
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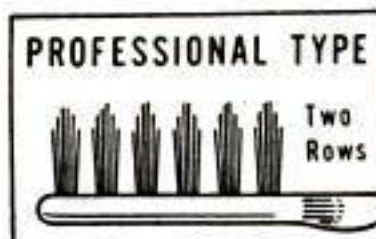
NOW—you can get REAL **NATURAL** BRISTLES...



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PY-CO-PAY "NATURAL" HAS THE BRISTLES 4 OUT OF 5 DENTISTS PREFER!

NOW you can get the bristles 4 out of 5 dentists prefer for brushing teeth really *clean*! Real natural bristles are back—on PY-CO-PAY Tooth Brushes—recommended by more dentists than any other brush.* Your favorite druggist has it—*now*! PY-CO-PAY "Natural"—the brush with real natural bristles. Ask for it by name—PY-CO-PAY "Natural".



*This preference by dentists for Py-co-pay Tooth Brushes and natural bristles is proved by a survey conducted by one of America's leading Dental Journals in Sept., 1944.

Py-co-pay **NATURAL**
TOOTH BRUSH

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND "PY-CO-PAY" THAN ANY OTHER TOOTH BRUSH

ANIMALS CONTINUED

are never dismayed after that. The penguin has an overwhelming brooding instinct and would just as soon sit on ice cakes as eggs.

Not all birds show the penguin's strong maternal instinct. Some mother birds cannot tell which of their young are most in need of food and attention. Unless the young bird begs properly, the mother sometimes pushes him out of the nest. Nor do young birds show discrimination. Often two young herons will try to swallow the wings, neck or feet of a third.

Some flesh-eating fathers have to be kept away from their young lest they eat them, but weasel fathers are excellent providers. Apes and monkeys stick by their harems and stanchly defend their families.

Ants and bees make war but among animals warfare is unknown. Even among the bees and ants, which do fight their own kind, it is a freak of instinct rather than a general practice. Those species which fight least, except for food, are biologically more advanced than are closely related species which do more quarreling.

This does not mean that pacifists triumph in the animal kingdom. No animal is a non-resister. But an animal does not look for a fight except in play, in which no one is injured. The porpoise and the panda are the most playful animals. Neither has to work hard for a living, neither has many dangerous enemies. Keen competition is uncalled for and they can afford to be unafraid. Both are easily tamed and affectionate. But the most affectionate case on record in the animal kingdom is that of the young male bittern in the Amsterdam Zoo who fell in love with his keeper. After a long absence, the bittern saw his former companion. Straightway the bird chased his mate from the nest and tried to make the keeper sit on the eggs.



Mother penguin is such a good brooder that she even tries to hatch ice cubes.



for a *Photo Finish...*

Finish your Shave with Mennen —
America's Favorite Men's Talcum!

• Put yourself in this picture. You've nosed out the other guys and won a date with that prize lovely! She just couldn't resist that trim, well-groomed look of yours. For you're smart—you're smooth...

You depend on Mennen Talcum for Men to kill embarrassing face shine. It's Mr. America's favorite Talcum—it's smooth—the neutral tint doesn't show. Remember, Mennen's Talcum for Men is refreshing and cooling after tub or shower. Get a package today.

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WRITE FOR AGENCY FOR YOUR STORE



It's Promise-keeping Time!

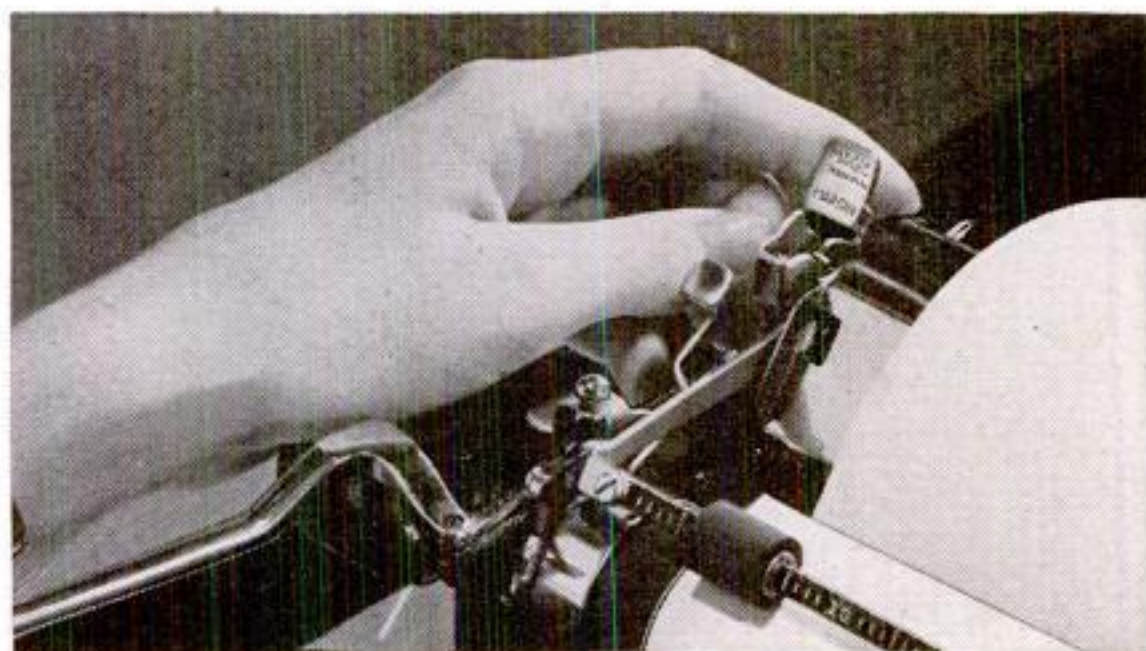
Did your boss make you a promise, during the war?

Did he say he'd see about a new typewriter for you, come the day of plenty? Remind him now. Tell him you'd like a Royal!

Soon there'll be enough new Royals to gladden the heart of every gal who ever typed "Dear sir"!

Of course, back orders must be filled first. The quicker your order is in, the quicker you can sit down with a sigh of bliss at your own dreamed-of Royal Typewriter!

Every Royal is designed to please the gal who'll run it. Every Royal feature is planned to make your job easier . . . your work *better*! Just look!



"Magic Margin" frees you from hand setting! Position your type-writer carriage—flick the Magic* Margin—and type away! No wrestling with balky, hard-to-get-at margin stops!



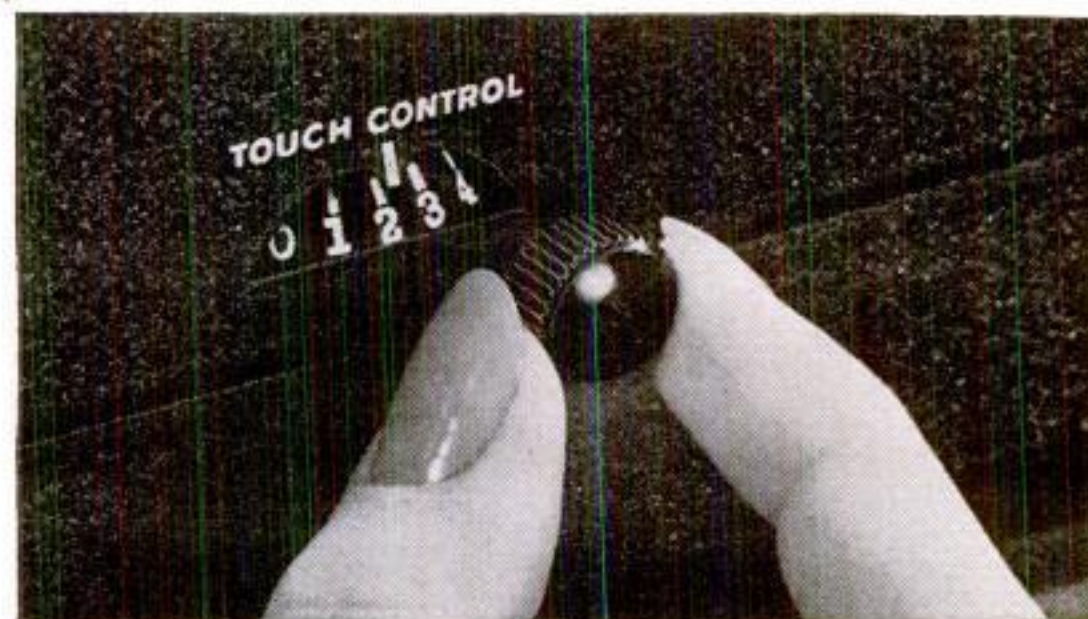
A Royal remembers you're a lady! No messy, grease-monkey jobs with a Royal! Neater, cleaner ribbon-changes in a jiffy. Time-saver top opens for quick type-cleaning. Special protection against erasure dust. Fewer time-outs for professional overhauling save maintenance costs, inconvenience!



Keyboard designed for comfortable, relaxed typing! Set your fingers on the keys. Notice the ease of the greater finger surface, the concave shape that permits gentler contact. Saves pound on your fingertips; saves broken fingernails!



A Royal banishes "type-bar blur"! Yet so fast does the concealed type bar flash to the paper that work output is actually increased! Yes—a speedy Royal keeps up with your thoughts!



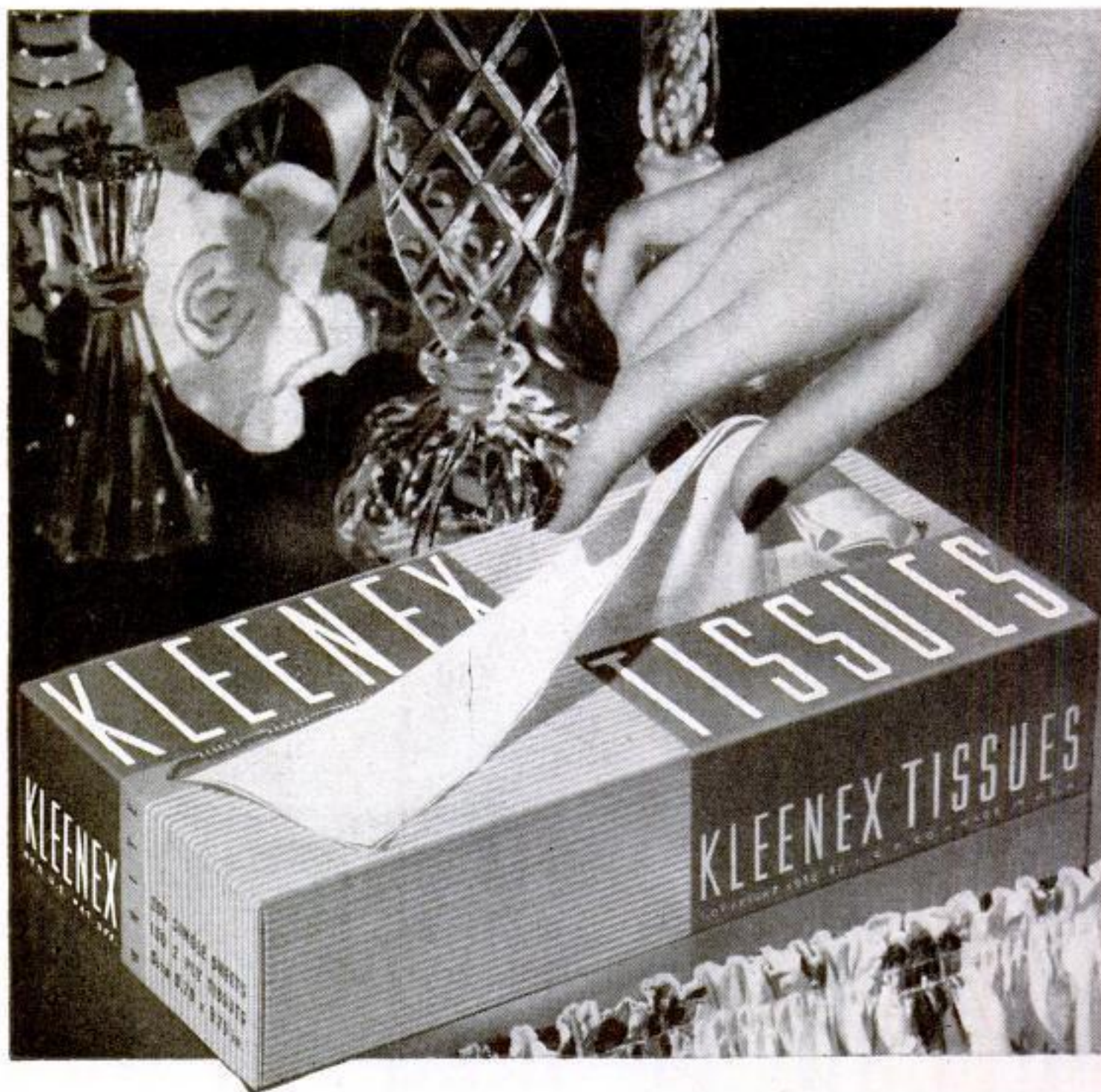
"Touch Control" adjusts to your personal style! Set the dial—and your Royal adjusts to your own touch, whether you're heavy-handed or feather-fingered! Much less tiring!

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In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: we'll always keep Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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LIFE'S COVER

The man and his dog on LIFE's cover are enjoying, for the first time in years, an autumn of peace. Many men like him, civilian and soldier, are having their first opportunity to go out over long-neglected roads, to tramp through fallen leaves of the quiet woods and absorb the scented sharpness of a hunter's autumn. This year, non-hunters, too, drive again through the country to see the fleeting autumn brilliance, depicted in the color photographs on pages 61 to 64.

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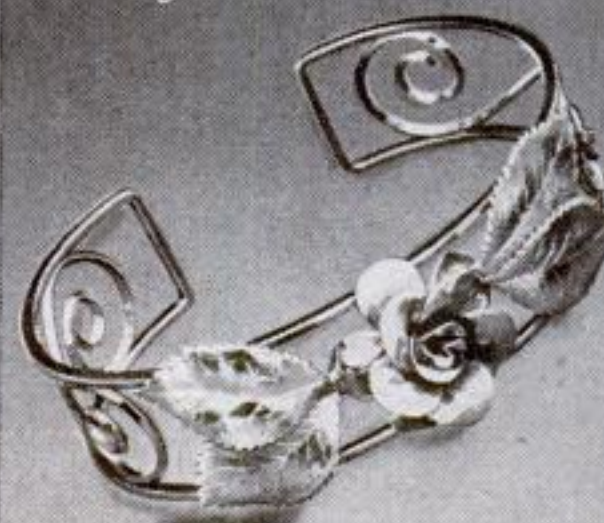
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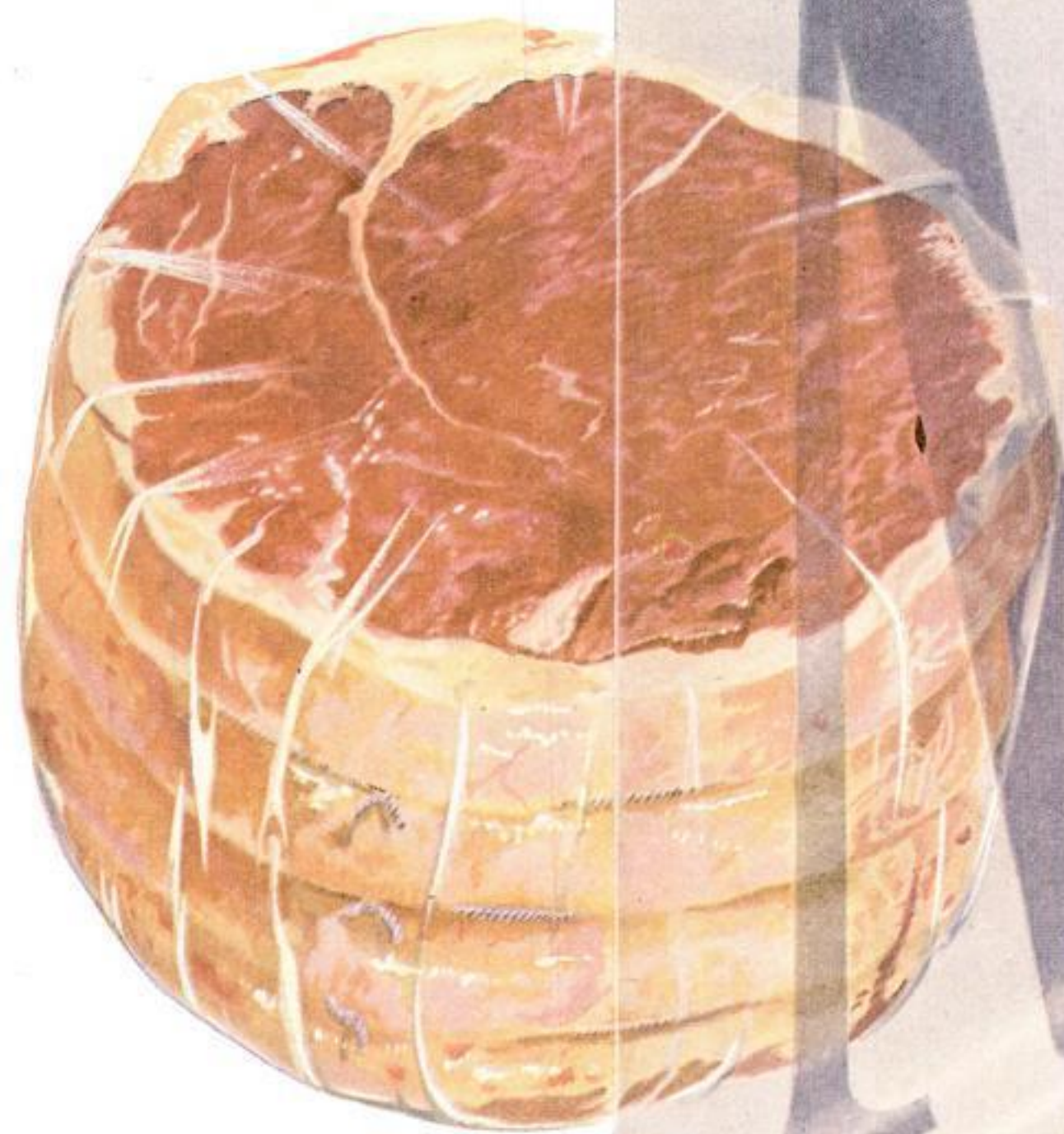
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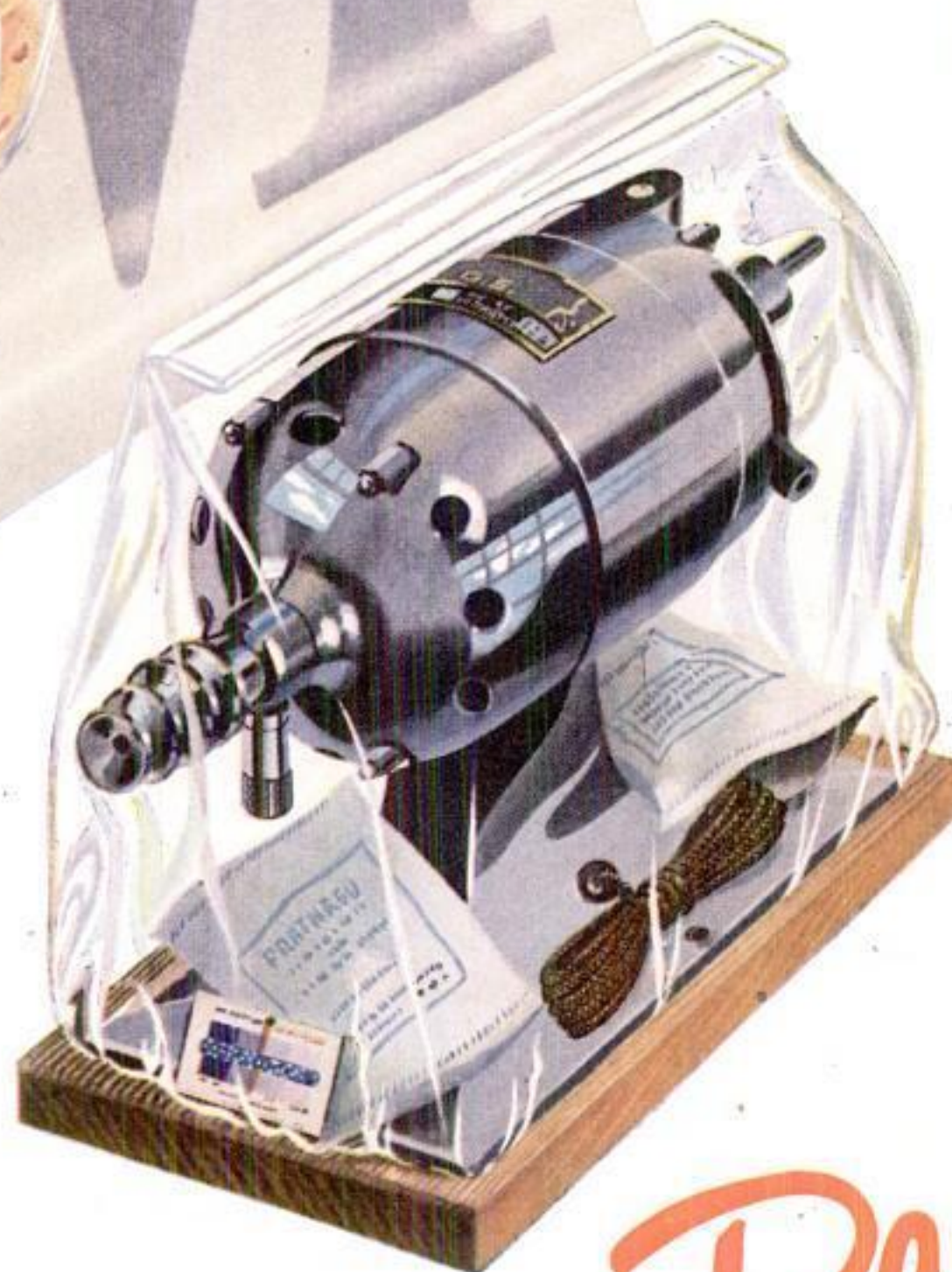
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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

New York's Campaign for Mayor	29
Editorial: The Bomb	36
The Pope Poses for Exclusive Photographic Portrait	37
Allies Indict 24 Top Nazis	38
Long Voyage Home	40
She Got Her Man	42
The Atomic Scientists Speak Up, by Dr. David L. Hill, Dr. Eugene Rabinowitch and Dr. John A. Simpson Jr.	45
Japan's Zaibatsu Disclaim War Guilt	51

ARTICLE

A Short Talk with Erlanger, by John Hersey	108
--	-----

CLOSE-UP

Mr. Piper of Cub-Haven, by Lincoln Barnett	67
--	----

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

English Country Houses	97
------------------------	----

SPORTS

Weight Lifting	57
----------------	----

NATURE

Autumn	61
Boll Weevil's Birth	82

MODERN LIVING

"Junior Bazaar"	77
Twins Show Scarf Tricks	125

MOVIES

"And Then There Were None"	89
----------------------------	----

PEOPLE

Two English Kids Go Home	128
--------------------------	-----

SCIENCE

Electronic Rat Trap	132
---------------------	-----

MUSIC

Susie Reed Is New Folk Singer	137
-------------------------------	-----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editors	4
Speaking of Pictures: Caricaturist Portrays People Around Truman	12
LIFE's Reports: Animals Are Not Human, by Donald Newton	18
LIFE Goes to Mike Romanoff's Restaurant	141
Miscellany: Berlin's Broken Statues	146

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Oscar Berger, shown here with the Chief Executive, is a distinguished caricaturist who nevertheless persists in referring to all his subjects as "my victims." Having had occasional trouble with dignitaries before (he once had to disguise himself as a waiter to get into a banquet), he was happily surprised when, wanting to make a drawing of the President, he asked for a White House appointment, immediately got three and the run of the house. The results are shown on pages 12 to 15.

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128, 131—IAN SMITH
132, 133—GJON MILI
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"Bond Street" Perfume: \$13.50, \$8.50, \$4.50, \$2.50.
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I want you
to meet
a friend of mine
↓



PRIDE OF THE MARINES

JOHN GARFIELD

ELEANOR PARKER • DANE CLARK

Directed by DELMER DAVES • Produced by JERRY WALD
Screen Play by Albert Maltz • Adaptation by Marvin Borowsky • From a Book
by Roger Butterfield • Music by Franz Waxman

WARNER BROS. JACK L. WARNER, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

His name is Al Schmid, and he lives in Philadelphia.
He's 26 years old—and since his discharge from the
Marine Corps, he has married and had a baby boy.
He's a swell guy.

* * *

I met Al in his home town a few months ago. I'd been
anxious to meet him, for two reasons:

One, I remembered the newspaper accounts of the
heroism that won Al the Navy Cross.

Two, Warner Bros. had assigned me to play the part
of Al Schmid in a picture. Naturally, I wanted to find
out what the *real* Al Schmid was like.

Well, I found out. And then I knew why Warner Bros.
was so concerned with making this picture one of the
finest entertainments ever filmed.

Now the picture's finished and released. I hope
you'll see it, if you haven't already. Because I think
it's pretty important.

* * *

You see, Al got kind of knocked around that night
on Guadalcanal. It did something to him. Inside and
outside both.

And when you see *PRIDE OF THE MARINES*, I think
it will help you to understand what the boys who
go through that experience are up against when they
come home—and how you can help them find the
happiness they've earned.

I think you'll know, too, why Warner Bros. is known
as the company that combines "*good picture-making
with good citizenship*" ... and why I'm glad to be part
of that company.

John Garfield



CANDIDATE O'DWYER GIVES A PEP TALK TO MEMBERS OF THE MICHAEL T. McCARRON ASSOCIATION, A TAMMANY CLUB RUN BY TAMMANY BOSS EDWARD LOUGHLIN

NEW YORK'S CAMPAIGN FOR MAYOR

On Nov. 6 the people of New York will elect a successor to chubby little Fiorello ("Butch") LaGuardia, reform mayor since 1934. The probable winner is Brig. General William O'Dwyer (*above*), former cop and Brooklyn district attorney, candidate on the Democratic-American Labor Party ticket.

Last week, as it must in all New York elections, the campaign got warmed up to mud-slinging pitch. Judge Jonah J. Goldstein, Republican-Liberal-Fusion candidate, charged O'Dwyer was supported by Frank Costello, "the slot-machine king," and by Joe Adonis, "the underworld ruler of Brooklyn." O'Dwyer's campaign manager denounced the charge as a "descent into the cesspool of political desperation." A pox on both O'Dwyer and Goldstein was wished by Mayor

LaGuardia, who said that his own candidate, Newbold Morris of the No Deal ticket, was "confronted with a . . . coalition of all political bosses. . . ."

Through the doors of New York's City Hall have passed some of the worst mayors in the world. They have presided over a government second in size and expenditures only to the federal government itself. Until LaGuardia was elected in 1933 for the first of three notable terms, control of city jobs and money usually lay with Tammany Hall. Now, having grown querulous and having alienated many admirers, LaGuardia was bowing out. The issue for New Yorkers to decide was which candidate would be likely to yield least to the politicians' pressure.

There were other issues, too, politically important

outside of New York itself. The first was the position of Governor Thomas E. Dewey. He himself had chosen Goldstein for mayoralty candidate. Therefore the Democrats were anxious to beat Goldstein as the first step in their attempt to defeat Dewey for governor next year, thus eliminating him as a 1948 presidential possibility. The second issue was the position of the American Labor Party and its affiliate, the C. I. O. Political Action Committee. By last week they had effectively taken over active management of O'Dwyer's campaign and the regular Democratic Party was taking a back seat. Observers who had seen the beginning of such a P. A. C.-Democratic rivalry in the 1944 presidential election wondered if this could be the pattern of things to come nationally.



Republican ticket has Judge Jonah Goldstein (center), candidate for mayor, with Joseph McGoldrick (left), candidate for city comptroller, and Nicholas Pette, candidate for president of the Council.



Democratic ticket consists of Brig. General William O'Dwyer (center), the candidate for mayor, with Vincent R. Impellitteri (left), the candidate for president of the Council, and

CANDIDATES

ALL ARE DISLIKED BY THE BOSSES

Labor Party rally for O'Dwyer is held in garment district. The speaker is urging people to register. Actual registration fell a million below 1944, a presidential year. Small vote will help O'Dwyer.



The campaign is one of the oddest in New York history, with the political bosses not even liking their own candidates. O'Dwyer, the Democrat, was reluctantly approved by Tammany because he was the only Democrat with a chance to win. A tough and independent Irishman, he will prove difficult for Tammany to control. Last spring the Democratic bosses select-

ed two run-of-the-mill politicians to run with him. Anguished cries of "robbery" and "deals by the bosses" dinned in O'Dwyer's ears. As a result he denounced the running mates, said he would not campaign with them. Two new men (center above), were chosen.

Goldstein, the Republican candidate, is equally out of favor with his bosses. Although he now denounces

Liberal Party rally for Goldstein is held in Madison Square Garden. A philanthropist and a joiner of innumerable societies, Goldstein grew up on the East Side and was at one time





Lazarus Joseph, the candidate for comptroller. Both Republican and Democratic tickets include an Irishman, a Jew and an Italian—traditional New York political line-up.

Tammany, he was a Tammany Democrat until just before the Republicans nominated him. He was picked by Dewey because he is Jewish and is popular with the Negroes, both important voting factors. The bosses object to him because he is not a regular party man. They also believe that his chances for election have been hurt by Newbold Morris, Yale man and Republican,

running on an independent ticket supported by an idealistic but ineffective group of reformers.

There is confusion all down the line. The A. L. P., which gave LaGuardia his strongest support, is aligned against LaGuardia's candidate. The Liberal Party, A. L. P. offshoot which opposed Dewey in 1944, is now allied with the Republicans. In a way, the battle is

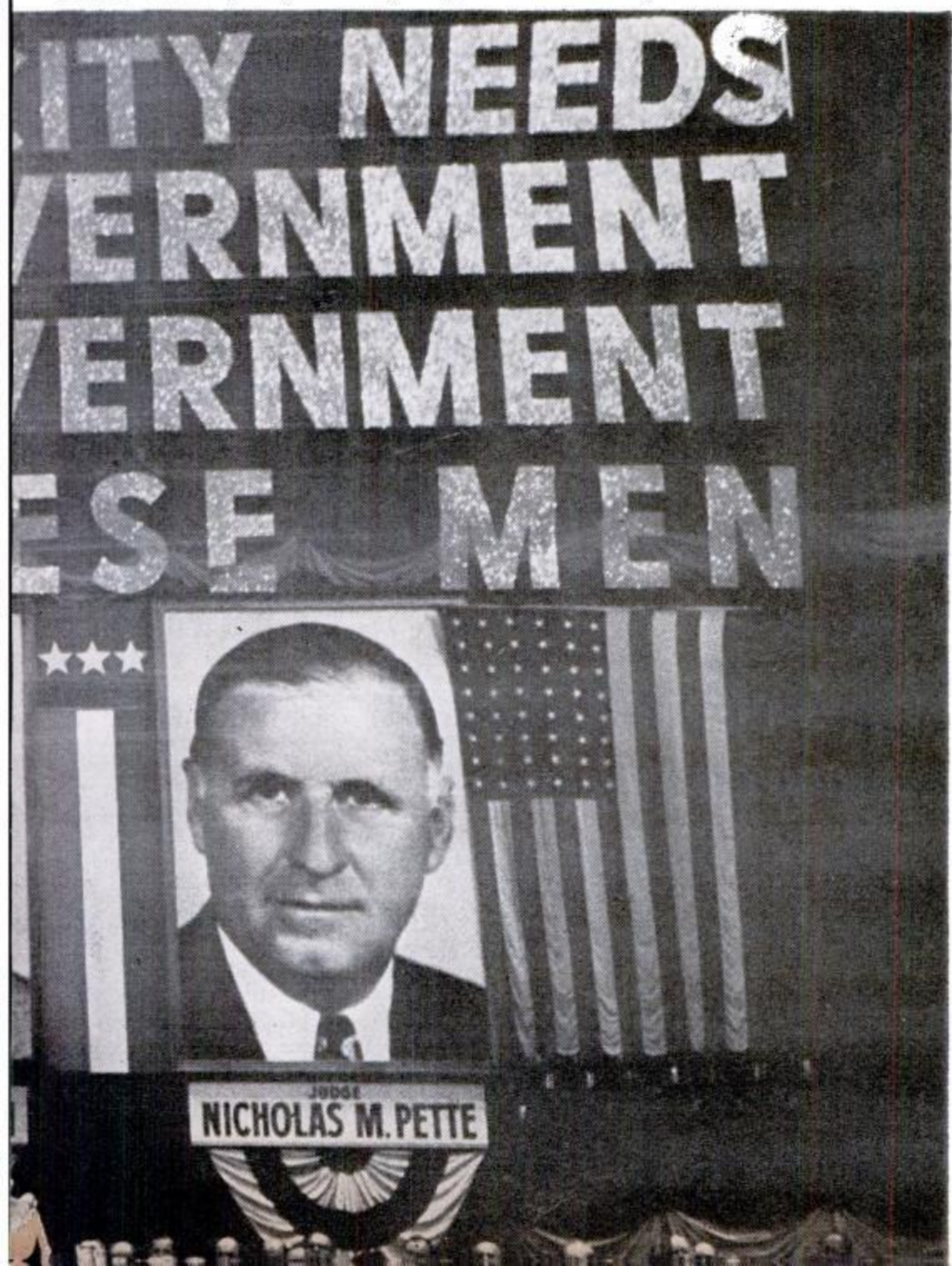
Al Smith's secretary. In 1939 he was elected judge of the Court of General Sessions. Goldstein actively sought the mayoralty nomination on any ticket which would have him.



No Deal ticket consists of Newbold Morris (center), with Peter M. Horn (left), candidate for president of the Council, and Joseph M. Levine for comptroller. No Deal headquarters are often empty.

being waged between the two unions of New York's biggest manufacturing business, the garment industry. David Dubinsky, head of the A. F. L. International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and Liberal Party boss, is the spark plug of Goldstein's campaign. Sidney Hillman of the C.I.O. Amalgamated Clothing Workers is head of P.A.C., spark plug for O'Dwyer.

Socialist rally at Madison Square park features S. H. Friedman, candidate for president of the Council. The Socialists and Socialist Labor Party have both entered candidates in the coming election.





At a clambake and beer party in Queens O'Dwyer whispers with Democratic State Chairman Paul E. Fitzpatrick. At the right is Edward Loughlin, the head of Tammany Hall. Behind

them a performer from Sammy's Bowery Follies sings *Bird in a Gilded Cage*. This is virtually the only picture taken during the campaign showing Candidate O'Dwyer with a Tammany boss.



"JIM" PEMBERTON, HARLEM TAMMANY BOSS, PEEPS FROM CLUBHOUSE

DEMOCRATS

O'DWYER USES BOTH TAMMANY AND A.L.P.

Tammany was badly beaten in 1933 but it was not until 1936 that a permanent threat to its power appeared. Then it was the A.L.P., created by Jim Farley and LaGuardia at Roosevelt's orders to prevent Tammany from undercutting the Democratic presidential ticket. Since then the A.L.P. has grown in Tammany's eyes like a Frankenstein monster. Today the beneficiary of their uneasy partnership is O'Dwyer.

The Democratic-A.L.P. candidate at times still thinks and acts like the New York cop he was for six years. Born in Ireland, he has been a deck hand, coal heaver and plasterer's apprentice. As district attorney he broke up Murder Inc., a gang of killers and racketeers, and sent their leader, Lepke, to the chair. During war he was a brigadier general, executive director of War Refugee Board. As candidate for mayor he must accept support from both Tammany and the A.L.P. But he cannot afford to be publicly associated with either. When LIFE was photographing this story he refused to allow his picture to be taken with Tammany leaders or with Sidney Hillman. The picture opposite, showing him with Tammany Boss Loughlin, caught him by surprise. On the one hand he is afraid of being accused of making deals with the bosses, on the other hand of being allied with Communists.



On his old beat at 43rd Street and Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, O'Dwyer talks to Salvatore Menisse, the cop who broke him into the police force 28 years ago.



Boss Edward Flynn of the Bronx holds a meeting of his district leaders. Though they will carry the borough for O'Dwyer, they have little enthusiasm for him. A long-time friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Flynn was largely responsible for Roosevelt's election as governor in 1928. Flynn has been boss of the Bronx since 1922.



Two underworld characters, Joe Adonis (left) and Frank Costello (right), are accused by Goldstein of being supporters of O'Dwyer. Below: O'Dwyer and his campaign workers plot election strategy. Many of his brain-trusters are P.A.C. members. Tammany leaders and Democratic bosses are not welcome in O'Dwyer headquarters.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

LAGUARDIA

HE MIGHT HAVE WON HIMSELF BUT
HIS CANDIDATE IS SURE TO LOSE

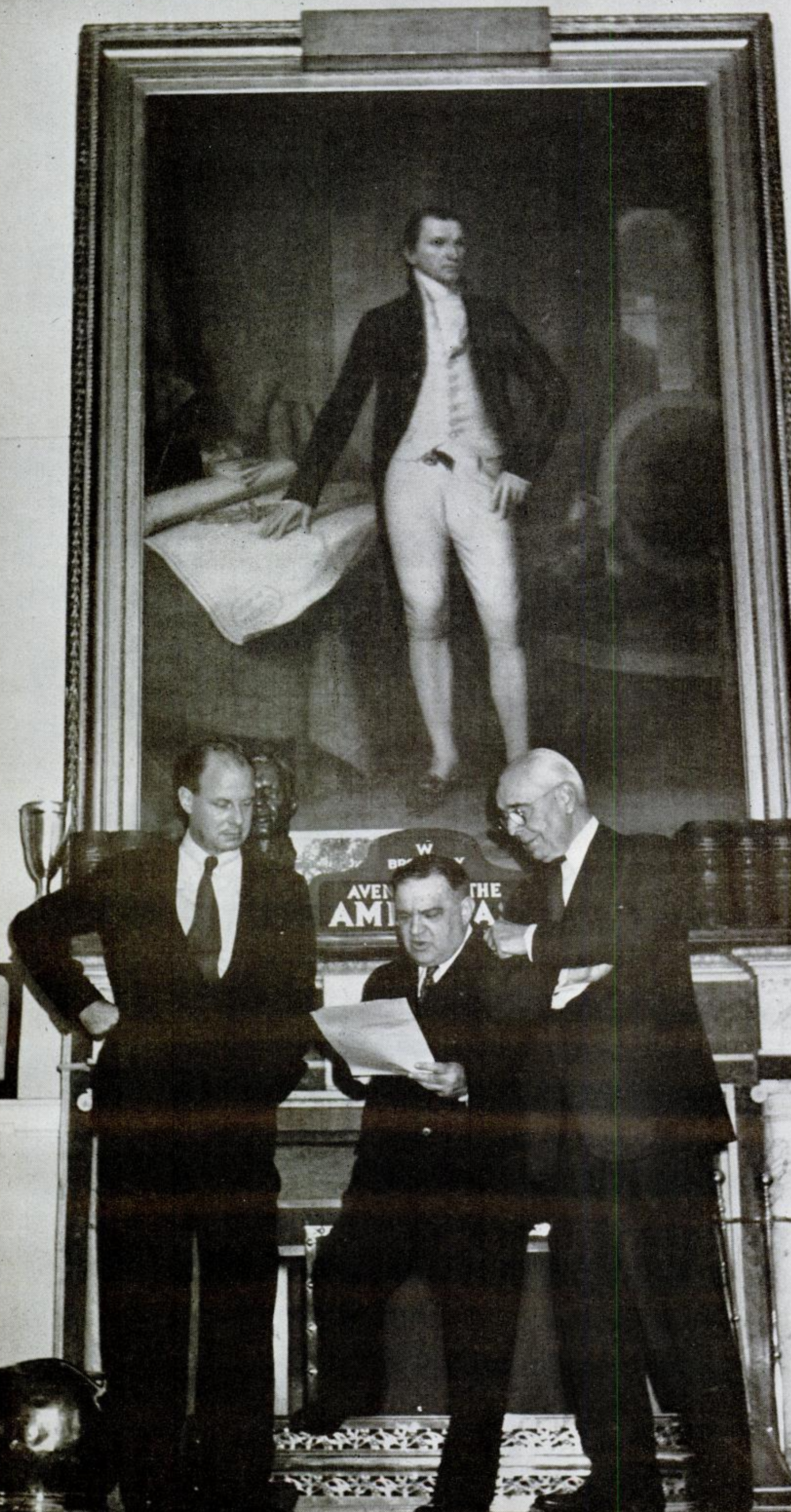
The cause of good government in the election is being borne by Newbold Morris, a blue blood from Groton and Yale. Well-dressed and well-descended, he has been an able president of the City Council under LaGuardia but lacks the flair of the reformist mayor, who is his main supporter. He is not even working very hard at his campaign and has no chance of winning.

The picture at the left tells the story of New York's reform government. At the right in the mayor's office is Judge Samuel Seabury, whose famous report on corruption in city politics led to the resignation of Mayor Jimmy Walker in 1932 and the consequent election of LaGuardia (center) in 1933. At the left is Morris, heir to the reform throne. Behind LaGuardia's head is a street sign for the Avenue of the Americas, LaGuardia's fancy and unpopular new name for Sixth Avenue. The sign is a symbol of the pomposity and fascination with the unimportant which has irritated LaGuardia's friends. He saved New York City from corruption and financial ruin. But he also led prudish campaigns against church bingo games, burlesque houses, bookies and small-time poker parties, which smacked of attacks on personal freedom. Too many times he behaved like a mother hen.

Unlike most reform candidates, he kept his administration strong because he was a superb politician. The people always liked him and, had he cared to run, he might have won re-election this year in spite of Democratic and Republican opposition. When he announced his decision to retire, he appealed to all parties to nominate candidates free from boss control. After selections of O'Dwyer and Goldstein, which he felt violated his principles of good government, he belatedly helped form the No Deal Party with Morris as candidate. The fact that Morris will not win, however, is LaGuardia's fault. Like many reformers he failed either to build up a political machine or prime a successor to take his place. In winning an election in New York a political machine is more important than integrity or goodwill.



Newbold Morris lives on 72nd Street, in the Republican "silk-stockings" district, with his wife and 15-month-old baby.





THE BEST MAYOR NEW YORK EVER HAD SITS IN HIS OFFICE BLOWING SMOKE RINGS AND SAYS, "I FEEL SORRY FOR THE NEXT GUY. IT'S A THANKLESS JOB."

THE BOMB

A SURVEY OF RECENT DISCUSSION REVEALS THE NEED FOR ITS POLITICAL EQUIVALENT

In the third month of the Atomic Era the world still lacks a moral or political equivalent of The Bomb. No religious leader, no politician, no scientist, nobody has yet come forward with a commanding idea to help mankind adjust himself to it. Perhaps there can be no such idea (except a few very old ones).

The American people, as they should, are doing a lot of public worrying about The Bomb. Unfortunately the tone of their worrying has degenerated into an abject mixture of shame, confusion and fear. Those in authority are partly to blame. President Truman, in his message to Congress, told us that America could not hope to keep the secret long and that he would start discussions with other countries for its international control. But a few days later, at a Tennessee press conference, he became strangely coony about our "secret." The Bomb is our business, he said; other nations will just have to try and catch up. The New York *Herald Tribune* called these remarks "... the most unfortunate single utterance by any chief of state since the war's ending. . . ."

As for our military leaders, they aren't much help, either. Said Admiral Sherman of the *Enterprise* the other day, "We'll hit the enemy with atomic bombs and . . . take our chances of his hitting us first." This was a cheery thought for dwellers in New York, Detroit and the other Pearl Harbors of the next war. Dr. Oppenheimer and others have testified that a well-planned atomic bomb attack on America could kill 40,000,000 of us. Yet the Army and Navy go on planning their postwar strength—conscription, islands, battleships, etc.—as though The Bomb did not exist. No wonder the average citizen is confused. No wonder all sense of awe before The Bomb is vanishing. A Washington quick-lunch has invented an "Atomic Bomburger."

Military Necessity

In the absence of convincing leadership, the citizen can at least summarize for himself the state of knowledge and opinion to date about The Bomb's implications.

Military men, it must be remembered, have to think in terms of winning the next war, not in terms of avoiding it. That is what they are paid for. To them The Bomb is merely a development in the relatively new art of area bombing, itself part of the world-old seamless web of military science. Neither the B-29 nor V-2, as a soldier sees it, made the infantry unnecessary. Indeed the infantry, by capturing its bases, proved to be the only way to stop V-2. It may well be the only way to stop an atomic V-2. The infantry will need a navy to get it there. If this may be the case, the Army and Navy are obliged to plan as though it will be the case. They cannot afford to throw away Clausewitz and Mahan until an actual war has vindicated later military theory.

Representative Clare Boothe Luce recently challenged the administration to stop talking about armies and navies until it has a plan to build vast air-raid shelters, reclaim mining shafts and caves, put factories under-

ground and the like. This, she said, is "the only logical conclusion to the facts we know" about The Bomb. Professor W. F. Ogburn of Chicago gives the same logic an optimistic twist. Through "two or three five-year plans" we could turn our 200 largest cities into a thousand or more smaller cities, which are better places to live in anyway. Ogburn's bold scheme may be called a sociological equivalent of The Bomb. He reckons it may cost \$250 billion.

Science in Bondage

Instead of openly backing these logical proposals, the Army has its own way of handling The Bomb. First it authorized the Smyth report, a best seller since the day of publication, which discloses a great deal of atomic information. Assume it discloses 85% of the "secret." Army policy is to concentrate its defenses around the remaining 15%, which it keeps under strictest wartime censorship. Whether or not this policy postpones the inevitable day when another nation masters The Bomb, the continued security regulations are a burden on American science which the scientists have begun to find intolerable. From Chicago (see pp. 45-48), from Oak Ridge, from Los Alamos pour their protests. Some of the Chicago group actually threatened to desert nuclear physics for the study of butterfly wings if science is not released from its bondage to war.

To make the situation worse, along comes the May-Johnson bill, an administrative proposal for a nine-man commission to control every jot and tittle of atomic energy and research in the U.S. Most scientists agree that very strict controls are necessary, and some distinguished ones, including Vannevar Bush and James B. Conant, have testified for the bill as it stands. They may see it as a way to get atomic science out from under the Army's control. But what a price!

The May-Johnson bill can be called the legal equivalent of The Bomb. The commission is given "plenary supervision and control . . . over all sources of atomic energy and over all matters connected with research. . . ." It could take over any patent or property, such as the whole coal or oil industry, or any other substance "determined by the Commission to be readily capable of or directly connected with" atomic energy. It could even control physics teaching, so broad are its security provisions.

The May-Johnson bill, like the present Army policy, is motivated by fear rather than imagination. America's real military asset is not The Bomb; it is our share of that body of Western science which split the atom in the first place. European scientists had an even greater share in this discovery than our own. Its source was the habit and spirit of free scientific inquiry which pervades the Western world. America's stake in that source is greater than its stake in any quantity of blueprints. Thus the release and encouragement of the scientists, not their control, should be the first goal of our atomic policy.

As Dr. Harold C. Urey testified the other day, the best way to feel safe in an atomic

world is for every nation to know what every other nation is doing. The first step in combating fear, as many scientists see it, is an agreement among all nations to forswear secrecy. Each nation would report regularly on all its atomic activities, perhaps to the United Nations Organization; would permit spot checks on these reports by international inspectors; and would allow all scientists free access to one another. An additional suggestion would bind all the world's scientists with a sort of Hippocratic oath to reveal any secret mischief in their field. The U.S. could well use its present diplomatic advantage to seek such an agreement.

World Federation?

Not all scientists believe inspection is feasible, however; nor would an atomic war race necessarily be prevented by inspection alone. Political thinkers have therefore begun to reconsider the problem of world government. At Dublin, N. H. a group of 50 citizens led by Justice Owen Roberts and Mr. Grenville Clark gathered to consider this problem last week. A majority of them boldly decided that a real world federal government should be set up at once and given a monopoly of The Bomb.

The New York *Times* reproved these citizens for their little faith in UNO and told them that "a true world federation . . . is beyond attainment at this stage of world history." Anticipating this argument, a minority of the Dublin conferees favored an easier federation between America and other democracies, leaving Russia out. They reasoned that freedom and democracy would thereby be strengthened.

U.S. diplomats, fortunately, do not yet have to choose between these alternatives. They still have time in which to combat international fears and tensions with preatomic means, one of these being the infant UNO. But these means, if the time is to count for anything, must include a higher order of statesmanship than the U.S. has been showing lately. The political equivalent of The Bomb, whatever it may be, must express an appropriate confidence in the institutions and beliefs of the country which produced it, as well as a determination that it shall be used for the benefit of all men.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

Pope Pius XII recently granted a private audience to U.S. Red Cross Photographer Ollie Atkins. From this came the first exclusive pictures ever taken by a non-Vatican photographer. The Pope posed dressed in a scarlet cape trimmed with red fur. Underneath the cape and over his white cassock he wore a white lace-and-linen rochet. He sat in his Little Throne Room on a gilded chair behind which was a scarlet-and-black tapestry which covered the wall. On his hand he wore the Ring of the Fisherman. Early this year the Pope, who is 69, suffered from a series of bad colds but now, despite the strain of six troubled years of his pontificate, he is in good health again.

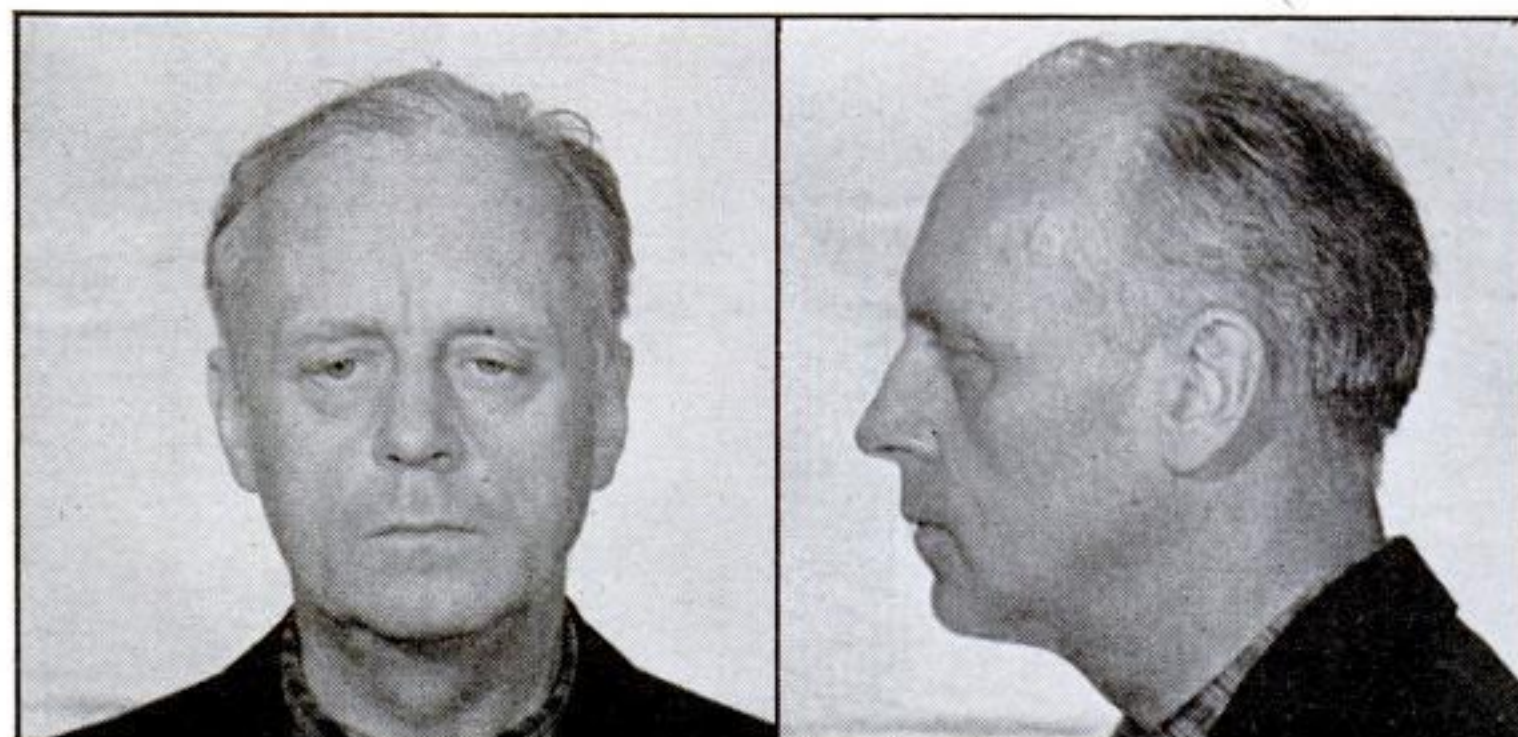
Pope Pius XII sits on a papal chair
for an exclusive photographic portrait





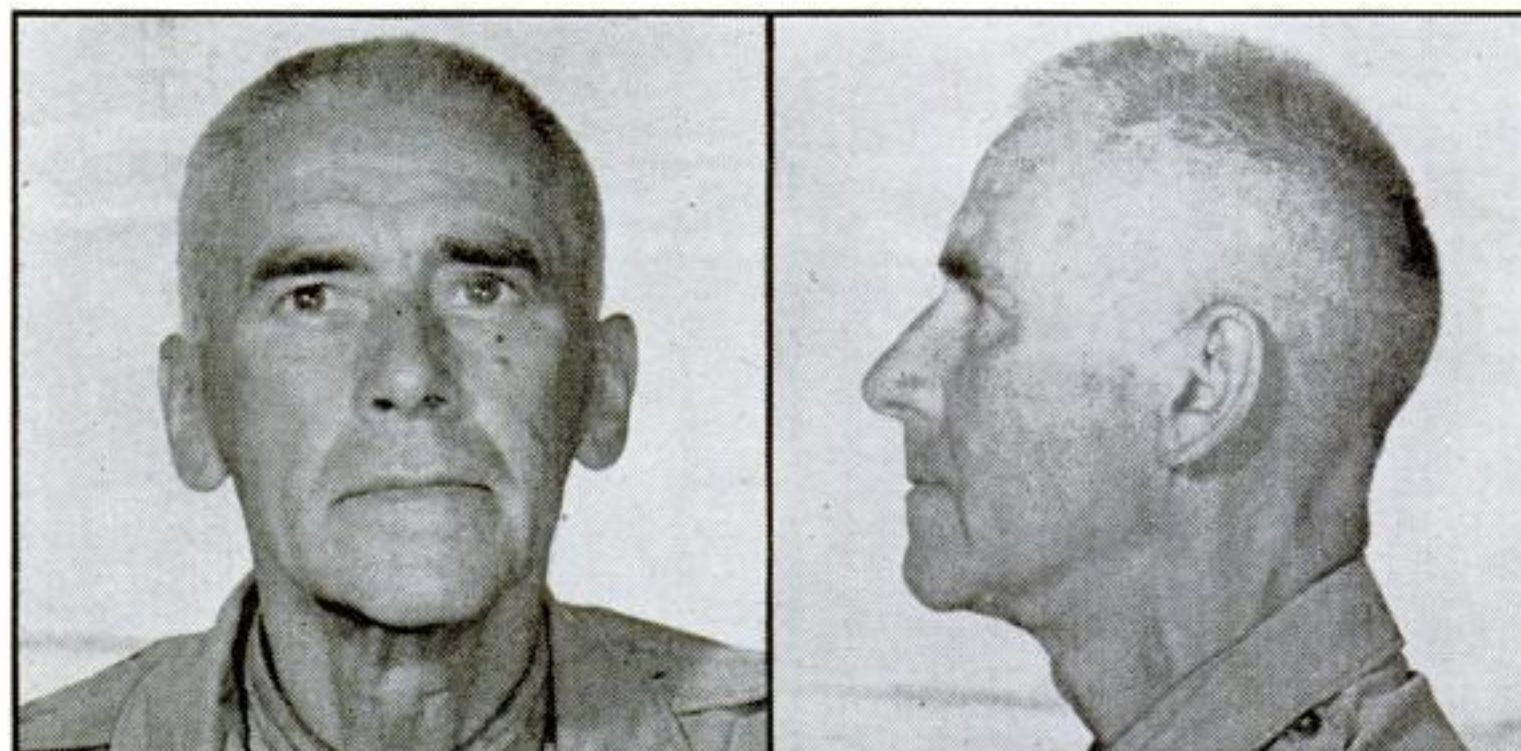
REICHSMARSCHALL HERMANN GÖRING

Hitler's No. 2 man, former Luftwaffe commander, top leader of the Elite Guard (SS) and the Storm Troops (SA). Reichsmarschall Göring was indicted for active participation in promoting and planning wars of aggression and for committing punishable crimes against individuals.



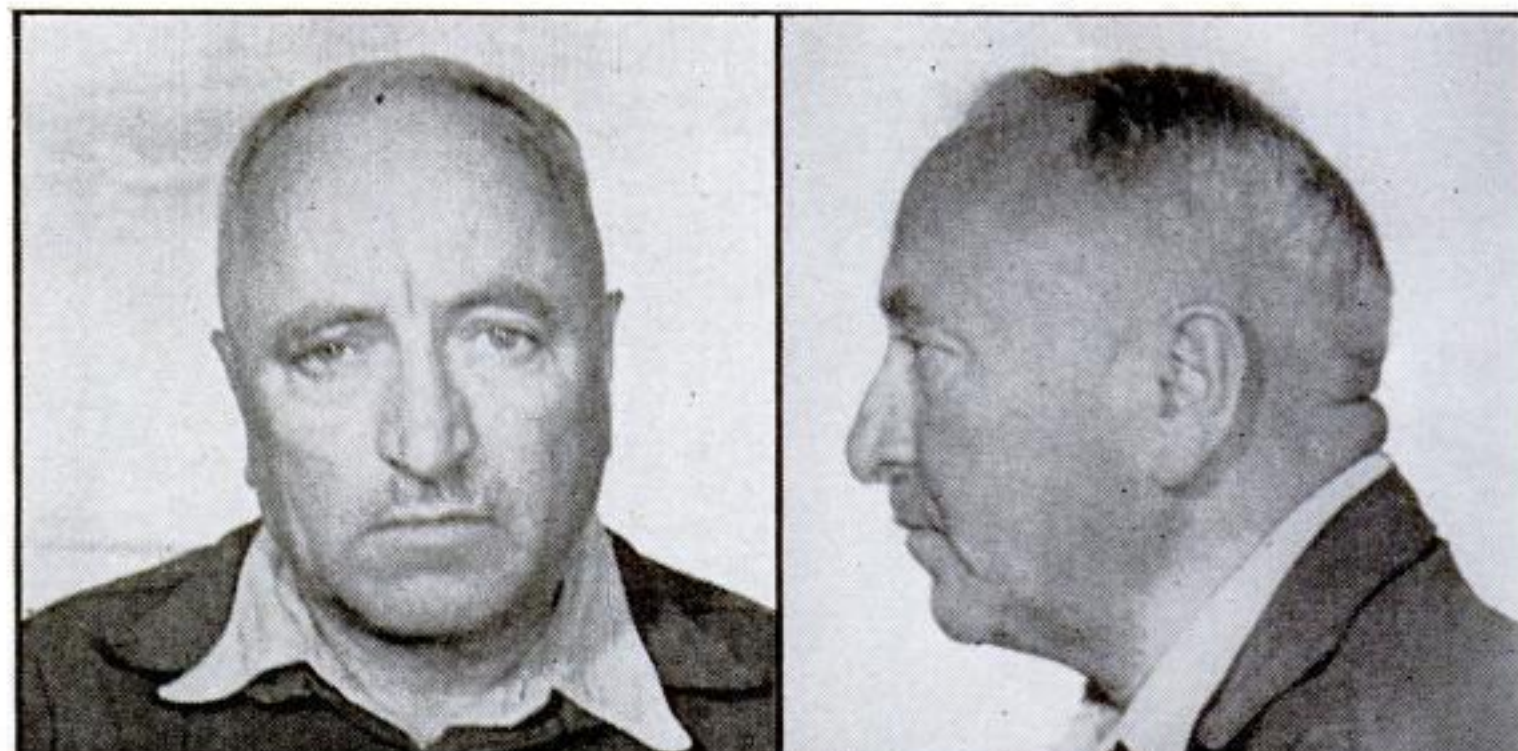
JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP

Former foreign minister, general in the SS, member of the secret cabinet council, Ribbentrop used his position as Hitler's intimate adviser to prepare Nazi wars in violation of international treaties, also participated in "crimes against persons and property in occupied territories."



WILHELM FRICK

Hitler's Minister of Interior, Nazi Party member since 1932, protector for Bohemia and Moravia, SS General Frick helped the Nazis seize power and use this power to start their wars of aggression and was guilty of crimes "against persons and property in occupied territories."



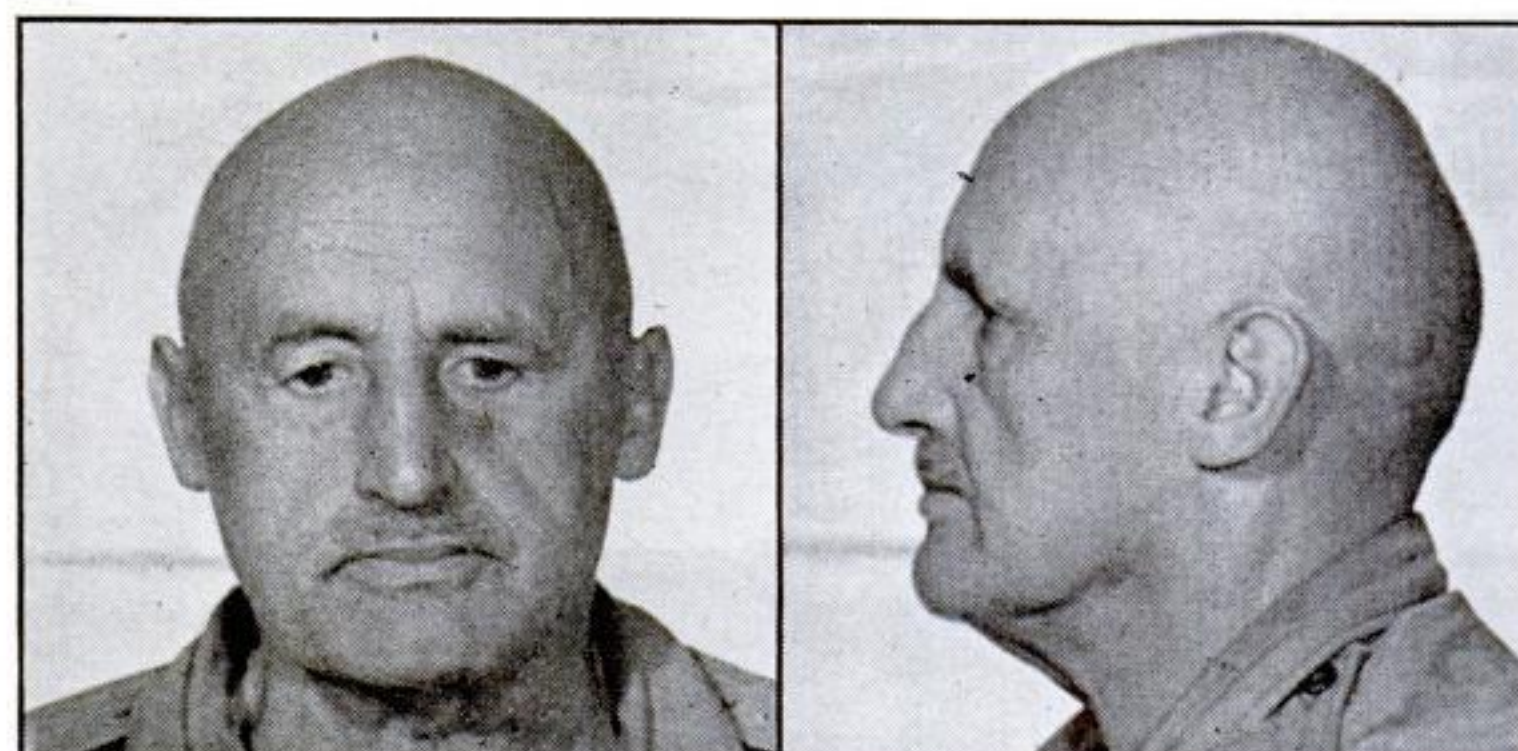
ROBERT LEY

Labor-front leader, SA general, Nazi Party organization manager and jointly responsible for the care of foreign workers, Ley authorized, directed and participated in war crimes, particularly those "related to the abuse of human beings for labor in the conduct of aggressive wars."



ARTHUR SEYSS-INQUART

Chancellor of Austria and Reichscommissar for Netherlands, Nazi since 1932, SS General Seyss-Inquart "promoted the seizure and the consolidation of control over Austria by the Nazi conspirators" and was involved in "a wide variety of crimes against persons and property."



JULIUS STREICHER

Anti-Semitic propagandist and editor of newspaper *Der Stürmer*, general in the SA, Gauleiter of Franconia, Streicher promoted the accession to power of the Nazi conspirators and was responsible for crimes against humanity, "particularly the incitement of the persecution of the Jews."



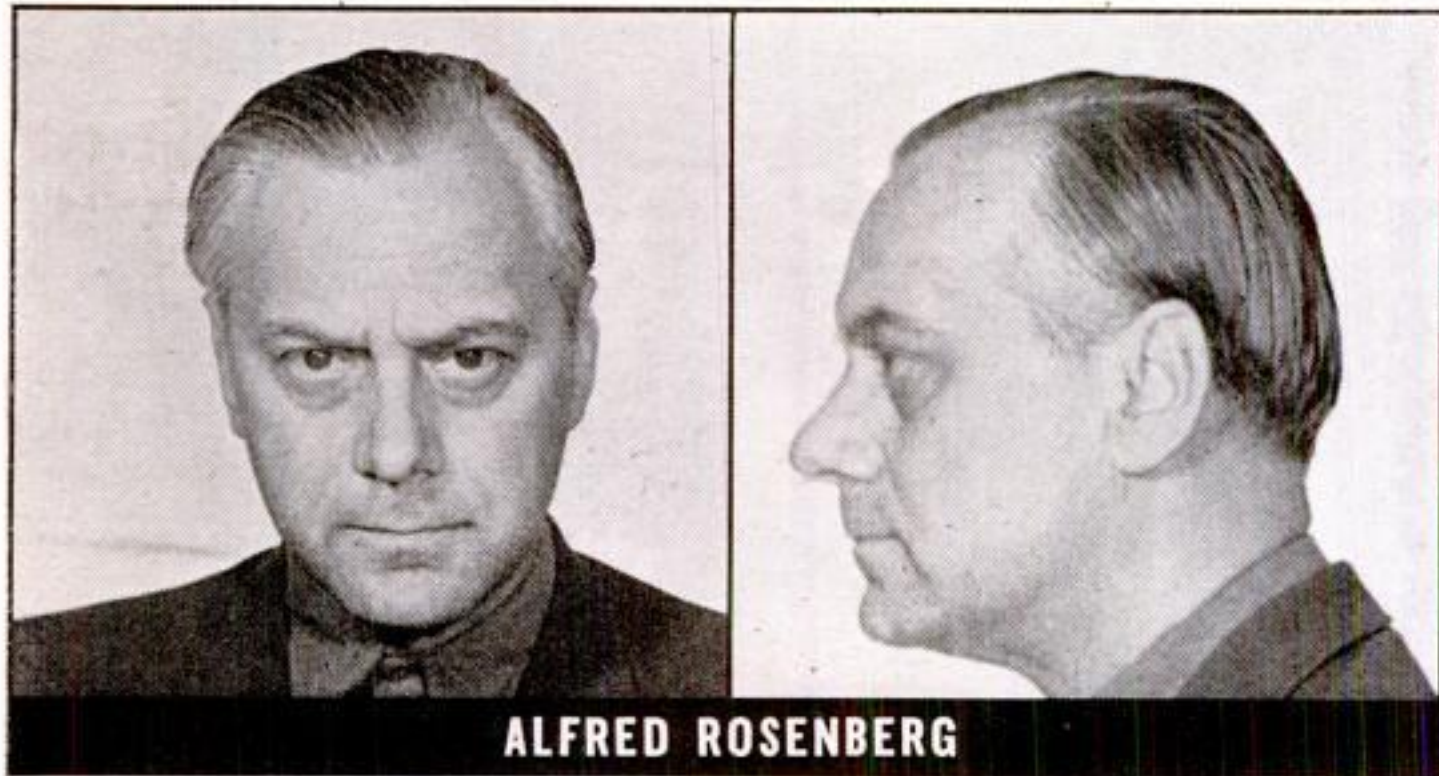
ALBERT KESSELRING

Field marshal, collaborator of Göring's and a staunch Nazi, Kesselring has not been indicted. Like many other high German military and civil officials, he is now an Allied prisoner of war and will presumably be tried with another batch of German-war criminals at a later date.

ALLIES INDICT 24 TOP

Hitler's aides are mugged like common criminals

Less than six months after the end of the war against Germany, the victorious Allies made the first move to punish the leaders of the defeated Axis. In the white-walled chamber of Berlin's People's Court, an indictment against 24 top members of the Nazi hierarchy was presented before the International Military Tribunal representing the U.S., Great Britain, France and the U.S.S.R. All 24 were charged with participating in a common conspiracy to commit crimes against the peace by using the German state as an instrument of war. There were three other counts: that some defendants had committed crimes against the peace by planning, preparing and initiating wars of aggression in violation of international agreements; that in helping to prosecute Germany's "total war" they had employed methods and practices conflicting with the laws and customs of war, and that they had participated in



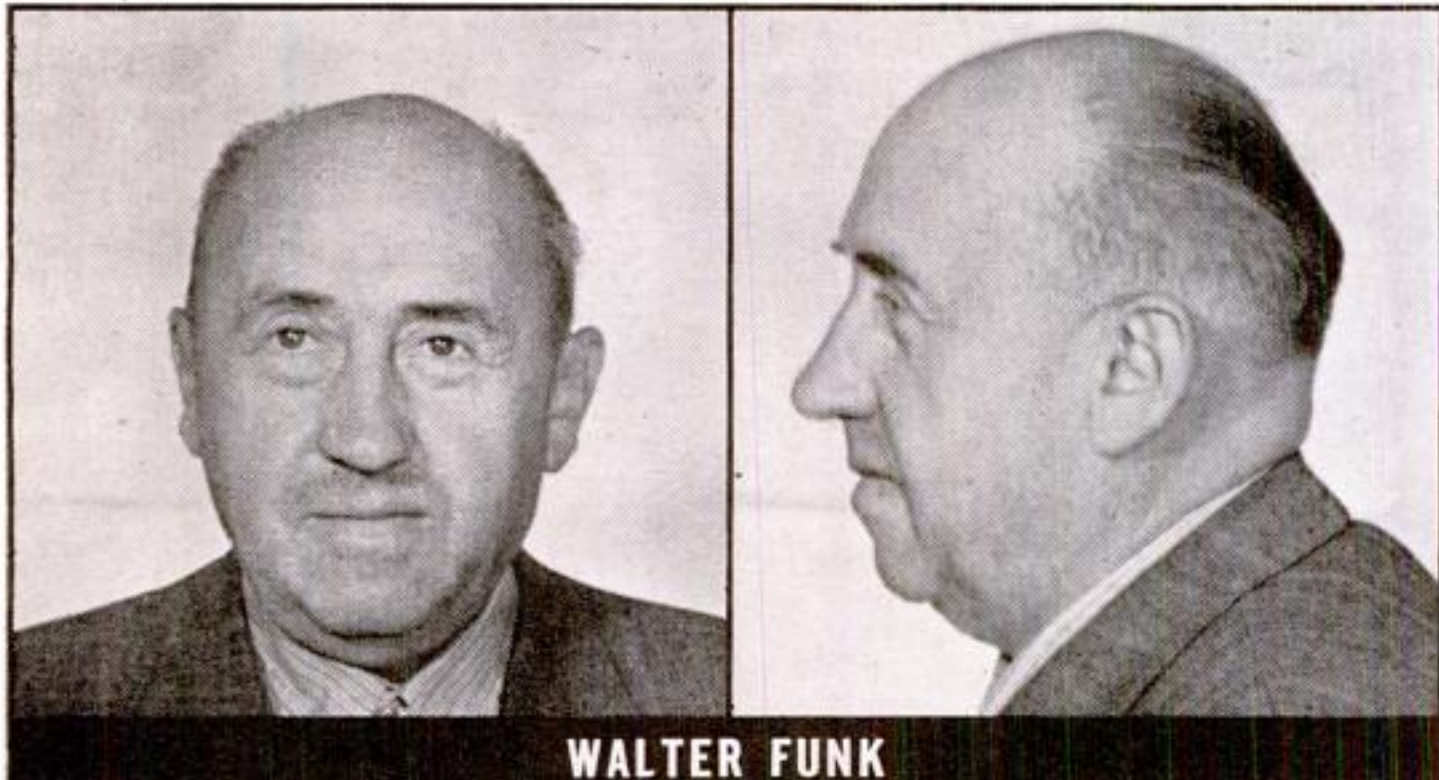
ALFRED ROSENBERG

Party philosopher, Nazi since 1920, general in the SA and SS, editor of the official party newspaper, *Völkischer Beobachter*, and minister for eastern occupied territories, Rosenberg promoted "psychological and political planning" of war and was linked directly with war crimes.



HANS FRANK

Nazi governor general of Poland, Reichsminister without portfolio and Reichscommissar for the coordination of justice, Frank used his position to consolidate Nazi control in Germany and committed crimes "against humanity involved in the administration of occupied territories."



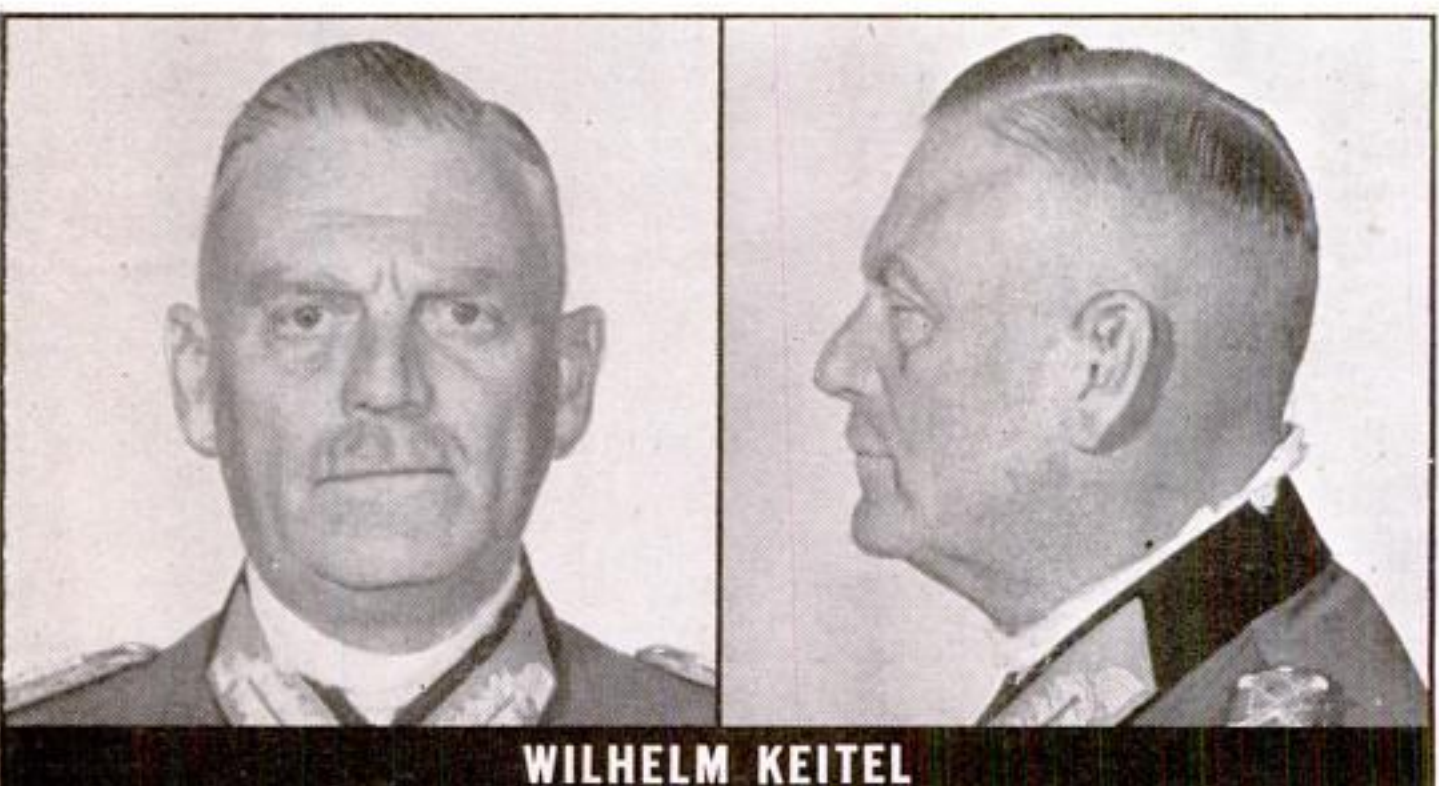
WALTER FUNK

Reichsminister of economics, president of Reichsbank, important member of National Socialist Party, Funk helped to promote the Nazi wars of aggression and participated in "crimes against persons and property in connection with the economic exploitation of occupied territories."



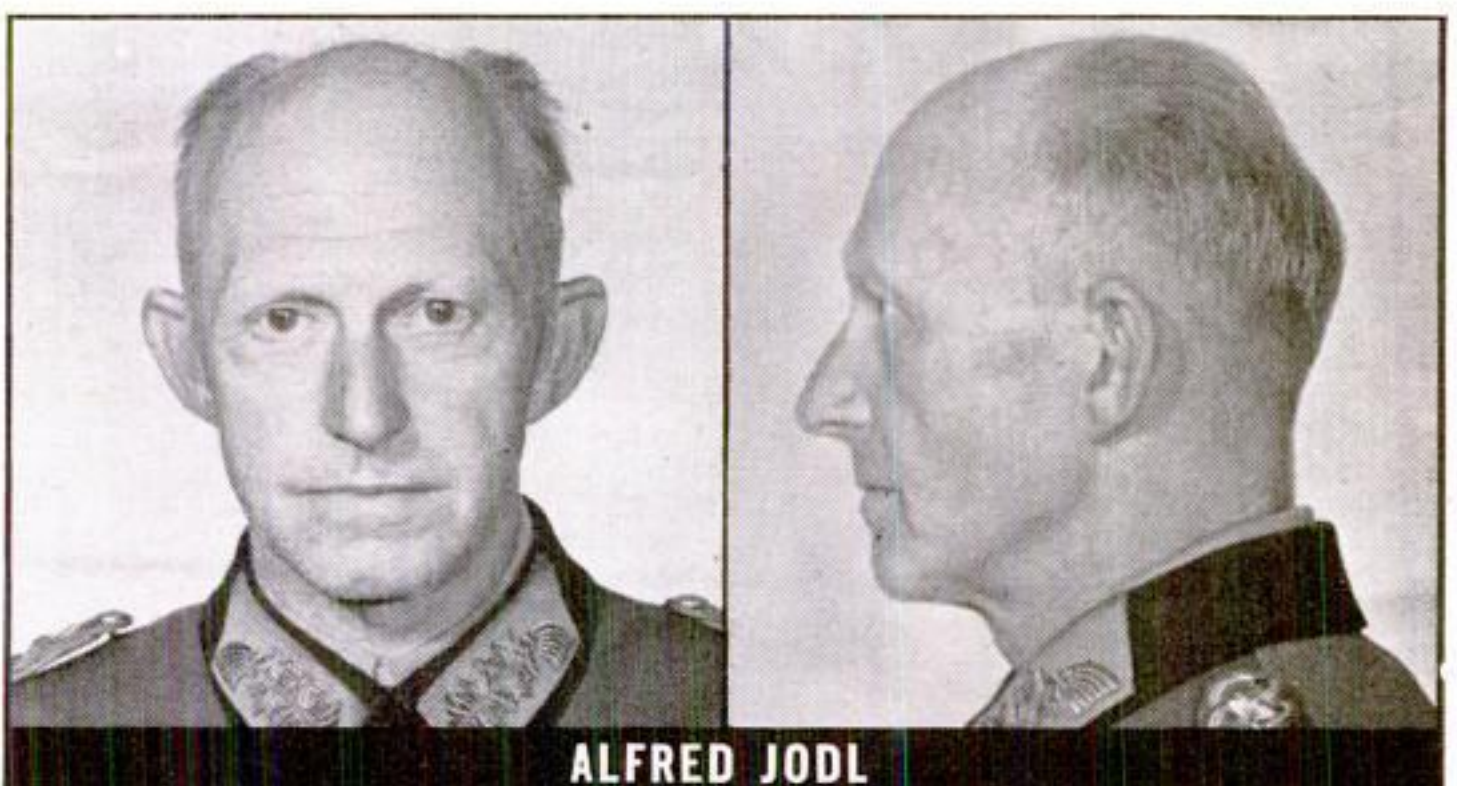
FRANZ VON PAPEN

Ambassador to Austria at time of Anschluss and later Hitler's envoy to Turkey, active in Nazi Party since 1932, Papen promoted economic and military war preparations and took part in "the exploitation and abuse of human beings for labor in the conduct of aggressive wars."



WILHELM KEITEL

Chief of German high command between 1938 and 1945 and member of Hitler's secret cabinet council, Field Marshal Keitel promoted and planned wars of aggression and was responsible for "ill treatment of prisoners of war and of the civilian population of occupied territories."



ALFRED JODL

Last Wehrmacht chief of staff, Colonel General Jodl used his "positions and personal influence" to promote accession to power of Nazi conspirators, to plan wars in violation of international treaties, and was responsible for "a wide variety of crimes against persons and property."

NAZIS FOR WAR CRIMES

before trial by Allied Military Tribunal of Big Four

"crimes against humanity," which included the organized persecution of civilians.

This is the first time in history that conquerors have brought the conquered to legal trial instead of killing or exiling them or not punishing them at all. In 1921 the Allies relegated the trial of German World War I leaders to German courts and only a dozen were convicted with light sentences. This time the trials, which start in Nürnberg on Nov. 20, will be conducted by the Allies. Except for Hitler's party deputy, Martin Bormann, all those indicted are in custody and have been "mugged" like any criminals in these official photographs. The official American viewpoint on the trials was summed up by U. S. representative Justice Robert H. Jackson, who said recently, "We must make it clear to the Germans that the wrong for which their fallen leaders are on trial is not that they lost the war, but that they started it."



KARL DOENITZ

Commander in chief of German navy, adviser to Hitler and Hitler's successor as head of the German government, Doenitz promoted war preparations and "authorized, directed and participated in war crimes," particularly crimes "against persons and property on the high seas."



COTS OF WOUNDED GIs AND PRISONERS OF WAR COVER THE HANGAR DECK OF THE CARRIER "ENTERPRISE," ADMIRAL SHERMAN'S FLAGSHIP, ON THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

LONG VOYAGE HOME

Having won its war in the Pacific, the Navy returns to have its day

The first night out of Tokyo Bay, Task Force 38 turned on running lights, left portholes open. After years of ticklish blackout operations, it was almost like a pleasure cruise. To 56,000 crewmen, wounded and liberated prisoners aboard the 48 ships it really was a pleasure cruise. About 13,000 would be discharged almost on arrival. Meanwhile, discipline was relaxed. Crewmen lay about the decks, luxuriating in sunshine and idleness. The Navy—at least a section as powerful as the entire prewar Navy—was going stateside.

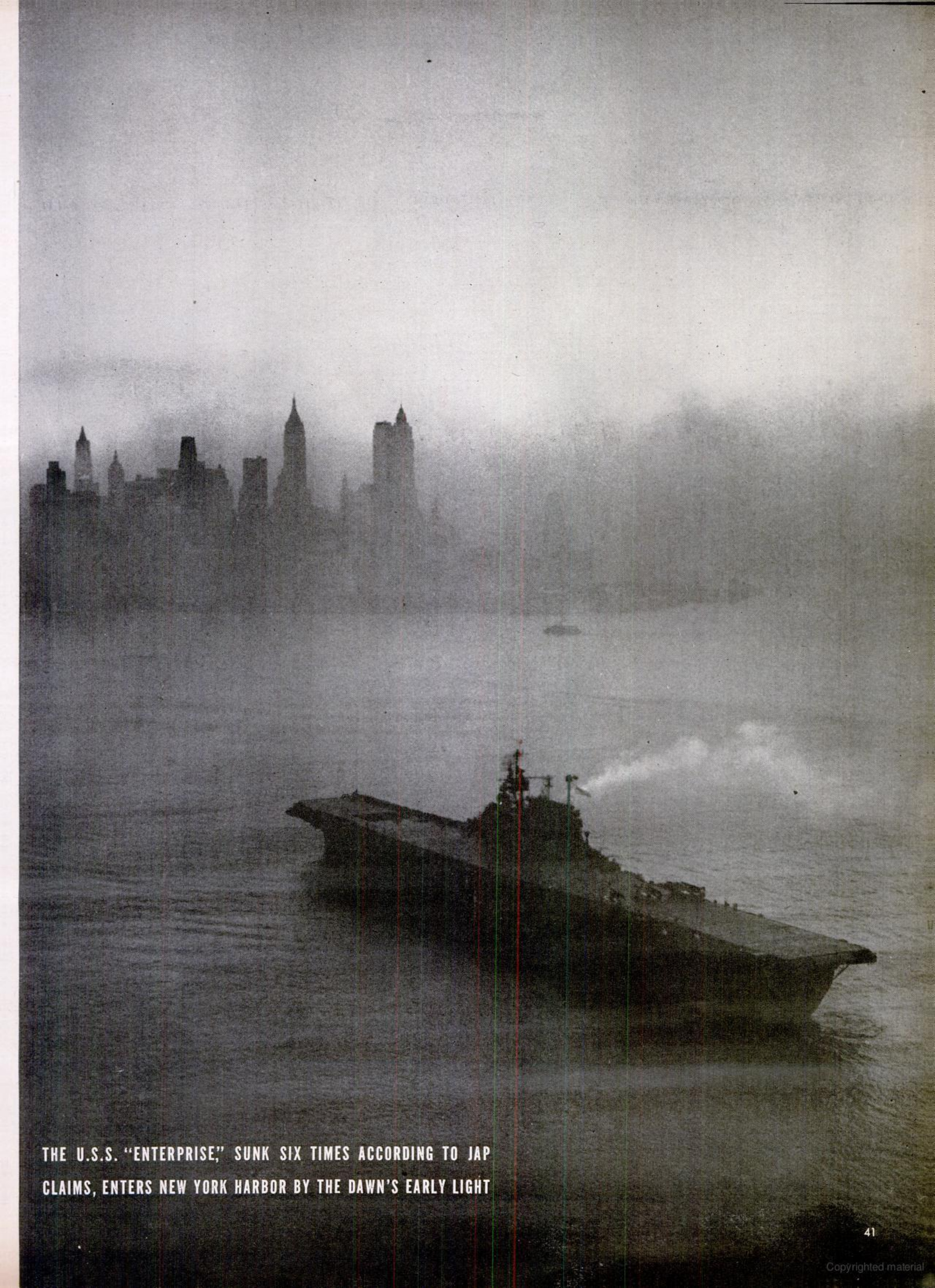
At the Panama Canal sailors who had been away from America for years were given shore leave. It proved the most orderly mass-scale visitation in Canal history. The Zone's tenderloin areas were thronged but mostly with the curious. The fleet was more interested in drinking "real liquor," in watching a spectacular dancer (*below*) and in buying overpriced gifts for girls at home than in patronizing Panama's sleazy sirens. Then the ships headed toward Atlantic ports to be focal points for America's biggest Navy Day observance.



Panama City's streets are thronged with sailors seeking souvenirs and recreation. Shore patrol received more complaints against price-gouging Panamanians than against Navy men.



"Beauty and the Beast" act of Dancer Jade Rhodora, clad half in a gorilla suit, drew mobs. "Gorilla" half tore off the rest of her costume at every performance. She was talk of the fleet.



THE U.S.S. "ENTERPRISE," SUNK SIX TIMES ACCORDING TO JAP
CLAIMS, ENTERS NEW YORK HARBOR BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT



ACCUSED KILLER RANEY ALLEN, WEARING HANDCUFFS AND A CAUGHT-IN-THE-JAM-CUPBOARD EXPRESSION, STARTS BACK HOME WITH DEPUTY CLEMMIA HURST

SHE GOT HER MAN

Sheriff's big wife has no trouble with little man accused of murder

Sheriff Z. T. Hurst of Beattyville, Ky., a town of 1,012, is a busy man. Not only does he have to keep track of the underworld in Beattyville and its environs, but he is also the county tax collector. Lately he has been pretty busy collecting county taxes. So when Michigan state police reported last week that they had arrested Raney Allen, 25, who was wanted in Beattyville on charges of shooting three men and killing one of them, the sheriff asked his wife Clem-

mia to run up to Pontiac, Mich. to bring Allen back.

This was not in the least impractical. Mrs. Hurst, a regular deputy who was once warden in a prison for women, is 5 feet, 8 inches tall and weighs 215 pounds. Allen is 4 feet, 6 inches tall and weighs 72 pounds. In due time Mrs. Hurst arrived in Pontiac, handcuffed her prisoner, posed for photograph above and left for Beattyville. In due time she reached there. She did not have a bit of trouble with 72-pound Raney Allen.



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Patrice Munsel, soprano, sings *Je Suis Titania* from "Mignon" and *Salut à Toi, Soleil* from "Le Coq d'Or." Record 11-8886, \$1.00.

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way. That's because Four Roses is an exclusive combination of specially distilled whiskeys.

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THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS SPEAK UP

NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS SAY THERE IS NO SECRECY IN ATOMIC BOMB AND NO DEFENSE AGAINST IT

by DR. DAVID L. HILL, DR. EUGENE RABINOWITCH and DR. JOHN A. SIMPSON JR.

Scientists always have preferred to see the results of their studies used for constructive rather than destructive purposes. More than anybody else, they have been aware of the fact that man's control of the forces of nature, if rationally exploited, can provide all nations with ample livelihood and make wars for raw materials, markets and other economic assets a thing of the past. However, scientists have not heretofore felt that it was their responsibility to fight for this rational use of the products of their endeavor. This responsibility they willingly left to the governments of their nations.

There are two reasons why the present attitude of the scientists is different. In the first place, never before have they been so clearly responsible for new forces of destruction unleashed upon the world. The development of the atomic bomb was the result of the initiative of prominent scientists, who succeeded in persuading rather reluctant authorities that nuclear physics contained undreamed-of military potentialities. Had they not succeeded, we would still be living in the quaint old world of blockbusters and rocket bombs. In the second place, the advance embodied in the atomic bomb is of a different order of magnitude from the discoveries of gunpowder, dynamite, poison gas or radar. The atomic bomb is the first practical step of mankind out of the old world—which we may call the world of electronics—into the world of nucleonics. Electronic forces are responsible for all the chemical and electrical processes in our bodies as well as our power plants, engines and rockets. Nuclear forces are responsible for the life and death of the stars. They are so much stronger that they hold the nucleus of an atom together in a volume infinitely smaller than that in which the electronic forces hold the atom as a whole. If the atom were the size of the U. S. Capitol dome, its central nucleus would be the size of a pinhead.

The scientists do not aspire to political leadership but having helped man to make the first step into this new world, they have the responsibility of warning and advising him until he has become aware of its perils as well as its wonders. They have lived with the secret of the atom bomb for several years; they thought about its future and its implications for mankind long before the rest of the world had become aware of the problem. It is their duty, conscious as they are of the danger which atomic power

In the conviction that scientists retain a moral responsibility for the ends to which their discoveries are applied, some 800 U.S. scientists were endeavoring last week to impress upon the nation their views concerning the future of the atomic bomb. Their opinions were directed most immediately at Congress, which is considering the May bill on government control of all atomic-energy use and research (see Editorial, p. 36). In the vanguard were the atomic scientists of Chicago, comprising most of the scientists attached to the Metallurgical Laboratory of the University of Chicago, a part of the so-called "Manhattan District" under which the atomic bomb was developed. LIFE herewith presents a statement which was composed by three members of this group. The authors—Dr. David L. Hill, experimental physicist; Dr. Eugene Rabinowitch, physical chemist; and Dr. John A. Simpson Jr., nuclear physicist—prepared their statement at the direction of the executive committee of the atomic scientists of Chicago with the belief that it represents the views of the vast majority of the members of this organization.

brings to mankind and, first of all, to their own nation and their own families, to carry the warning of this danger to all the people of our country and to all the other nations on earth. They must persuade all political and social groups in the country that here is a threat to the very existence of us all—a problem of survival which cannot be postponed or disposed of by wishful thinking or the application of old political formulas.

One of the fields in which we must revise our old opinions is that of national security. Let us consider the popular arguments and attempt to answer the usual questions about the role of the atomic bomb in national defense.

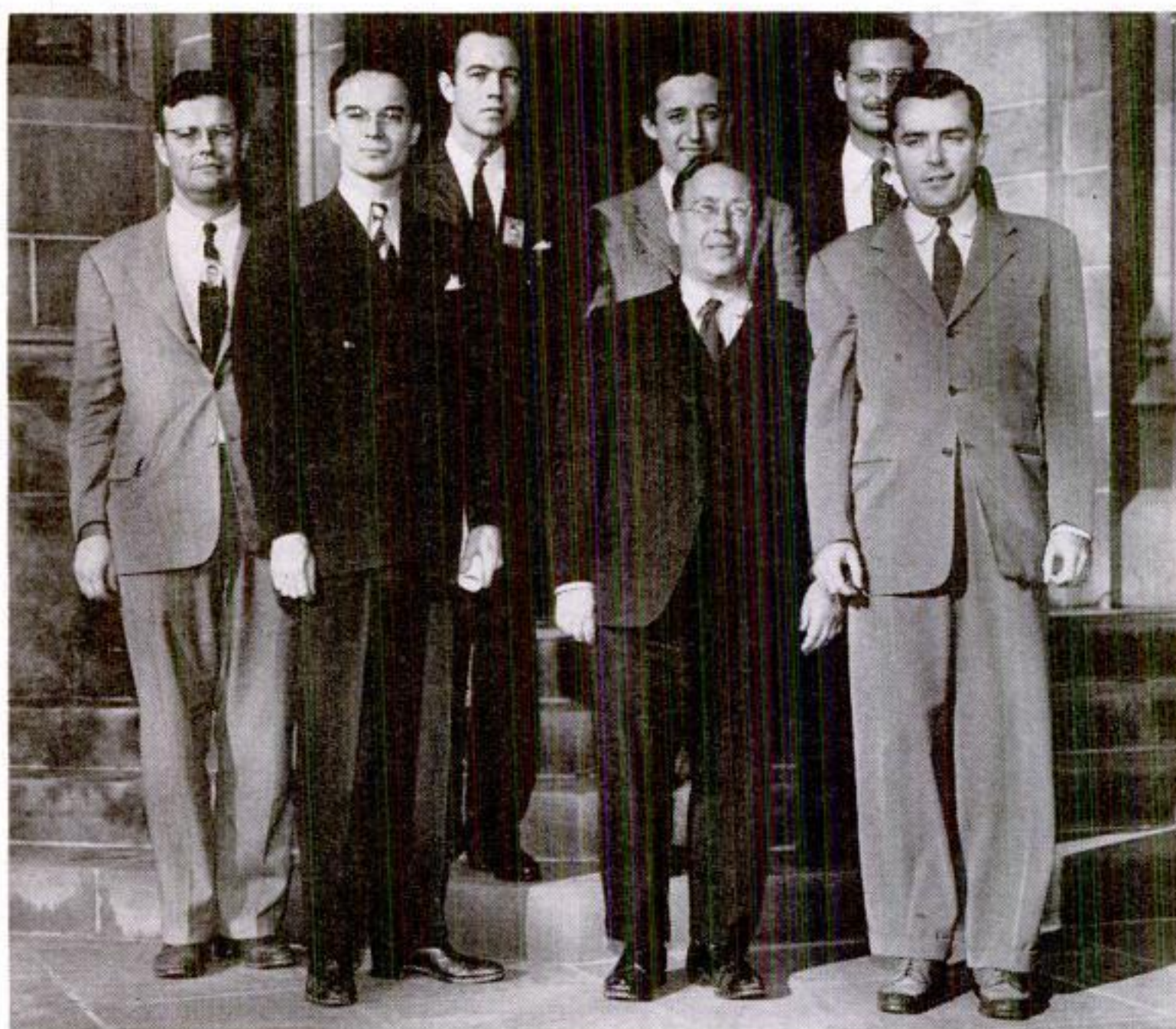
1. Can we keep the secret? To many imaginations, the atomic bomb appears as a "secret formula," which a traitor can slip to a spy in a dockside tavern or a heroic scientist can swallow

just before it is snatched from him by foreign villains. The fact is that a fundamental secret of the atomic bomb simply does not exist. If Hitler had prevented the publication in 1939 of the first papers on atomic fission, Germany might have remained for a certain period of time in exclusive possession of a true fundamental secret of atomic power. It is the good fortune of the world that this did not happen and that the basic scientific facts were in the possession of all scientists when the war started.

Only the U.S. has had enough spare scientific manpower, technological equipment and security from interference by the enemy to venture into a large-scale industrial utilization of these facts. For others, they remained phenomena only known from observations on a laboratory scale. Until the first bomb was dropped, scientists in other countries could not be certain that an attempt to go from laboratory experiment to large-scale production of atomic explosives would not encounter insurmountable technical difficulties. The explosion at Hiroshima has answered these doubts. It has revealed the most important of our "atomic bomb secrets."

The official releases of our War Department and of the British government have mapped out several different processes which we have used with success in the preparation of atomic explosives. Our governments have not revealed important details of the technological procedures used. We have kept for ourselves the actual blueprints of the plants and much of the quantitative information on which industrial procedures were based. We gave only a vague idea of the methods by which the atomic explosives are actually detonated in the bomb. These are the "secrets" of the atomic bomb which still remain in our possession. None of these, however, can be called the secret of the bomb. In competition between two rival companies, knowledge of technological details might be of decisive importance. But we have to face the competition of whole nations. They will concentrate on this problem their best scientific and engineering manpower and give it unlimited material support.

They will not need to repeat the extensive program which we have undertaken—the simultaneous development of several processes to insure us against the failure of any one of them. Instead, they will be



Atomic Scientists. First row (left to right): the authors of this article, Dr. David L. Hill, Dr. Eugene Rabinowitch, Dr. John Simpson Jr., all of the University of Chicago. Back row: Dr. Charles Coryell, Dr. Spofford English, Dr. Harrison Brown, all of Oak Ridge; and Dr. Nathan Sugarman of Los Alamos.

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ATOMIC SCIENTISTS CONTINUED

able to concentrate on the process most suitable to their resources, since they know from us that any one of them can be carried out successfully. Consequently, they will need only a fraction of the scientific manpower and industrial know-how which we have invested in the bomb.

It took us three years to achieve the transition from the theoretical realization of the possibility of making an atomic bomb to its actual production. It would be extremely unwise to assume that others will require much more time now that the path has been mapped out by us. Let us realize the fact, however disagreeable, that in the near future—perhaps two to five years—several nations will be able to produce atomic bombs.

2. Can we monopolize the raw materials? A possible way to monopolize atomic bombs is to control the raw materials necessary for their fabrication. Primarily, this means control of the uranium ores. The worldwide distribution of uranium ores does not permit us to achieve this control except by conquest. Canada and Belgium control the most important deposits known before the war. Czechoslovakia has the famous old St. Joachimsthal mines; before the war Russia was known to produce considerable quantities of radium, which is made from uranium ore. New deposits undoubtedly have been discovered since and others will be discovered when intense prospecting spreads over all the areas of the globe. It would be foolhardy to rely on the assumption that we alone—or together with Britain—can deprive the rest of the world of access to enough uranium for the production of atomic explosives.

3. Would it not be enough for us to retain leadership in atomic developments? We do not argue against the maximum development of atomic-power research and its applications in this country, but we want to warn against assuming that this can provide us with lasting security. A race in atomic armaments is different from armament races in naval vessels, guns or airplanes. The latter weapons are intended to combat each other: therefore, one side can maintain its lead indefinitely, for example, by building two battleships whenever the other side builds one. Atomic bombs are weapons used only against large cities and industrial centers. Therefore, if both sides in a conflict have enough atomic bombs to wipe out each other's cities, they are in approximately equal position, even if the one has three times more bombs than the other.

The industrial potential of our country, which was decisive in winning World War II, will not count for much in a future atomic war. Since the result of the conflict may well be decided in the first hour, it will be decided not by the size of the accumulated stock of bombs nor by the capacity to increase it after the beginning of the war, but by the suddenness of the attack and the placement of atomic bombs in locations from which they can reach their targets with minimum delay and loss.

On all these counts, a peaceful, democratic, highly industrialized country, with a long shoreline and a large proportion of its population concentrated in comparatively few metropolitan centers will be at a great disadvantage.

4. Will fear of retaliation prevent atomic warfare? To realize what situation we would face in a world where the main deterrent to atomic bomb attack will be fear of retaliation we have only to use our imagination. In order not to leave the results of attack (or the success of retaliation) to chance, the nations bent on securing maximum advantage in a possible "one-minute war" of the future may seek to substitute preventive mining for bombing from the air. Thus, each nation will live in the apprehension that its cities, factories and naval bases may be mined during peacetime and blown up when an aggressor decides to strike. This action may be precipitated by the belief that only by striking first can a nation prevent an aggression against itself.

Not only will the actual possibility of sudden atomic attack or of preventive mining be important, but the fear of it will inevitably cloud international relations and create panic in every period of international tension.

A world in which atomic weapons will be owned by sovereign nations, and security against aggression will rest on the fear of retaliation, will be a world of fear, suspicion and almost inevitable final catastrophe.

5. Is a defense against the atomic bombs likely? In the past, a not entirely adequate defense could be improved, or a new one invented, after the attacker had revealed his weapons of aggression. No opportunity for perfection of defensive weapons will be given in the case of atomic bomb attack.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



How a bad debt created good jobs

IT WAS 1895. Franklin Baker, dignified 50-year-old Philadelphia miller, and his prim woman book-keeper had just finished opening a coconut!

Why? Because Baker had shipped a cargo of flour to Cuba, waited months to be paid, and finally received, *not* cash but a shipload of coconuts instead.

Coconuts weren't currency! They were souvenirs, novelties. He tried to sell them on the open market but found no takers. What on earth could he do with the dratted things?

Opening that coconut brought inspiration. He'd save housewives that messy job. He and his son would go into the business of opening coconuts and making a ready-to-use, sweet, shredded, *packaged* coconut for use in pies, cakes, and puddings.

Risking every cent he had, Baker started. "Baker's Shredded Coconut" caught on. The business grew from small beginnings to a very sizable coconut products business.

And—like every new or expanding business—it *created jobs*. And each of these jobs contributed to the making of other jobs . . . jobs for shippers and packers . . . work in warehouses . . . jobs for distributors, salesmen, clerks, and accountants.

This has always been the American way of creating employment. Private businesses—large and small—have made jobs! Given people purchasing power! Raised our American standard of living!

Today, everyone agrees that with the war over, making jobs . . . employment for all who want to work . . . is our most urgent problem.

Men of enterprise—today's Franklin Bakers—*can* make jobs by the millions! By striking out into new fields. By starting up new businesses of every size. By increasing the volume of present products and expanding present businesses.

This is the way most Americans want their jobs to be made. But how *many* jobs can be created this way, and how *quickly*, is partly in your hands. For, through your opinions and your representatives, you help make the rules and regulations under which business operates.

Rules and regulations are necessary. But if they reach the point where they discourage enterprise, America's return to peacetime prosperity may be slowed down to a walk.

And if it is slowed down, the alternative prob-

ably is Government relief projects to make up the jobs.

Remember this. . . . and as any legislative measure arises which might affect jobs, make the answer to this question the basis of your stand upon it: "Will this measure result in making more jobs the way Americans want their jobs made?"


On your decision may depend your future opportunity—your future job.

A Step Toward Making Jobs

Do you know about C.E.D.—the Committee for Economic Development?

It is a nonprofit, nonpolitical organization, formed three years ago by American businessmen, to encourage planning in advance—by businessmen and by labor—for the production and distribution of needed civilian goods. The purpose is to speed reconversion and provide postwar employment without serious interruption.

General Foods is working with C.E.D., and urges that you do, too. There are C.E.D. committees in 2900 counties and communities. Whether you have a factory, store, or other business, your local committee will give you all possible help in carrying on your postwar planning. Check with C.E.D. now.

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Hiram Walker's dry martini



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ATOMIC SCIENTISTS CONTINUED

No specific defense against the bomb itself—i.e. a device which would explode them before they reach their targets—is in sight. Irresponsible claims that such a device has been invented only stimulate wishful thinking.

The only possible defense is against the bomb carriers. But since bomb-carrying planes might be sent by an enemy without a preliminary declaration of war, there is no defense against them short of complete cessation of all peacetime international air traffic. Of rockets loaded with atomic explosives a number will always come through, since no radar or similar device can be expected to protect a whole continent against projectiles which may arrive at any time, from any direction, including the stratosphere.

The most efficient defensive measure that a single nation can adopt is to disperse its industries and population centers. A determined enemy, however, would need only to accumulate a correspondingly larger number of atomic bombs in order to make this form of defense inadequate. The conclusion cannot be avoided that in the atomic age it will be difficult if not impossible for any one nation, big or small, to make itself secure against a crippling attack.

6. Can atomic warfare be outlawed? In the light of the disarmament agreements of the 1920-30 era, the Kellogg Pact for the outlawing of war and similar experiments, no nation in the world is likely to entrust its future to an international agreement, however solemnly proclaimed, which would banish atomic warfare but leave the fulfillment of this pledge to the conscience of the signatories. No agreement on restriction or complete abolition of atomic armaments can be considered as of real importance if it is not supported by an efficient control against evasion.

The only real alternative to a headlong race of mankind toward complete destruction of our present civilization appears to be the establishment of effective international control over the production of atomic bombs everywhere. Not only must the bombs be outlawed by international agreement, but an authority must be established capable of controlling the way in which the individual nations are carrying out this covenant.

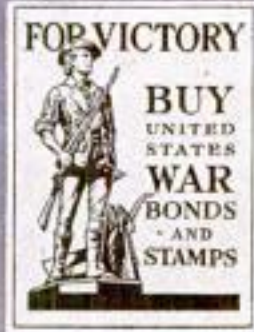
An attempt to do so will create new problems, some of them unprecedented in the history of relations among nations. These problems will have to be thoroughly explored before an intelligent long-range policy for the U.S. can be mapped, either in its foreign relations or its domestic affairs. The associations of scientists at Chicago and Oak Ridge have therefore gone on record as opposing any legislation concerning atomic power until a thorough congressional inquiry into all its aspects has been conducted. An intelligent and stable policy can be based only on adequately informed public opinion and can be formulated only by a Congress fully aware of all the novel and complex implications of the new era.

The scientists are often asked: What about the peacetime applications of atomic power? These, too, will depend on how successfully the specter of atomic warfare is banished from the earth. We may look confidently to benefits which the production of new radioactive elements will bring to science, industry and medicine, since small-scale atomic plants will be sufficient to provide an abundance of these invaluable tools for scientists, doctors and engineers. On the other hand, only in a world free from fear of war will it be possible to give full freedom to the development of large-scale atomic-power projects.



Japanese idol grins amid the ruins of Nagasaki. In the single blast of atomic bomb, 26,000 people were killed and 40,000 were wounded; 18,000 buildings were destroyed.

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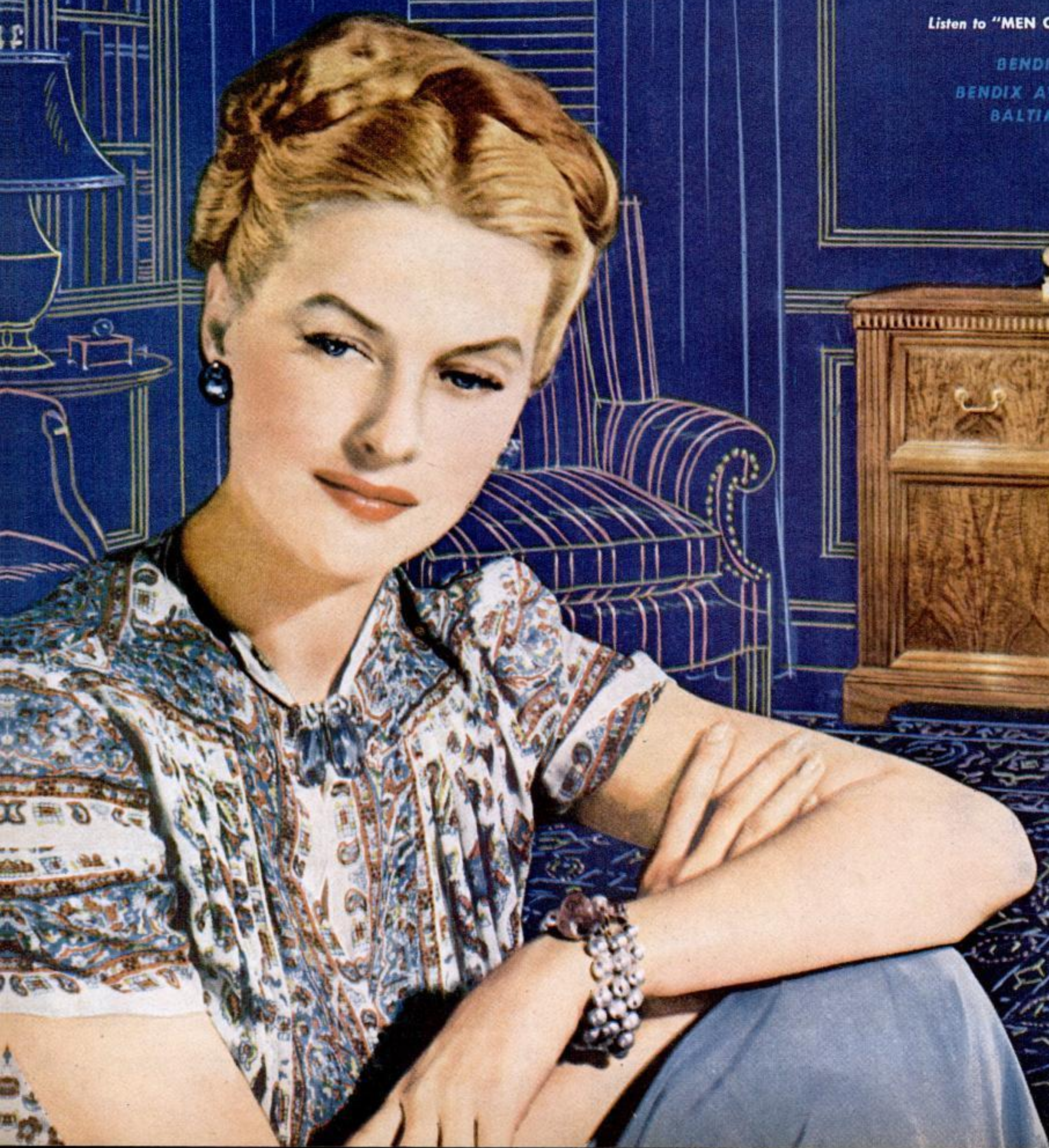
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Kiyoshi Miyazaki, the president of Mitsui Co., one of Japan's two largest trusts, asked, "How will it be possible to feed over 80,000,000 people? Already rations are less than half of what we needed per man to live before the war."



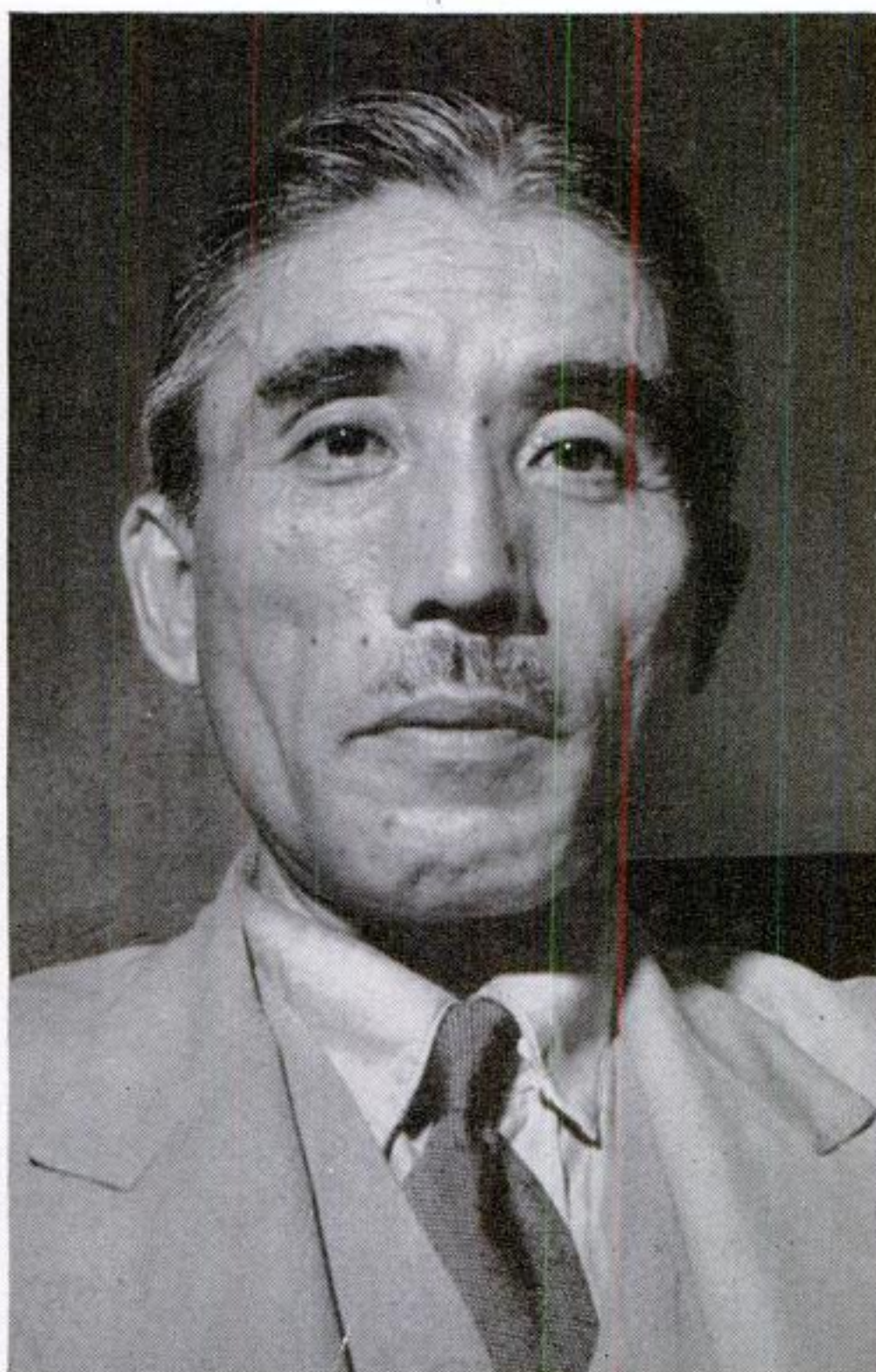
Ichiro Hattori, director of the Mitsubishi Trading Co., part of the great Mitsubishi Trust, said, "If the war had lasted one more year, 7,000,000 Japanese would have starved to death." He said U. S. fire raids kept men from the factories.



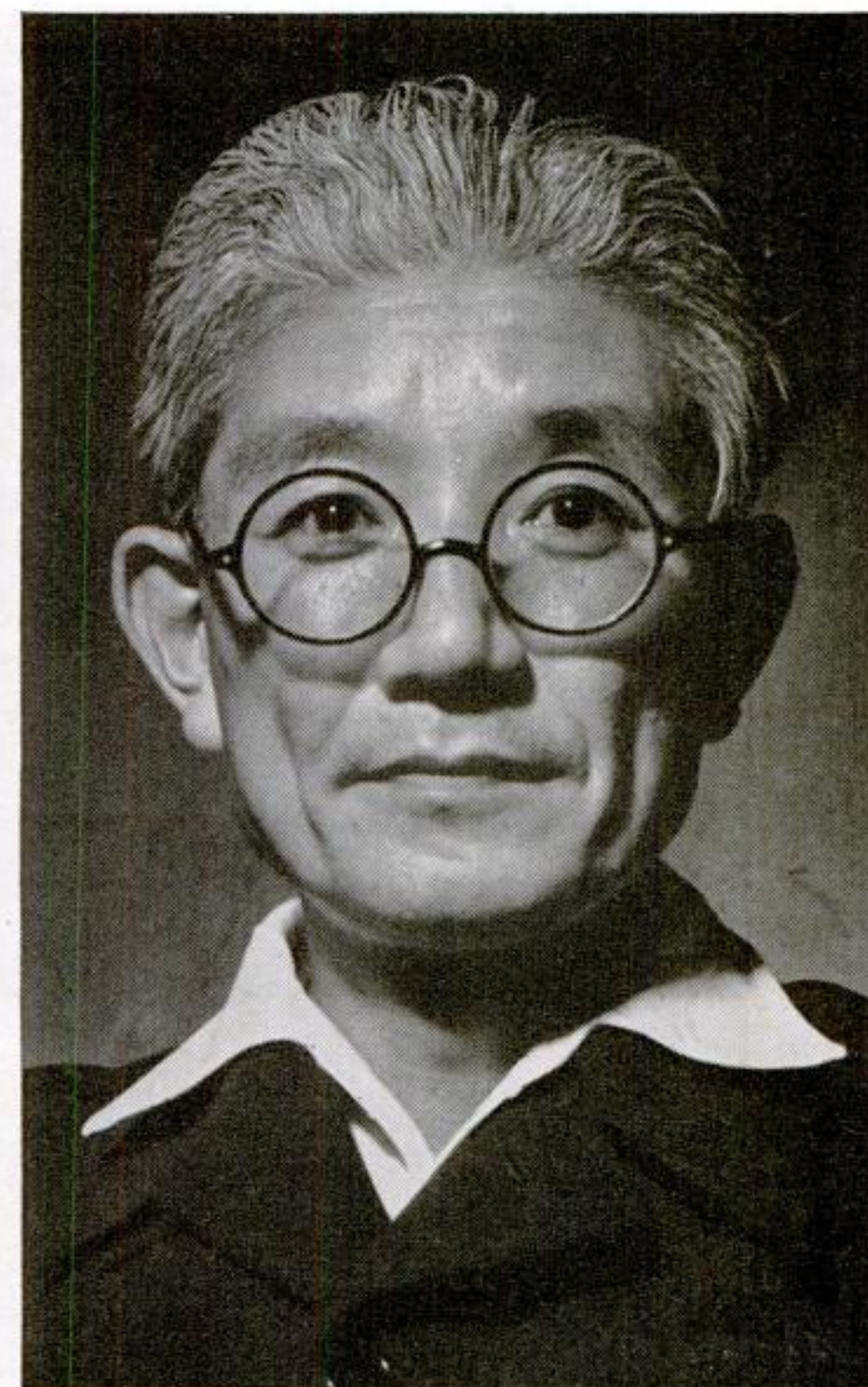
Takashi Komatsu, managing director of the Nippon Steel Tube Co. in Tokyo, said, "It was not only the bombing of factories that defeated us; it was the blockade which deprived us of essential raw materials—aluminum and coal."



Ataru Funata, chief director of the Japanese chamber of commerce, said, "We were worried about the future, especially the Russians . . . I do not think Japanese labor will figure strongly in politics unless the Russians make it so."



Hisanobu Terai, president of NYK Shipping Co., Japan's biggest, also blamed food and raw-material shortages for defeat and added that in war's last months "the proportions of shipping sunk were 1 by sub, 6 by bombs, 12 by mines."



Aiichiro Fujiyama, president of Japan's chamber of commerce, said, "After this, businessmen will go into politics and government. We have learned what happens when militarists rule. We admitted defeat—the military would not."

JAPAN'S ZAIBATSU

Industrialists disclaim war guilt,
seek to retain economic control

One of the great controversial questions which the U. S. authorities in Japan must decide centers around the postwar role of the Zaibatsu, the small group of men who own and direct virtually all of Japan's industry. Interviewed by American newsmen recently, leading Zaibatsu moderates claimed that the militarists had been responsible for the war, that shortages had caused Japan's defeat and that the Zaibatsu should be retained to help Japanese recovery.

Although individual Zaibatsu may be innocent of

sharing Japan's war guilt, most were content to support economic and military aggression when it was profitable to them. As reward for their cooperation, the Zaibatsu reaped huge profits from Japan's foreign conquests. Because of Zaibatsu's monopolistic grip on Japan's entire economic life, some U. S. experts insist that Zaibatsu control must be broken to lay a foundation for future Japanese democracy. Last week the Zaibatsu themselves took a first step by offering some of their closely held shares to the general public.

Sunbeam

AUTOMATIC
TOASTER



BY THE
MAKERS OF MY

Sunbeam
MIXMASTER



**"POPS UP"
THE TOAST**

**PERFECT TOAST
EVERY TIME**



UP POPS THE TOAST—delicious slices of crispy-tender toast ready to butter and serve immediately. No waiting. No burning.



PERFECT GOLDEN BROWN TOAST—EVERY TIME, from breakfast to evening snacks. Every slice the same, uniform golden brown.

SUNBEAM TOASTER gives you the same, delicious crunchy-tender toast every time—any shade you like by simply setting a button. No guesswork. You don't watch it. And toast can't burn because the Sunbeam is completely automatic. No trick to keep it spick-and-span either. Has the hinged crumb tray that snaps down for easy cleaning. And for sheer loveliness—the Sunbeam has no equal for rich, lustrous beauty.



SET IT FOR ANY
SHADE TOAST YOU LIKE

SUNBEAM TOASTER is your assurance of the same wonderful satisfaction in a toaster that Sunbeam is today giving to nearly three million women who own the Sunbeam Mixmaster.

SUNBEAM TOASTER will soon be on sale again at all good electric appliance dealers everywhere. Watch for it. It's worth waiting for.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.
5600 W. Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53,
Chicago 50. Canada Factory: 321
Weston Rd. S., Toronto 9. Over Half
a Century Making Quality Products.

Japan's Zaibatsu CONTINUED



Spokesman for the Zaibatsu is Ryoza Asano, 56, who here steps into his Mercury car as office girl holds the door open. Asano said he was opposed to the war and told the emperor that Japan was beaten, but "in conversations, never in writing."



At his steel plant Mr. Asano (left), in uniform, looks through the wreckage caused by the Doolittle raid on April 18, 1942. His family owns five steel plants in Tokyo, two in Osaka, one in Toyama, one each in Niigata, China, Korea and Manchuria.



Prince Fumimaro Konoye (left), moderate prewar premier, chats with Asano in former's Tokyo office. Asano, also a middle-of-the-roader, admitted that antiwar Zaibatsu were "cowards when it came to making our views known to the militarists."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

Rainbow Productions, Inc. presents

BING CROSBY ★ INGRID BERGMAN

in LEO McCAREY'S

The Bells of St. Mary's

with

HENRY TRAVERS WILLIAM GARGAN

Produced and Directed by Leo McCarey

Screen Play by Dudley Nichols • Story by Leo McCarey



BING
at his Best!
BERGMAN
as you desire her!

Together
in the Happiest
Heartiest Hit
of the years!



directed in all its human
warmth by Leo McCarey
who gave you "Going My Way"

—AND WHEN BING AND BERGMAN SING...
THE WHOLE WORLD'S IN TUNE!

Released thru RKO Radio Pictures



Assignment-LOVE!



Smooth, white, romantic hands... what man can resist their silken touch? Such hands are yours— with the new Hinds.

Rough, Scratchy hands instantly feel petal-smooth!

**COAST-TO-COAST TESTS SHOW THAT AMAZING LANOLIN-ENRICHED
NEW HINDS WORKS SUCH TRANSFORMATION IN 95% OF CASES**

"My hands felt like sandpaper. One minute after I rubbed in this lovely, creamy, new Hinds I didn't know my own hands. Smooth as velvet."

—MISS ANN LEWIS
WEST MOUNTAIN ROAD, LENOX, MASS.

"Nothing like the new Hinds for chapped skin."

—MRS. W. JOHNSTON
1423 LIVERPOOL ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.

"I've tried everything. But I've never seen such rich creaminess. I use Hinds not only on my hands, but also on elbows and knees. Swell for kids too."

—MISS JOAN S. BECK
R.F.D. No. 4, SALEM, CONN.

"Works in an instant! No waiting for results—that's what I like. *And it isn't sticky!*"

—MISS HELEN M. McFADYEN
401 N. GREEN ST., MORGANTON, N. C.



**Make this sensational 30-second test yourself—
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!**

Please accept with our compliments a generous trial bottle of the new lanolin-enriched Hinds along with your purchase of the regular 50¢ size. Make the test on your own hands. If you aren't 100% satisfied, return the large bottle and get YOUR MONEY BACK! That's how sure we are that you'll say the new Hinds is the grandest lotion you've ever used!

Hinds for Hands

Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

Have Fun . . . Hear "Blind Date" . . . Friday Nights . . . American Broadcasting Network

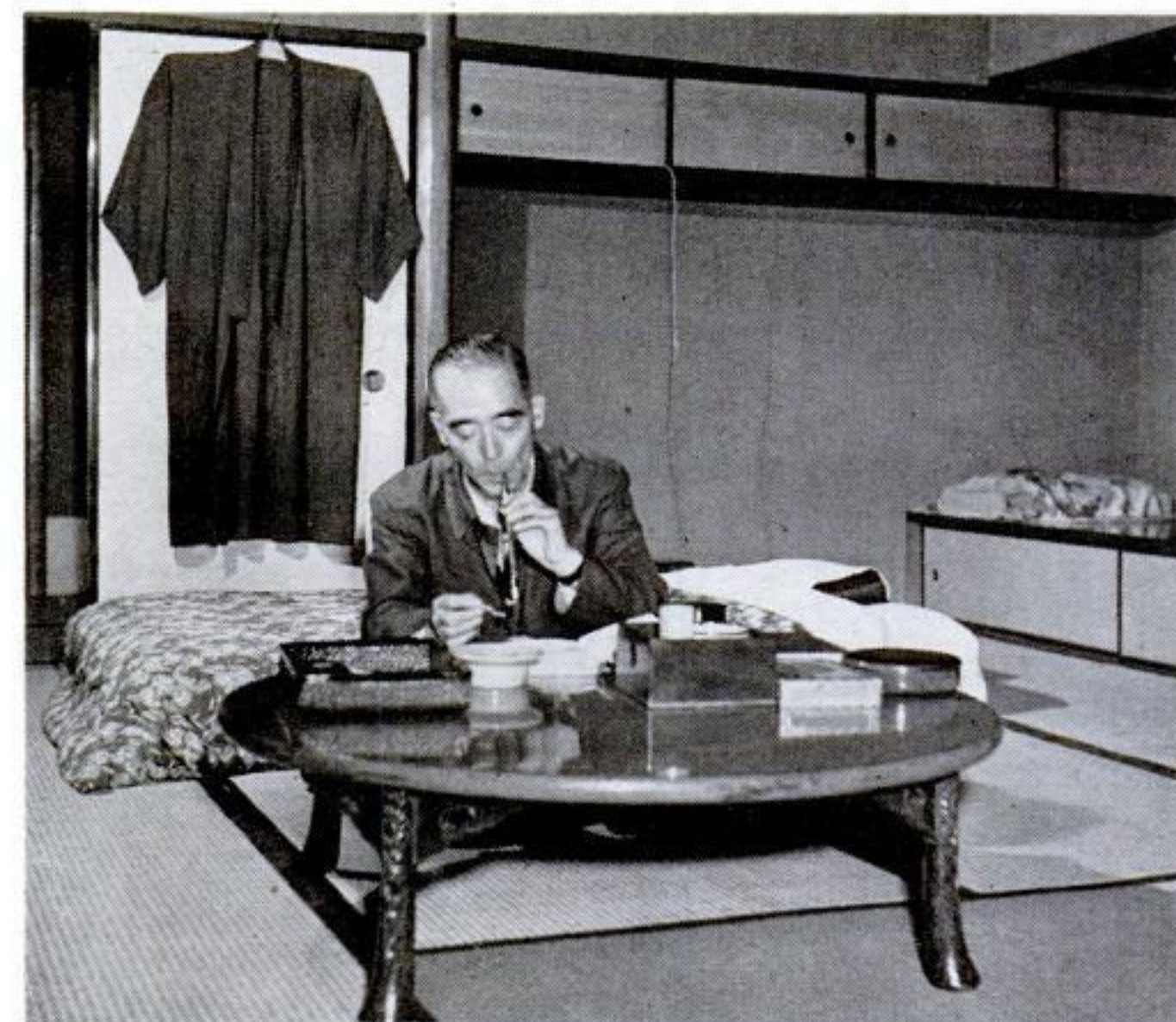
Japan's Zaibatsu CONTINUED



At his desk at the Nippon Steel Tube Co., which he runs, Asano still directs his farflung empire despite U. S. occupancy. He and his family also control a transoceanic shipping firm, a shipbuilding plant, a cement company and 30 other concerns.



Asano removes shoes before entering his Tokyo abode. When the Americans began bombing the capital, Asano's family home was leveled to the ground. Therefore he bought up several houses in Tokyo so he would always have a roof over his head.



In his bedroom Asano sits on floor, reading and smoking. Bed is on floor behind him. On wall is the traditional robe which Asano wears for ceremonials. Harvard graduate ('12), Asano was friend and classmate of humorist and actor Robert Benchley.

Identical to a tooth!

Yes, sir! Twin sparklers in every sense of the word... clear eyes and rosy-satin skin; sturdy bones and strong white teeth (two in—and more to come!); and glowing-with-health bodies...

And no wonder either—if they're *Carnation* twins!

Doctors know—and mothers, too—the importance of good, safe *Carnation* Milk, with its double richness, as it pours from the can, in *all* the essential nutrients of whole milk; with its soft-curd, ready digestibility, and with its *extra* "sunshine" vitamin D (recently *trebled*, you know, to 400 U.S.P. units per pint)—so important in the building of straight bones and strong teeth.

That's why so many babies are *Carnation* tots.

And that's why it's such a fine idea to *keep* right on with *Carnation* through the growing-up and grown-up days—first in the formula; then in a cup—then in marvelous milk-rich dishes and milk-to-drink.

The *world's* largest-selling brand of evaporated milk... what a lifelong friend it is!

TAPIOCA LEMON CREAM

1 cup *Carnation* Milk, diluted
with 1 cup water
¼ cup quick-cooking tapioca
¼ teaspoon salt

½ cup sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
2 eggs, separated

Heat milk in double boiler. Add tapioca and salt and cook until thickened and transparent, about 15 minutes. Add egg yolks beaten with sugar, and blend well. Cook 3 minutes longer; remove from heat and add lemon juice and rind. Cool until lukewarm. Beat egg whites stiff, and fold into mixture. Chill. Serve plain for the "high-chair sitter." Serve with undiluted *Carnation* and garnish with ladyfingers and a marshmallow for the growing-ups and grown-ups. Serves 6.



Carnation's grand book, "Growing Up with Milk," is a real "find," mothers say. It's full of helpful hints on teaching children to enjoy all foods... each age group has its own section. And it's chock-full of delicious, nourishing milk-rich recipes for the whole family. Send for your free copy to *Carnation* Company, Dept. L-52, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin, or Toronto, Ontario.



Milk
COWS"

BUY VICTORY BONDS
... AND KEEP THEM

Carnation
"FROM CONTENTED

TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED HOUR," MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK



Flowering Beauty for Your Bedroom

See how pretty your bedroom grows! Textron's* newest ensemble—in a gay floral print—brings June bloom to a winter room. Tailored with Textron's parachute-precision—of finest spun rayon faille . . . bordered with a rich rayon taffeta ruffle. Matching ensemble—single bedspread, \$25.00, pillow sham, \$5.50, 2¾-yard draperies, \$22.50, dressing table skirt, \$16.95 . . . in a variety of garden colors. At leading stores throughout the country.

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Listen to Helen Hayes in your favorite plays on the Textron Theatre every Saturday p.m. on your local Columbia Broadcasting Station.

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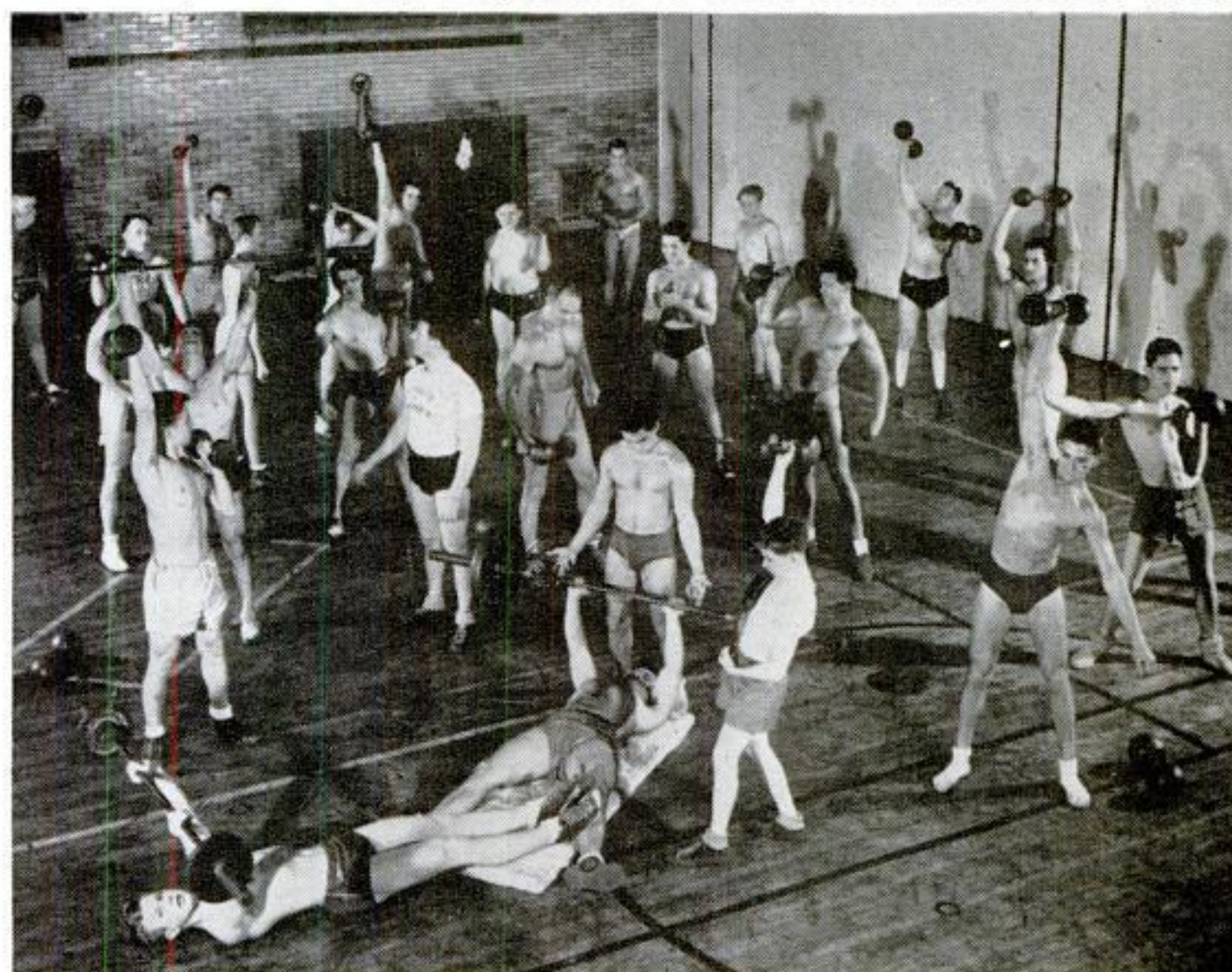
JOHNNY TERPAK "CLEANS" A 300-LB. WEIGHT TO HIS CHEST WITH ONE COORDINATED MOVEMENT OF ARMS, LEGS, CHEST AND BACK. BOTH FEET ARE OFF FLOOR

WEIGHT LIFTING

1,500,000 brawny Americans expect their sport to boom

Ever since the day, 2,500 years ago, when Milo of Crotona emerged from his calf-lifting training able to hoist a full-grown ox, the weight lifters of the world have made their sport a creed and have united to spread the gospel everywhere. Today, 52 nations are members of the International Weightlifting Federation, by whose rules and standards all lifters faithfully abide. Today, in the barns, bathrooms and gyms of the U. S., more than 1,500,000 weight lifters are straining at their sport. Every month they buy more than 1,000 sets of weights (\$75 a complete set), as they have done for the past four years, even during the war, when concrete weights were substituted for the conventional iron. Weight lifters predict still bigger things now when thousands of muscular veterans, introduced to weights by the armed forces, are returning as converts to the sport.

In this lifting boom, the technique of Johnny Terpak, of York, Pa., will be carefully studied by all converts. Twice champion of the world and ten times national champion, Terpak has perfect muscular coordination. He weighs 165 pounds and can lift double his own weight, a national middleweight record. On the following pages Terpak demonstrates a standard lift, the "two hand clean and jerk."



Weight-lifting classes meet twice daily at Brooklyn Central YMCA. Members are all ages, shapes and sizes. Most YMCA's have adopted lifting programs, find them very popular.

A Little, but Oh, My!



Blackie: "What do people think we are, Whitey—magicians?"

Whitey: "Have patience, Blackie, we're not going dry."

Nobody likes a shortage—especially of BLACK & WHITE. But these abnormal times can't last forever. Meanwhile it's good to know that the BLACK & WHITE you manage to get is the same fine quality you've always enjoyed.



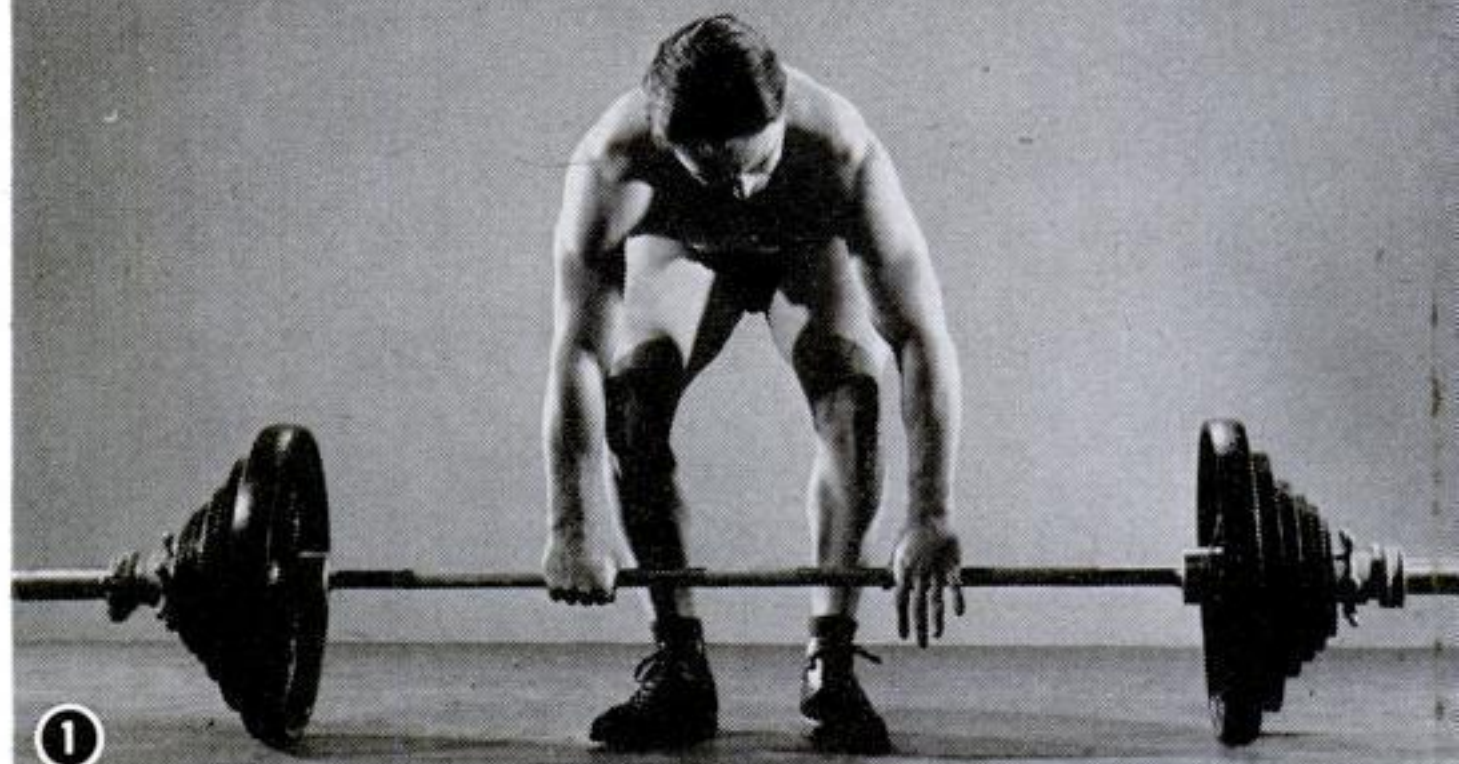
"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

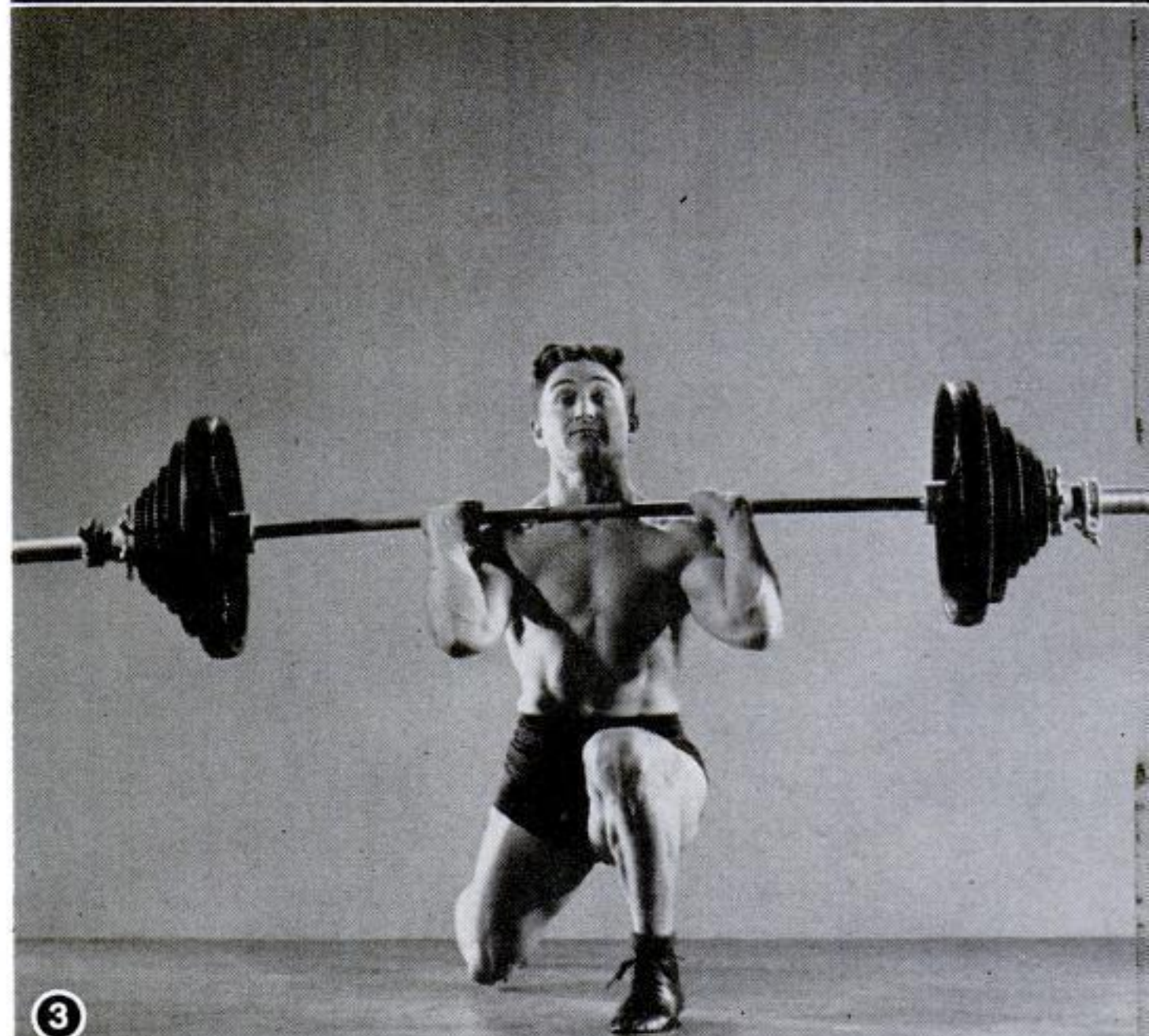
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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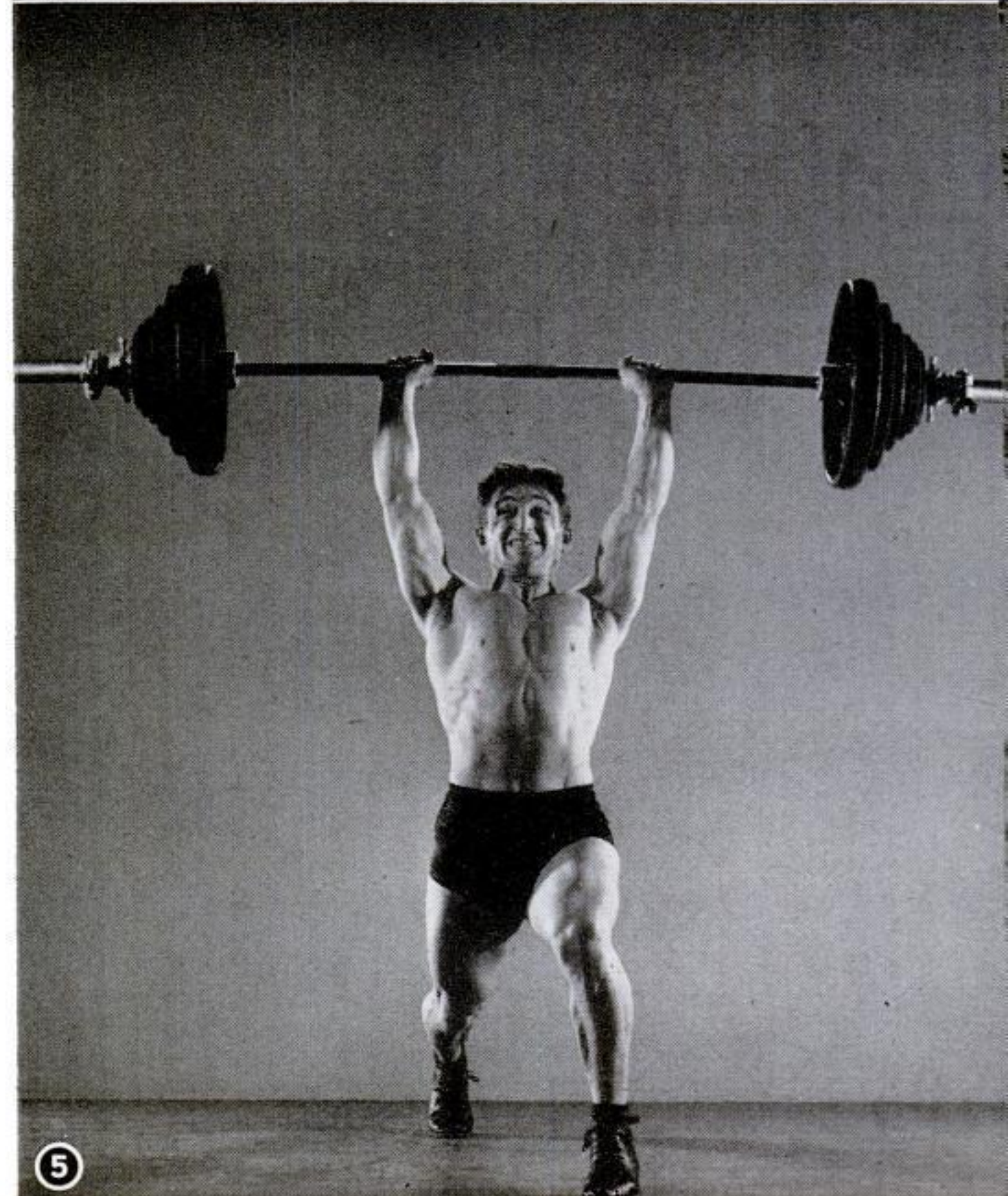
Lifting CONTINUED



TERPAK GRASPS 300-POUND BAR, WHICH ALMOST TOUCHES HIS SHINS

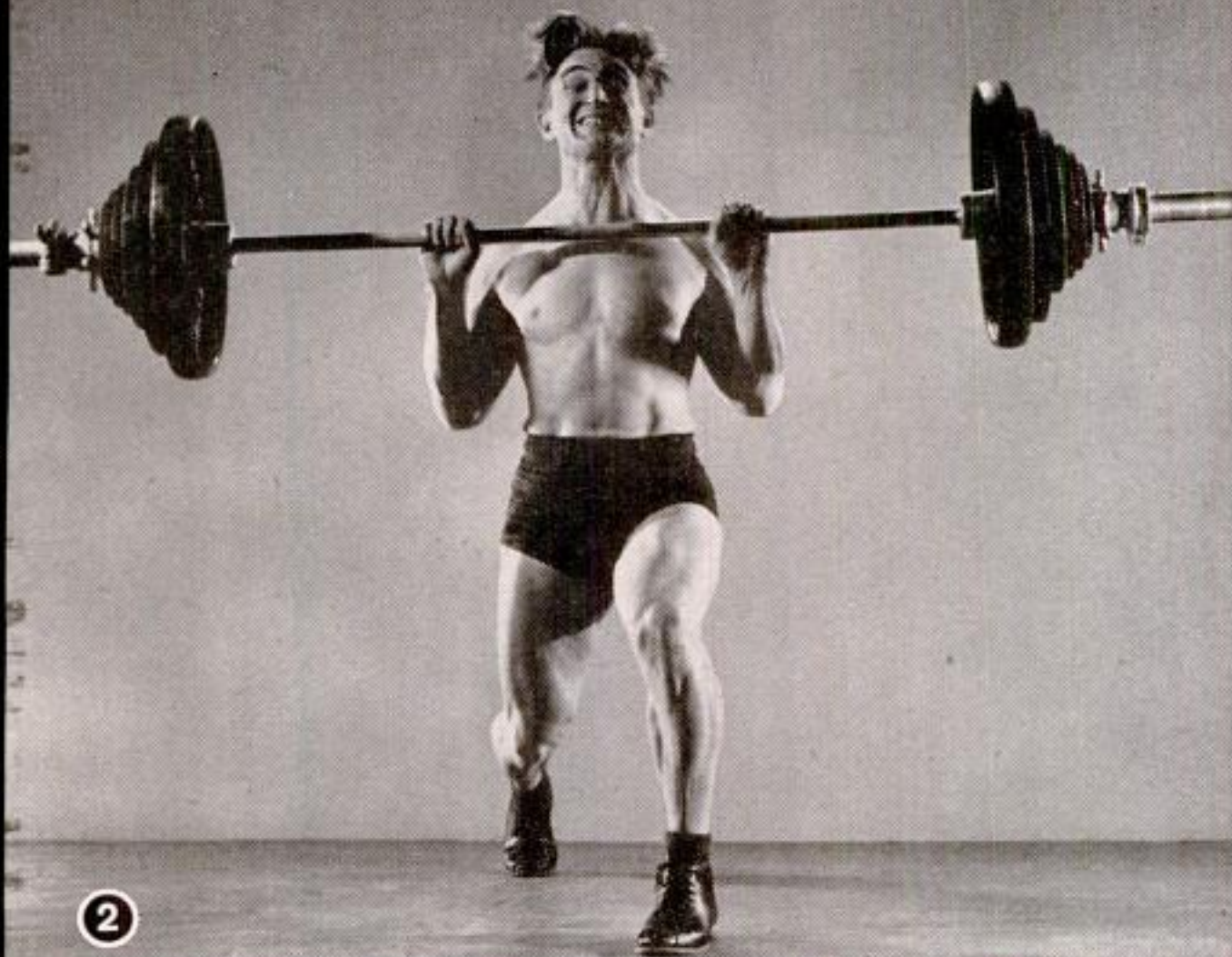


WITH WEIGHT ON CHEST, HE SINKS. KNEE MUST NOT TOUCH FLOOR



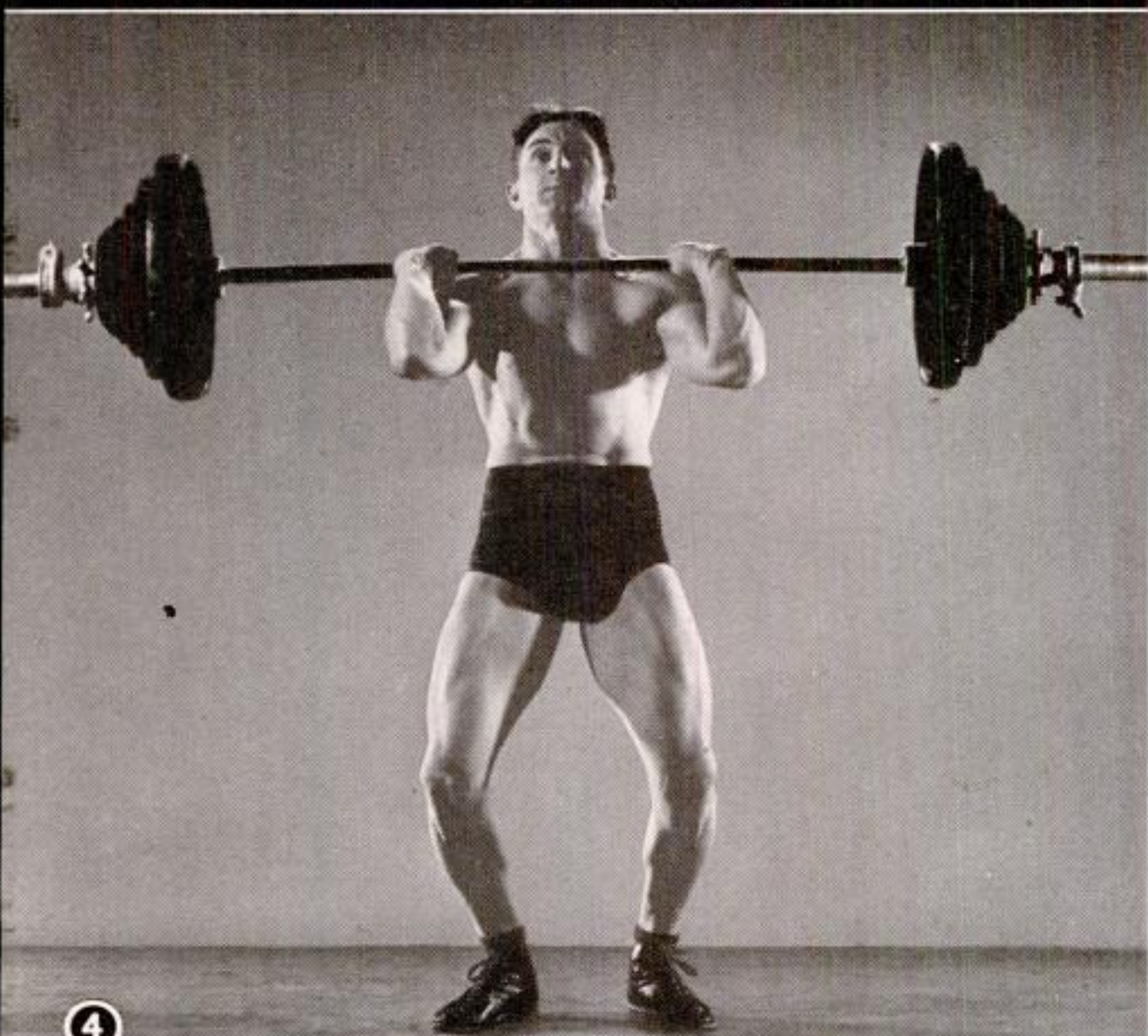
HE "SPLITS" (BENDS KNEES) TO GET HIS BODY UNDER WEIGHT OF BAR

Copyrighted material



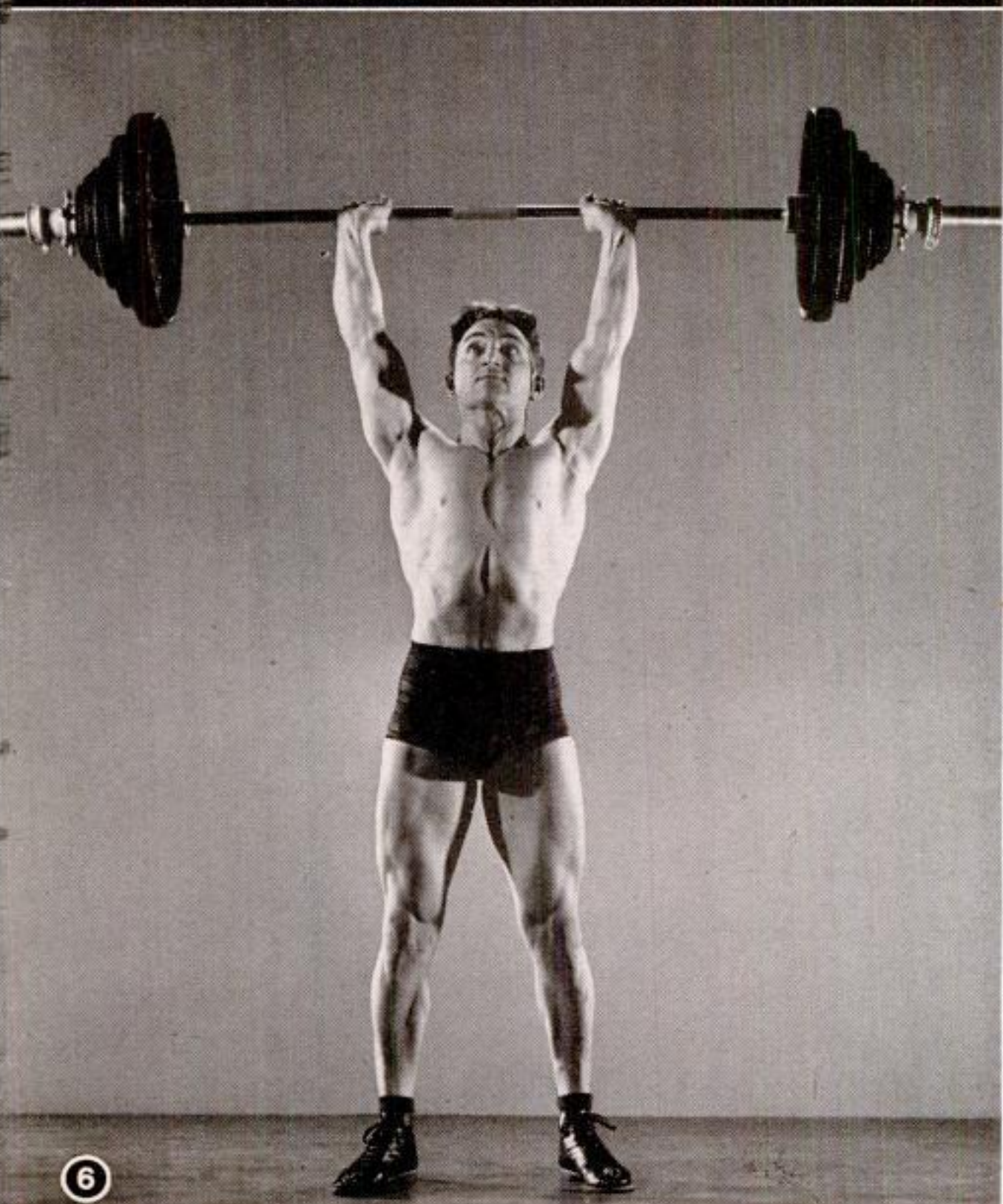
2

HE "CLEANS" IN ONE MOVEMENT, HALF KNEELS TO GET UNDER THE BAR



4

HE STRAIGHTENS, LIFTS WITH BACK AND LEGS. KNEES BEGIN TO BEND



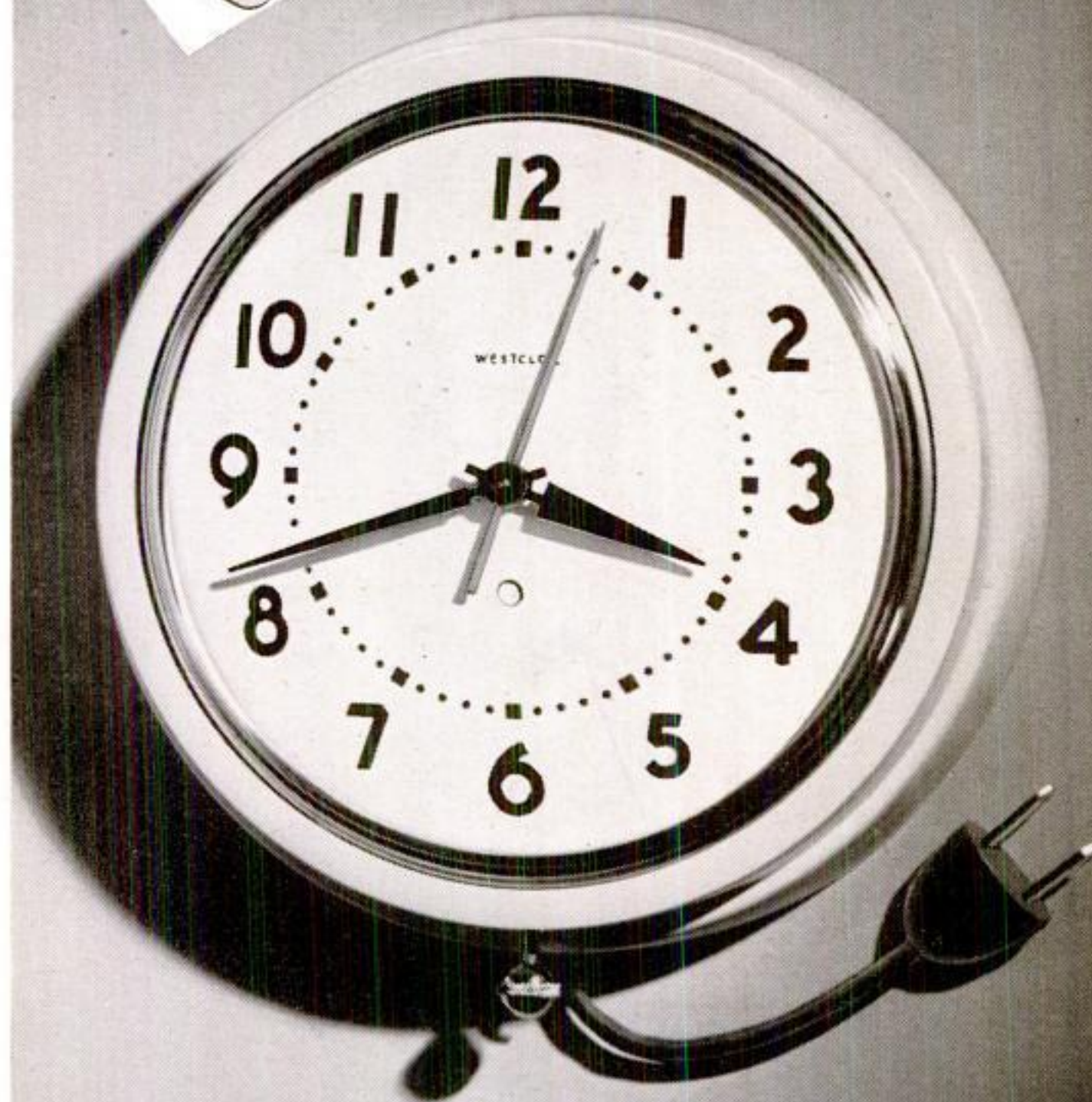
6

HE STANDS UPRIGHT WITH BACK ARCHED. LIFT TAKES FOUR SECONDS

IT'S ELECTRIC!

IT'S FOR MY KITCHEN!

IT'S A WESTCLOX!



Wishing for the day? Your wish is coming true . . . soon you'll have a wide choice in handsome, convenient electric kitchen clocks. Right now a limited number of Westclox models are coming off the production line in ever increasing quantities . . . Big Ben and other spring-wound and electric alarms, time clocks; wrist and pocket watches. Smart and dependable as ever. You'll be glad you waited for a Westclox! Westclox, LaSalle-Peru, Ill.

WESTCLOX
Electrics
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
BIG BEN

Products of GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.



To a Baby Born in the Year of Victory

It's a great world you're born into, and just how lucky you are you'll never know till *you grow up!*

You will enjoy life in a world at peace. Your dad and mother's generation paid a high price to win this better world for you. This is one of the things, big and little things, they do for your welfare—for parents are that way.

That's why they are buying you a Victory Bond. For they want you to have every advantage to enjoy this better world when you

face life on your own. Like the other things they do for you, some day you will wonder at their thoughtfulness and thank them with gratitude in your heart.

* * *

Ten years from now every \$75 you invest in Victory Bonds will become \$100 for that baby of yours. No investment can be safer—your Government stands behind every bond. Victory Bond drive will start October 29th.



Give your baby the
right start in life—

Buy **VICTORY BONDS**
NOW!

© 1945, G. P. C.



A message to the mothers and fathers of
America on behalf of the Victory Loan from

Gerber's Baby Foods

FREMONT, MICH.—OAKLAND, CAL.

CEREALS • STRAINED FOODS • CHOPPED FOODS



A LARGE SUGAR MAPLE TREE STANDS IN ITS FULL FALL COLOR AGAINST THE AUTUMN SKY. BEHIND IT ARE A GROVE OF OTHER SUGAR MAPLES AND SOME PINE TREES

AUTUMN

LANDSCAPE BRIGHTENS BRIEFLY BEFORE WINTER SETS IN

First the low sumacs and small plants and berries turn bright in the fall. Then the red maples change, then the sugar maples, elms and ashes. The hickories and birches change last and even as they turn, the earlier brightness is already brown and blown away.

Autumn color is not caused by frost. When the first

frost appears, trees have completed their year's activity and are ready to rest over winter. Tiny cells at the base of leaves' stems harden and cut off the flow of sap through the leaves. With the food supply in the leaves cut off, chlorophyll, the leaves' green matter, quickly dies and a colorful chemical change sets in.

The color of autumn is photographed on these pages by Rutherford Platt. Weather has a great effect on its brilliance. A bright and clear season increases the intensity of reds and purples while overcast skies favor yellow and orange tones. A dry autumn produces the most lavish colors; a wet season cuts down vividness.

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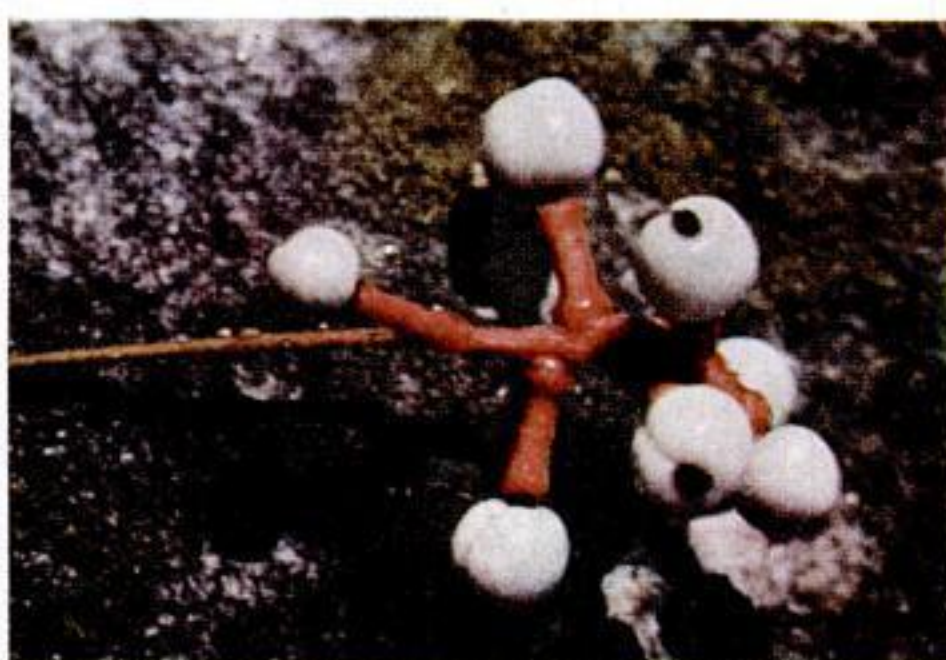
THE AMERICAN ELM (center) has many leaves which quickly turn yellow in fall and almost as soon as they color they

blow away, leaving the graceful outline of the branches showing through the leaves still clinging to the tree. The

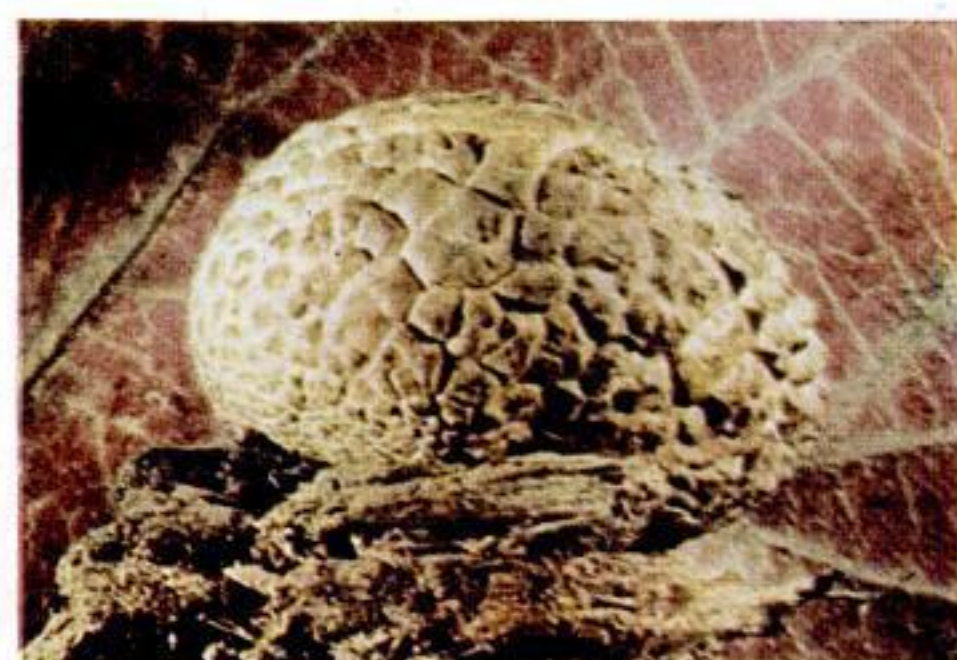
brightly colored tree at the left is a sugar maple. On the right is a mixture of hickories, elms and other hardwood trees.



WILD CHERRIES are a favorite food of most birds. Not many remain on the trees very long after they color in early fall.



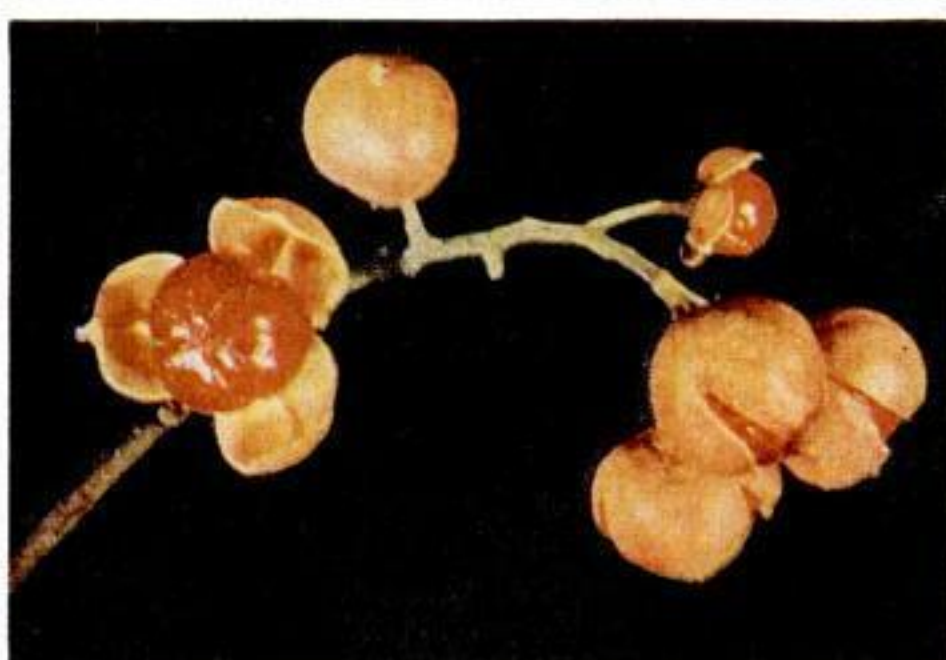
HERCULES CLUB, a shrub, has nutlike berries on its short stems. Berries are sometimes used in home medical remedies.



LEAF GALLS are a cancerous growth. In summer they are grayish and usually go unnoticed till they color in the fall.



VIBURNUM berries ripen in September and October. The oval berries, sometimes used in pies, are sweet and juicy.



BITTERSWEET vines can be seen over stone fences all through the winter. Berries are a favorite for dried winter bouquets.



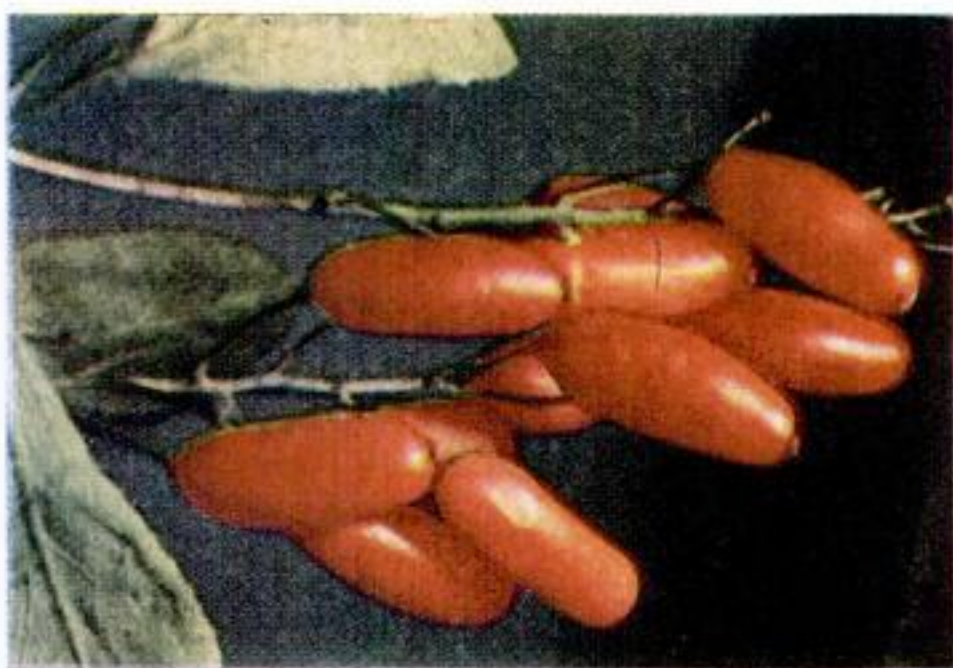
WINTERBERRIES have little or no flavor. Birds never eat them and they remain on the bush untouched till they drop off.



RED MAPLES are usually the first trees to turn bright in the fall. The coloring results from the presence in the leaves of a

sugar chemical called anthocyanin, which, when chemically affected by the natural acidity of the maple's sap, turns red.

If, as in ash or beech, the sap is alkaline, the anthocyanin turns bluish. Shown at the left above is a group of white pines.



BARBERRY berries turn bright red early in the fall, remain on the thorny bushes long after the leaves have fallen off.



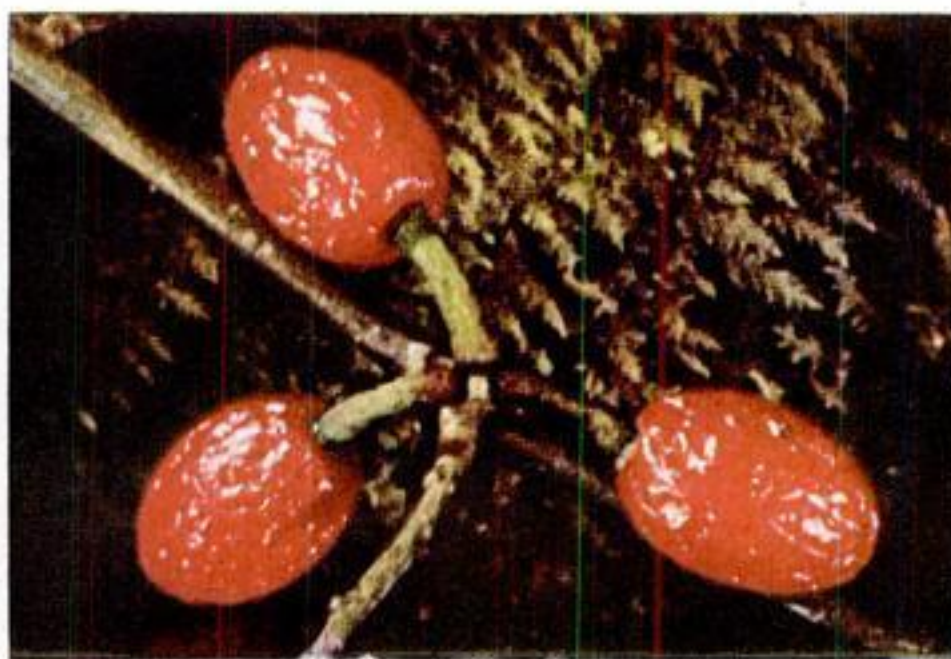
FALSE SOLOMON SEAL berries are highly aromatic and they serve as welcome food to birds when snow covers the ground.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPITS have closely packed berries which appear after flowers have faded in summer, redden in the fall.



WINTERGREEN berries grow close to the ground. Both the leaves and the berries hold their color through the winter.



SPICE BUSH berries stand out sharply against turning foliage. They are flavored and are sometimes used as a cooking spice.



BUNCH BERRIES color in late summer but are most noticeable after leaves fall. Berries are edible but poor in taste.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



DOWN THE WOODLAND ROAD the yellow-orange of sugar maples (*right*) blends with yellow of the white-barked birch

trees. The red growing at the base of the birches is sumac. The grasses and roadside plants are tawny but the cedars

(*left*) have lost little of their green. The peak period of color lasts about two weeks before autumn landscape begins to fade.

"Deeppers!"

Hasn't a Guy
Got Any Privacy?"



Not when it's home movie time, mister! You're the *star* in home movies, and Mom and Pop the cameramen.

They'll invade your privacy at breakfast, film you on the beach, in your first school suit . . . everywhere you do those wonderful things growing kids do.

For Mom and Pop know the endless joy and pleasure in home movies, the lasting record they make of every cherished family occasion.

A Word to Prospective Home Movie Makers

Remember, if it's worth the film, it's worth a Filmo . . . the personal Bell & Howell movie camera, precision-built by the makers of Hollywood's preferred studio equipment.

With a Filmo you just sight, press a button, and *what you see, you get*—in true-to-life full color or in sparkling black-and-white.

Ask the nearby B&H dealer to let you know when he has the new Filmos in stock. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London.

OPTI-onics—products combining the sciences of
OPTics • electrONics • mechanICS



Filmo Auto Load, which is loaded in an instant simply by sliding in a 16mm. film magazine. Other Filmo Cameras use economical 8mm. film. All carry a *lifetime guarantee*.



Socks are simple—but the worst is coming...just you watch.



Mommy, I need help! These things just won't go over my head!



I don't know whether this thing goes up or down...let me think.



There! I made it. All right, I'll smile... what movie star wouldn't?



PRECISION-MADE BY



Bell & Howell

SINCE 1907 THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PRECISION EQUIPMENT FOR
MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS OF HOLLYWOOD AND THE WORLD

Take This First Step TODAY

Send the coupon for information on improved Filmo Cameras and Filmosound and silent Projectors to be available soon.

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7141 McCormick Road, Chicago 45

Please send me information on the improved Filmo Motion Picture Cameras and Projectors.

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Passengers' Choice for the

Coach of Tomorrow

How New York Central's wartime travelers made post-war travel news!

Fighters, service wives, war workers, business men... these were some of the typical wartime coach passengers New York Central asked to become its post-war planning committee.

And how they responded! Thousands eagerly answered questionnaires telling what kind of future trains *they* wanted... choosing from both newly developed ideas and features already found on Central's latest trains.

The coach visualized here reflects the choice of these passenger-planners. And now this wartime guidance is helping New York Central's designers and engineers plan the new trains that can mean more jobs and finer travel in the years ahead.

HERE'S HOW THEY VOTED

- ☒ **Reclining Seats...**
Overwhelmingly, passengers chose adjustable reclining seats... a development from those now on the Mercury, Empire State Express and other crack New York Central trains.
- ☒ **Wide View Windows...**
This was the winning window... extra wide and non-fogging... made to order for viewing New York Central's scenic Water Level Route.
- ☒ **Personal Reading Lights...**
Nearly 2-to-1, passengers voted for individual lights which could be turned on at each seat for reading... off for napping.
- ☒ **Lounge-Type Dressing Rooms...**
Almost 2-to-1, passengers preferred spacious lounge-type dressing rooms rather than a number of small, individual washrooms.
- ☒ **Conditioned Air at 72°...**
By passenger vote, 72 is the right "degree of comfort" for winter air conditioning. But most felt that summer coach temperature should vary somewhat with that outdoors.
- ☒ **Thrifty Dining Car...**
Low-cost meals in a separate dining car... similar to New York Central's present Pacemaker diner... won far more votes than any other method of eating en route.
- ☒ **Public Address System...**
A public address system to announce stations and points of interest was favored by 70%.



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NEW YORK
CENTRAL
SYSTEM

NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Water Level Route



MR. PIPER SURVEYS HIS FIELD AT LOCK HAVEN, PA. BEHIND HIM IS A CUB TRAINER, THE PLANE IN WHICH 75% OF U.S. CIVILIAN PILOTS LEARNED TO FLY

MR. PIPER OF CUB-HAVEN

AMERICA'S NO. 1 MAKER OF LIGHT PLANES AIMS TO KEEP HIS CUB FIRST IN THE POSTWAR SKIES

by LINCOLN BARNETT

Although William Thomas Piper, maker of Piper Cub airplanes, is a notably genial man, he harbors a number of vehement dislikes. One is the word "coordination." Another is the "ball-bank indicator," a gadget found in most conventional aircraft, including Cubs. To Mr. Piper they symbolize a species of mumbo jumbo that overhangs aviation and deludes the average man into regarding flying as an esoteric skill.

To convince groundlings that virtually anybody can learn to fly an airplane, Piper offers himself as an example of a sloppy, poorly coordinated but safe pilot. He learned to fly when he was 50. Today at 64 he takes immense satisfaction in showing visitors to his factory at Lock Haven, Pa. how badly it is possible to fly a plane and live. He usually prefaces such demonstrations with a lecture on coordination, which in the lex-

icon of flight instructors means the ability to work stick and rudder with precision of touch and timing. "The word ought to be kicked out of the dictionary," he says. Next he points balefully at the ball-bank indicator, a curved piece of glass tubing within which a little black ball rolls back and forth. In a perfectly coordinated turn, with the proper degree of bank and the proper amount of rudder pressure, the little ball will remain centered in the middle of the tube. But Piper scorns coordinated turns. When he takes a guest up for a ride he deliberately slips and skids his turns, jeering contemptuously at the resultant gyrations of the little ball.

"See?" he growls. "It doesn't mean a damn thing. We got around that turn all right, didn't we? As long as the ball stays in the cockpit, that's all I ask."

Piper's disdain of perfect pilotage derives from his antipathy toward everything that tends to discourage people from learning to fly and, as a corollary, from buying planes. As a manufacturer of small, inexpensive aircraft he is concerned with a mass market. He has been called, and with reason, the Henry Ford of aviation. Before the war he built 60% of all the light planes and 48.6% of all the nonmilitary planes in the U.S. His Cub is the Model T flivver of the air world. Three quarters of all the nation's civilian pilots and countless Army pilots learned to fly in Cubs. And virtually all the light planes used by the Army for observation, liaison and ambulance work overseas were Cubs.

Unlike many airmen, Piper discerns no evidence that the air age has yet arrived. He is convinced that the average American won't think

Water is Helpless Against This Copper Shield

Where there is Revere Copper, water is helpless to do damage. Copper does not wear out. So it brings lasting weather protection, provides rust-free, sparkling water. Whether you use it for roofing, flashing or piping . . . in countless ways copper makes a home better to live in, to own or to rent.

For instance, if you want to replace certain worn out piping NOW, even though you can't go through yet with your other plans for remodeling and modernizing, ask your plumbing and heating contractor for Revere Copper Water Tube. He can work it between walls and make long runs with just a few small openings near the fixtures. There will be far less tearing up, carpentry, replastering, repapering.

Revere building products are now stocked by distributors in all parts of the country. You will find that in the beginning they cost very little more than their rustable competitors. In the end they usually cost less.

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Executive Offices: 230 Park Avenue
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With his son Bill Jr., who is secretary of the company, Mr. Piper examines a model of Piper Skycoupe, a projected two-place monoplane which will have pusher propeller.

MR. PIPER CONTINUED

of buying an airplane until he has first acquired a radio, a refrigerator, a washing machine, an extra car and perhaps a steam yacht. This state of affairs will continue, Piper believes, so long as flight instructors continue to prattle about "coordination" and so long as airways are littered with complex federal and state regulations. But the prime hindrance to widespread flying is, in his view, the scarcity of landing facilities. Of the nation's 15,000 communities, only 2,208 have airports. It irks him when counties pour revenue into highways costing \$50,000 a mile and yet fail to construct so much as a grass strip for small planes. "Most towns don't need big airfields," he points out. "Some of the nicest fields in the U. S. are nothing but grass, and you can level one off and stick up a windsock for as little as \$1,000." Until the country gets a few thousand additional landing fields, Piper predicts, Americans will continue to travel on four wheels.

Although his crusade to get everybody off the ground may take time, Piper has already achieved some success in his own bailiwick. All three of his sons are first-rate pilots. Of the 1,538 men and women currently employed at his plant more than 400 are members of the Cub Fliers Club through which they rent company planes for \$1.30 an hour, a sum that just covers gasoline and oil. (Most commercial operators charge \$8-\$12 an hour.) Piper has ruled that any employee may fly during working hours provided he makes up his lost time. He maintains four full-time instructors and has set aside 12 planes at Cub-Haven Airport exclusively for the use of his workers. He also offers free flight instruction to missionaries—a benevolence inspired by his brother, Dr. Arthur Piper, who as a veteran missionary in the Belgian Congo found the Gospel could be spread more efficiently by Cub than via a jungle trail. While Piper's aerophilanthropy costs the company some \$40,000 a year, he feels it pays dividends. He himself takes ineffable pleasure in flying and enjoys sharing his passion.

Several times a year he makes long business trips in Cubs, exhibiting a disregard for weather that gives his friends the shakes. Piper sometimes appears to regard the elements as part of the general conspiracy to impede aviation. Last fall he distinguished himself by flying to the dedication of an airport at Elkins, W. Va., through storms that grounded all other guests, among them Army airmen, several congressmen in an airliner and a noted stunt flier. En route Piper had to make a forced landing on a hillside when hailstones began denting his windshield. But when the hail stopped and the ceiling lifted 25 feet, he took off again and hopped telephone poles to his destination. He found himself Elkins' sole guest. The others straggled in a day or so later.

It is an anomaly of Piper's career that for three quarters of it he had nothing to do with aviation. Born in Knapp Creek, N. Y., he attended high school in the oil city of Bradford, Pa. and was graduated from Harvard in 1903. As an under-graduate he played football and was star hammer thrower on the track team. He also acquired



considerable reputation as the campus strong man. Piper's strength is still enormous. At his current weight of 235 pounds, he can lift a Piper Cub from the ground about as easily as a Cub can lift him.

For most of the 26 years following his graduation, Piper operated oil wells in Bradford. He might have been there still but for the chance that an aircraft manufacturer named C. G. Taylor moved to Bradford in 1929 and began production of a \$4,000 plane called the Chummy. Becoming interested, Piper bought a director's share of Taylor's company, which proceeded to go bankrupt. Undismayed, Piper put up more money. He became treasurer of the reorganized company and plans were evolved for the manufacture of a new, low-priced, cheap-to-operate monoplane. The result was the first Cub—a frail 37 hp, forebear of the present line.

The Cub almost died in infancy. In 1931, its first year, only 20 were produced and sold. In 1932 production rose to 21; in 1933 it dropped to 18. Piper frequently met the company payroll by dipping into his oil earnings—a circumstance which led his wife to remark that aviation was a wonderful business so long as one had a few producing oil wells to maintain it. Once when the banks refused to accept Piper's personal note, he sold it to a wholesale grocer and for some weeks thereafter his employees were paid off in produce. But the Cub's fortunes finally began to improve. In 1934 sales jumped to 70 and the following year to 228. It was in 1936 that the Cub really came into its own. In that year an improved model appeared and production leaped to a record-breaking 541. Enchanted by the aviation business, Piper bought out his partner and became president and chairman of what subsequently was to be known as the Piper Aircraft Corporation.

Mr. Piper comes to Lock Haven

Piper had scarcely settled in the presidential chair when fire utterly consumed his \$200,000 plant. Owing to high insurance rates, it was covered for only 5% of its value. Piper, who happened to be in California at the time, was notified of his loss by telephone. "Well," he remarked imperturbably, "at least we'll get some publicity." He went factory hunting and ultimately found an abandoned silk mill in Lock Haven, on the Susquehanna River adjacent to the municipal airport. Abandoning Bradford, where he had passed most of his 56 years, Piper plunged all his money and energy into the reconstruction of his burnt-out business. Despite fire and the upheaval of moving, the Piper Aircraft Corporation wound up the year 1937 with a production total of 687 Cubs.

Each year thereafter Piper marketed more planes than all his competitors put together. His designers evolved the present Cub Trainer, or J-3, in 1938 and the three-place Cub Cruiser the following year. In 1940, after institution of the Civilian Pilot Training Program, production of Cubs skyrocketed to more than 3,000. Altogether, in the five years prior to the war, Piper built a total of nearly 10,000 Cubs.

Long before Pearl Harbor the name "Cub" had become a generic term, popularly but erroneously applied to all light planes. In the war the Cub became a legend. At first neither Army nor Navy brass discerned its potentialities. In fact they advised Piper, during the period of "defense" preparations, to cease producing light planes and accept subcontracts from warplane manufacturers. Piper responded by making the Army a gift of a dozen Cubs. These were used for artillery observation during the 1941 Louisiana maneuvers with an effectiveness duly noted by many officers, among them Colonel Dwight D. Eisenhower. A few weeks later the Army bought four Cubs. This purchase was followed soon afterward by an order for 40 and then another for several hundred. Between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day, Piper supplied the U. S. armed forces with a total of some 7,000 Cubs.

Throughout the war's campaigns, Piper Cubs were the eyes of the artillery, hovering over enemy lines, spotting hidden defenses and directing American fire via two-way radio. Officially designated L-4s, they were known to GIs as "grasshoppers," "puddle jumpers," "flying jeeps" and "putt-putts." The Germans called them "Hell Raisers" because their appearance in the skies invariably heralded a rain of steel from American guns. Although artillery spotting was their major function, other uses were uncovered by the exigencies of war. In the Pacific, Cubs carried blood plasma, mail and supplies to units deep in impenetrable jungles. Rebuilt as ambulance planes, they fluttered down into tiny clearings and brought out wounded. The Navy used them to ferry messages from ship to shore and between ships during intervals of radio silence. General Eisenhower and General Clark flew in Cubs on inspection trips at the front.

By virtue of their slow landing speed (38 mph) Cubs were able to fly in and out of places inaccessible to fast planes. Their "airports" were mud flats, barren hillsides and rocky fields. At Salerno two

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



and for flair
"BALI"

*Deeper, richer, more vibrant! Emphatic foil
 to the muted colors of Fall fashions. "Bali" is a
 shade with more than its share of guile.*

'SUB-DEB' LIPSTICK

Coty



"Junior's returning your washing mother— it just 'did itself' in our **BENDIX**"



It's all true. Bendix washings literally do themselves. Hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners know this, through eight years of use in their own homes. And they've learned, too, that the Bendix saves soap, hot water, and helps clothes last longer.

From the moment you click the switch—you're free! Free to go out, go shopping, call for the youngsters. Because, without supervision, your Bendix washes, rinses, damp-dries

—even cleans and empties itself and shuts off—all *automatically*. Sweet, clean clothes are ready for the line or dryer—at your convenience. And you never need put your hands in water!

Visit your dealer today! See with your own eyes how the one-and-only Bendix can end *your* washday work! And make sure you're on his "first to be served" list.

LOOK for the Bendix Automatic Home Laundry Neon Signs. They identify your dealer.

LOOK for your Bendix Dealer's name in the Classified section of your telephone book.

What you do: put in clothes, set a dial, add soap.

What the BENDIX does: fills itself, tumbles clothes clean, thoroughly triple rinses, dries clothes ready for the line or dryer, cleans and empties itself and shuts off—all *automatically*! Bendix takes only 4 sq. feet of floor space—fits perfectly in kitchen, bathroom, utility room or laundry.



EXCLUSIVE TUMBLE ACTION
tumbles clothes through suds 60 times a minute, yet so gently that even fine fabrics launder beautifully.



BENDIX automatic Home Laundry

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, INC., SOUTH BEND, INDIANA . . . PIONEERS AND PERFECTORS OF THE AUTOMATIC "WASHER"

MR. PIPER CONTINUED

Cubs took off from a 73-yard runway rigged on the deck of an LST. At Fifth Army headquarters at Caserta, courier Cubs fitted with pontoons operated out of fountain pools in the palace gardens. Slow, unarmed, thin-skinned, Cubs were the most vulnerable planes in the sky. Yet few were shot down. When attacked by enemy fighters, Cub pilots simply dived for the ground and ducked around barns, between trees and into ravines. One pilot successfully outmaneuvered nine Me-109s. Another was actually credited with destroying a Messerschmitt. Heading into a narrow valley, the Cub pilot executed a tight 180° turn and then watched his swift adversary, who was unable to turn so sharply, skid into a hillside and burst into flame.

For all the glory Cubs won overseas, Piper nevertheless fretted during the war years. Like an anxious parent lamenting his absent offspring, he contemplated the day when Piper Cubs would shed olive drab and reassume their peacetime yellow trim. Now each morning when he awakes, he watches from his bedroom window for the first gleaming Cub to rise through the dissolving mists above the Susquehanna. Then, having noted this favorable augury, he accepts a glass of orange juice and walks to work.

"You should try to look like a president"

As a rule Piper lingers only briefly in his office, a bleak communal room which he shares with Vice President T. V. Weld and two secretaries. Since he hates desk work he usually recoils from his neglected bales of correspondence and wanders off into the plant. Occasionally he will halt by some machine tool or jig and take over its operation, indifferent to spatters of grease and oil. Since his suit is invariably rumpled, his shirt frayed and his hair mussed, new employees often fail to recognize him. One day not long ago he sauntered into the crating-and-loading department and, spying a stack of parts boxes which were ready for shipping, observed, "You know, we'd better get these out of here." A worker who stood nearby studying an invoice said, "All right. Take this list and check it off. I'll get up and hand the boxes down to you." Piper said, "Okay," and between them they finished the job. Some older employees who had been only mildly surprised at seeing the boss heaving crates, told the man later who his helper had been. Piper's informality of manner and dress sometimes disturbs his associates. Though reconciled to having visitors mistake him for the night watchman, they still wince when he opens an important sales conference by hanging his coat on the radiator. Occasionally they tell him reprovingly, "You should try to look like a president."

As his craggy jaw suggests, Piper is a man of inflexible convictions. He is a teetotaler and an antinicotine crusader and so violent on both counts that none of his three grown sons or two married daughters have ever ventured to drink a highball or smoke a cigaret in his presence. He considers his brother Archie, who has been addicted to a pipe for 25 years, the black sheep of the family. Although he is resigned to the fact that his advertising and sales representatives must occasionally buy drinks in the course of business, he regards their expense accounts with distaste and suspicion. Recently he attended a convention in Washington with two of his sales executives. At dinner the first night they politely grabbed his check. Next day they paid for his luncheon, his dinner and several taxis. They took care of his hotel bill when the convention was over. A week later Piper summoned one of the men to his office. "Jim, how much did you spend in Washington?" he asked. "Oh, about \$100, sir," the salesman replied. "Dammit all," Piper exploded. "I don't know how you fellows manage to toss away so much money. Know how much that trip cost me? Six dollars and eighty-five cents!"

Spartan in tastes and habits, Piper seldom wears either a coat or hat, even in coldest weather. He abjures tea and coffee, drinks only fruit juice for breakfast and never eats lunch except on Rotary days. His idea of a wonderful dinner is a tossed green salad and a dish of rice pudding. He supplements his exiguous diet with quantities of vitamin pills, which he buys wholesale and sells to his employees at cut rates on the assumption that they increase efficiency. An eager student of food and health magazines, Piper is always ready to try new dietary suggestions. For a while he subsisted on a menu of raw vegetables and common garden weeds. Another time he ate nothing but ice cream for an entire week. Despite such experiments his health has remained excellent and his vitality immense.

Piper lives at present in a small brick house for which he pays \$40 a month rent. Now that the war is over he proposes to build a house of his own on a green hill overlooking the Susquehanna. It will be in the nature of a wedding gift to the present Mrs. Piper. The two first met 45 years ago when Piper was at Harvard and she was attending school in New England. Piper courted her, but following her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



Unusual...YES, UNUSUALLY GOOD!

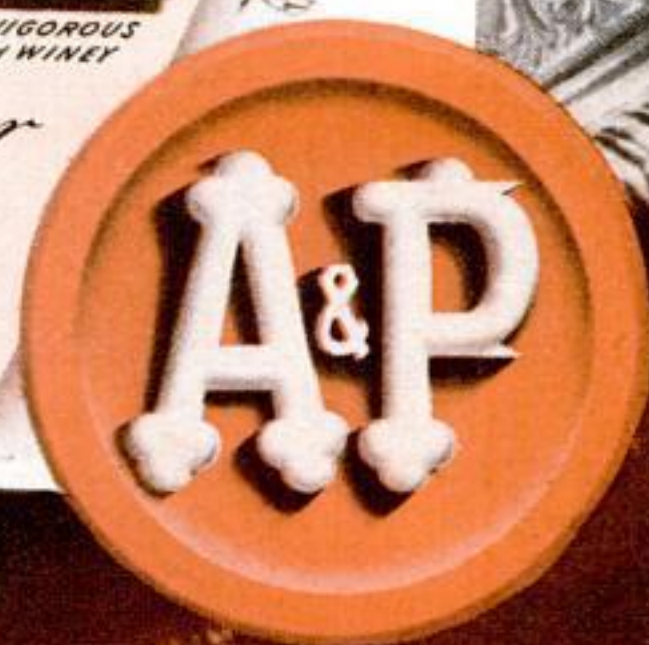
Not every home boasts such fine appointments, but A&P Coffee, sparkling with full-flavored goodness, can be in 'most any American home. For A&P Coffee is America's best-liked coffee! This *real* coffee gives you fresher flavor because it's sold in the roaster-fresh bean...finer flavor because it's Custom Ground when you buy it, exactly right for your coffeemaker.

Try delicious A&P Coffee! There are three blends to choose from...all different...all unusually good.

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*There's no finer
coffee in any
package at any
price!*





*...and the Edgeworth
Seal-Pak Pouch
is America's Finest, too!*

ALL THE GOODNESS of the famous Edgeworth blend delivered flavor fresh in this modern, airtight, wrap-around pouch. Easier to fill your pipe. No pocket bulge. Folds smaller as used. And special moisture-guard lining guarantees freshness to the last satisfying pipeful.



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MR. PIPER CONTINUED

graduation she went back to her home in Texas. A few years later she married Martin E. Taber of Dallas and Piper married Marie Van de Water of Buffalo. In 1937 the first Mrs. Piper died. A few years later Mrs. Taber's marriage was dissolved. In December 1943 Piper married his college sweetheart. "It seems now," she says, "as though we had never lived any other way."

A favorite aphorism among Piper's flying factory hands is "You can't get hurt in a Piper Cub." While it is, of course, possible to get killed in a Piper Cub, the slogan is nevertheless defensible. Cubs are forgiving planes, and Piper vows he will never build any other kind. He is also determined never to produce expensive, custom-built planes. His surveys have shown that the U. S. public wants a four-place family plane, as opulently equipped as a Buick or Cadillac car. Under present conditions such a plane could not be sold for less than \$4,000, a sum Piper believes most customers are not prepared to pay. For the time being, therefore, he will stick to his basic jigs, disposing of an \$11,000,000 backlog of orders. Beginning the first of the year he will start turning out a slicked-up version of the two-place Cub Trainer, priced at \$2,010, and a three-place Cub Super-Cruiser at \$2,905. Meanwhile his experimental department is developing a new one-place monoplane called the Skycycle, a two-place pusher-type Skycoupe and, in particular, a four-place Skysedan which he hopes will sell ultimately for less than \$3,000.

At the moment, as America's war-swollen aircraft industry excises 95% of its unnatural bulk and converts to peacetime markets, Piper finds himself confronted with the most massive competition of his plane-making career. He still has his old rivals, Aeronca and Taylorcraft, both currently marketing new models in the Cub's price range. He faces too the aeronautical challenge of the unspinnable Ercoupe and of the Bell and Sikorsky helicopters. He worries most, however, about the warplane manufacturers with their vast plants and huge financial reserves. Republic is already producing its Seabee, a four-place amphibian priced at \$3,995. Lockheed, North American, Grumman and Boeing are all experimenting with small-plane designs, though none has yet gone into production. And Consolidated Vultee is tinkering with what may be the plane of the future—a roadable plane which can fold back its wings and become an automobile. All in all more than 21 established companies and 12 new ones are eyeing Piper's domain.

A conservative air prophet, Piper fears that the aviation industry may be in danger of self-strangulation. But whatever happens, he aims to defend his position as the nation's No. 1 mass-producer of small, inexpensive planes. Sometimes when he stands beside the strip at Cub-Haven Airport watching the traffic patterns, the shadows of alien planes cross the greensward before him and he ponders the future darkly. Then his eyes range the wooded hills above the river. The sunlight glints on the yellow wings of a hovering J-3 and his mood passes. All at once he can see the skies of America, from coast to coast, beneficently aglitter with Piper Cubs.



Mr. and Mrs. Piper study navigation charts in preparation for a cross-country flight. Mrs. Piper often accompanies him on business trips which he always makes in a Cub.

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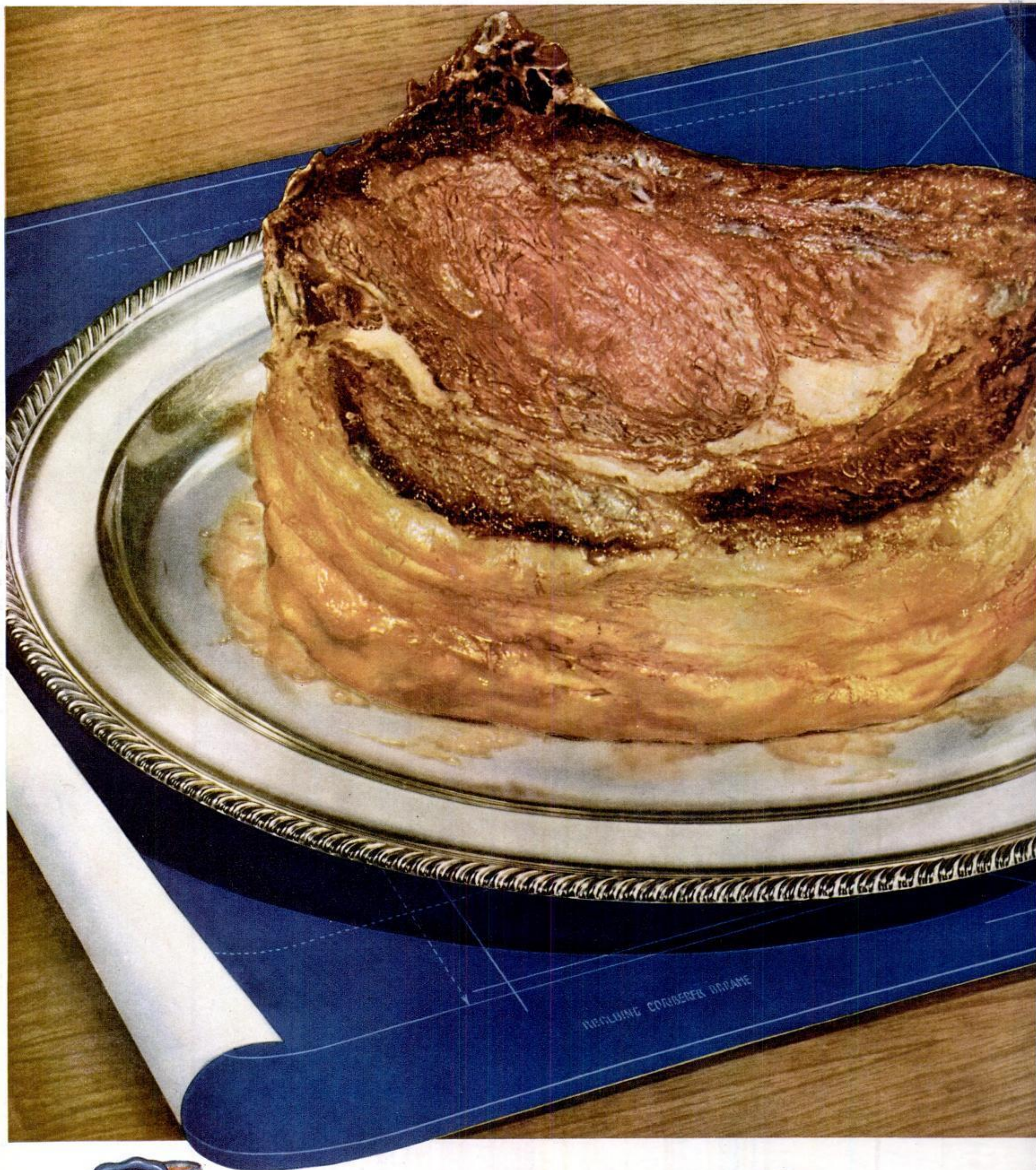


The Firestone Life Protector is a tire within a tire. In case of a blowout it enables you to bring your car to a straight, safe stop without dangerous swerving or skidding. Firestone Life Protectors in Firestone DeLux Champion Tires is the world's greatest safety combination.



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Regardless of shortages of supply, Swift pledges that these famous products will continue to be the finest of their kind.



SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD SAUSAGE



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BLUEPRINT FOR A POST-WAR PRODUCT

OUR post-war product is *meat*. Our plans call for plentiful amounts of those fine, branded quality meats such as "Swift's Premium" and "Swift's Brookfield". And we're looking forward, just as eagerly as you are, to the time when those plans will be in full operation.

Final complete Victory has, of course, hastened the day when there will be plenty of meat for everyone. But today our nation's meat supply has not yet recovered from the heavy burden of war. The meat "pipe lines" to our men in service extend thousands and thousands of miles across two great oceans and these must be kept filled from end to end if our men are to be adequately fed. And though everyone on America's great production line of meat—raiser, feeder, railroader, trucker, meat packer, canner, and retailer—is on the job, there may not yet be the quantity, the variety and quality of meat you would like.

It's Coming!

Before long, America's great arsenal of meat growing up, the more than 190 million head of livestock getting ready to restock our nation's larder, will be ready for market. But meat takes time, lots of time to grow up; to be fattened into the kind of tender,

juicy steaks, roasts and chops that everyone has been hungering for. Then, too, it must be shipped, graded, processed and distributed to your meat dealer and to you.

In the not too distant future, the kind of living that has made our country famous all over the world will return throughout our land. Until then, we want you to know that whenever your dealer does have meat bearing one of Swift's famous brand names, "Swift's Premium" or "Swift's Brookfield", it has met uncompromising standards of quality.

We also want you to remember Swift's self-imposed Policy: black-and-white assurance that our company is continuing to make every effort to distribute the available civilian supply of its meat to insure a fair share for all consumers everywhere...

MEAT



Swift's Self-imposed Obligation—We will cooperate to the fullest extent with the U. S. Government in peace as in war. We will continue to do everything possible to safeguard the high quality of our products. Despite shortages of materials and supplies, we will make every effort to distribute the available civilian meat to insure a fair share for all consumers everywhere.



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FOOD PURVEYORS TO THE U.S.A.

They finished their job—let's finish ours: BUY VICTORY BONDS



WELCOME BACK!

Once again General Electric lamp factories are producing the types and sizes of G-E lamps you've been asking for...decorative types...colored lamps and many others.

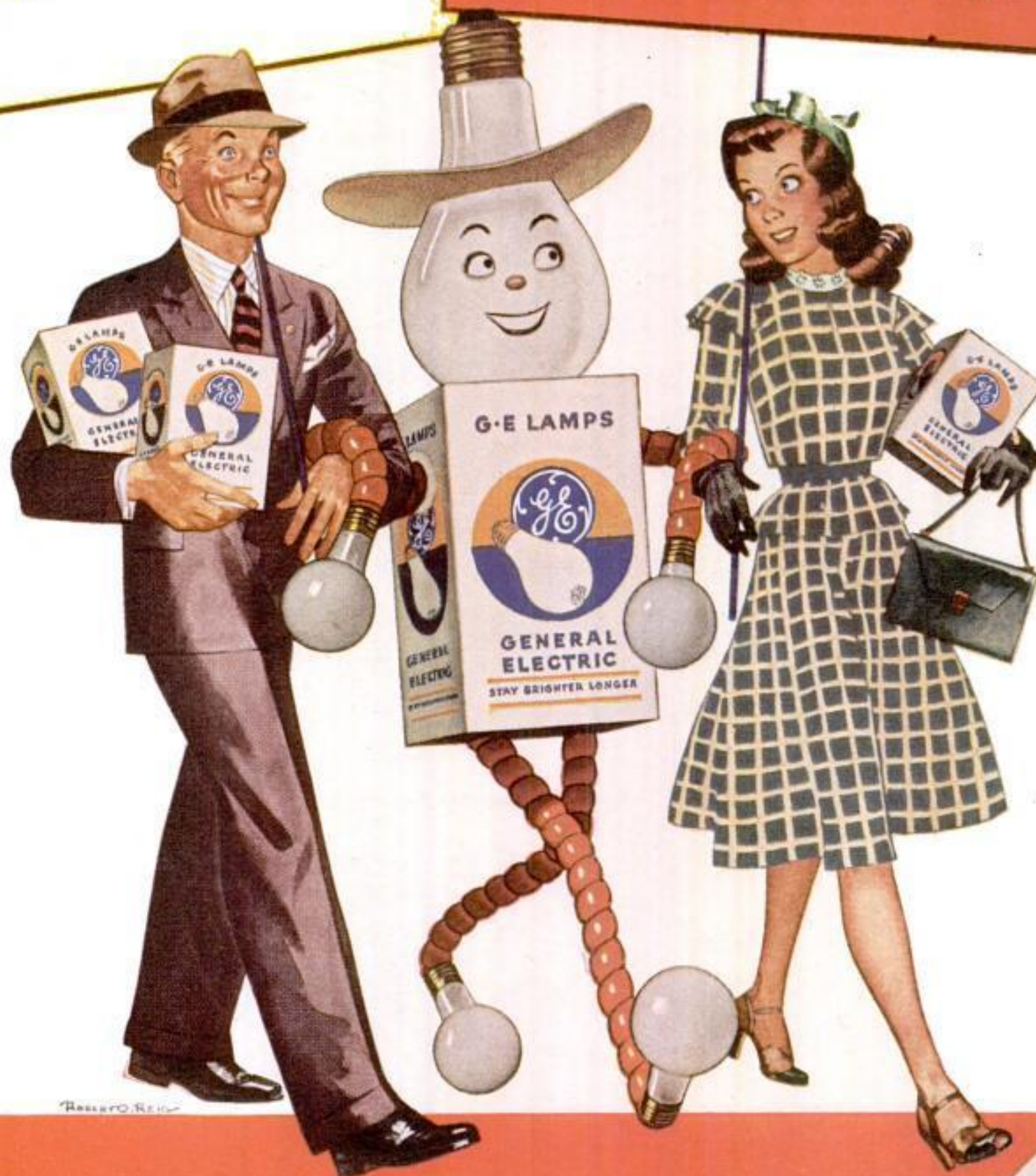
Good news for you! Good news for the many thousands of folks who will be kept busy as a result of this reconversion!

PLENTY OF BRIGHT, NEW
"ALWAYS NEEDED" SIZES, TOO!

60
watt
only

10¢

100 watt..15¢ - 150 watt..20¢



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The constant aim of G-E Lamp Research is to make G-E Lamps

Stay Brighter Longer!

G-E LAMPS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC





"JUNIOR BAZAAR" EDITOR ANDREE VILAS (CENTER) CONFERS WITH AIDS. EDITORS STREW LAYOUTS ON FLOOR, PICK ONE UP AND USE IT WHEN THEY NEED ONE

TEEN-AGE MAGAZINE

New "Junior Bazaar" is published by junior misses working on the floor

Last week in New York City a new fashion magazine was being prepared for publication in a spirit of lighthearted chaos. An offspring of *Harper's Bazaar*, its name is *Junior Bazaar*, its appeal is to the younger set and its editorial routine borders on the fantastic. Most of the editing seems to be done on the floor. The art director works in bare feet. All of the paraphernalia peculiar to fashion magazines is crammed willy-nilly into one bulging closet. The editors comprise the best customers of the neighboring restaurants, which send food into the *Junior Bazaar* offices in an almost continuous stream. Even counting Editor Andrée Vilas, who is an oldster at 30, average age of the staff is 21.

Despite the apparent editorial confusion, *Junior Bazaar's* chances of actually reaching the newsstands are very good since the project is proceeding under the guiding hand of *Harper's Bazaar's* canny, mercurial boss, Carmel Snow. The publishers have been heartened by the success of teen-age fashion magazines like *Seventeen* and the size of *Junior Bazaar's* first issue, which will be out soon. It is 275 pages thick, a record for a popular magazine's first issue. With this happy prospect before them, Editor in Chief Snow's junior misses are facing the future with their chins up. Says their prospectus, "We must meet the new with an almost ruthless pioneer spirit . . . bravery that dares to create."



First issue, November, will hit newsstands by Nov. 15, sell for 35¢. It will be a monthly.

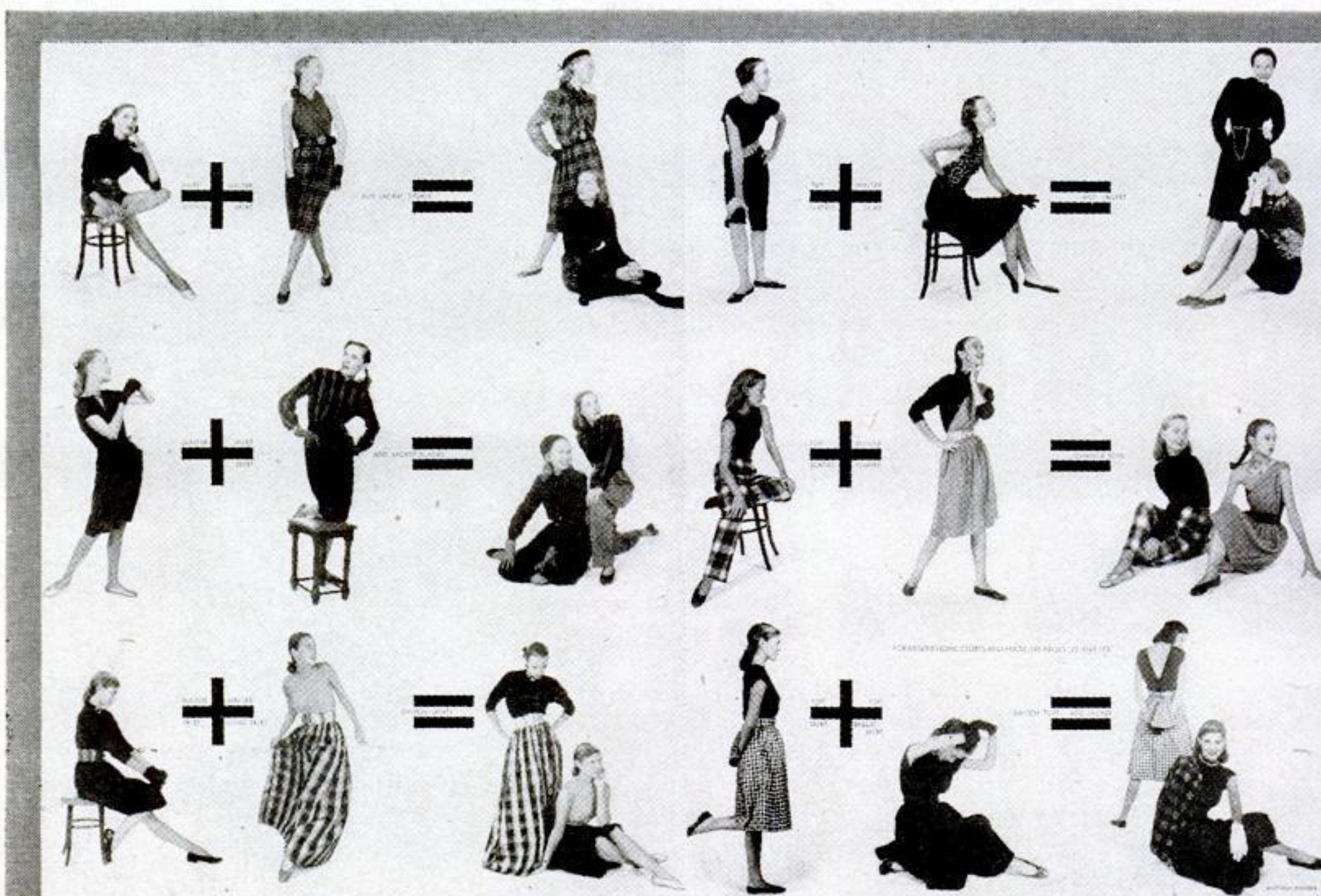


Trying on new clothes before taking pictures of them is done by Fifi Wheeler (left), model, and Pat Cornwell (center) and

Ann Wade, fashion editors. All the girls try on everything beforehand, partly with an eye to buying it themselves wholesale.



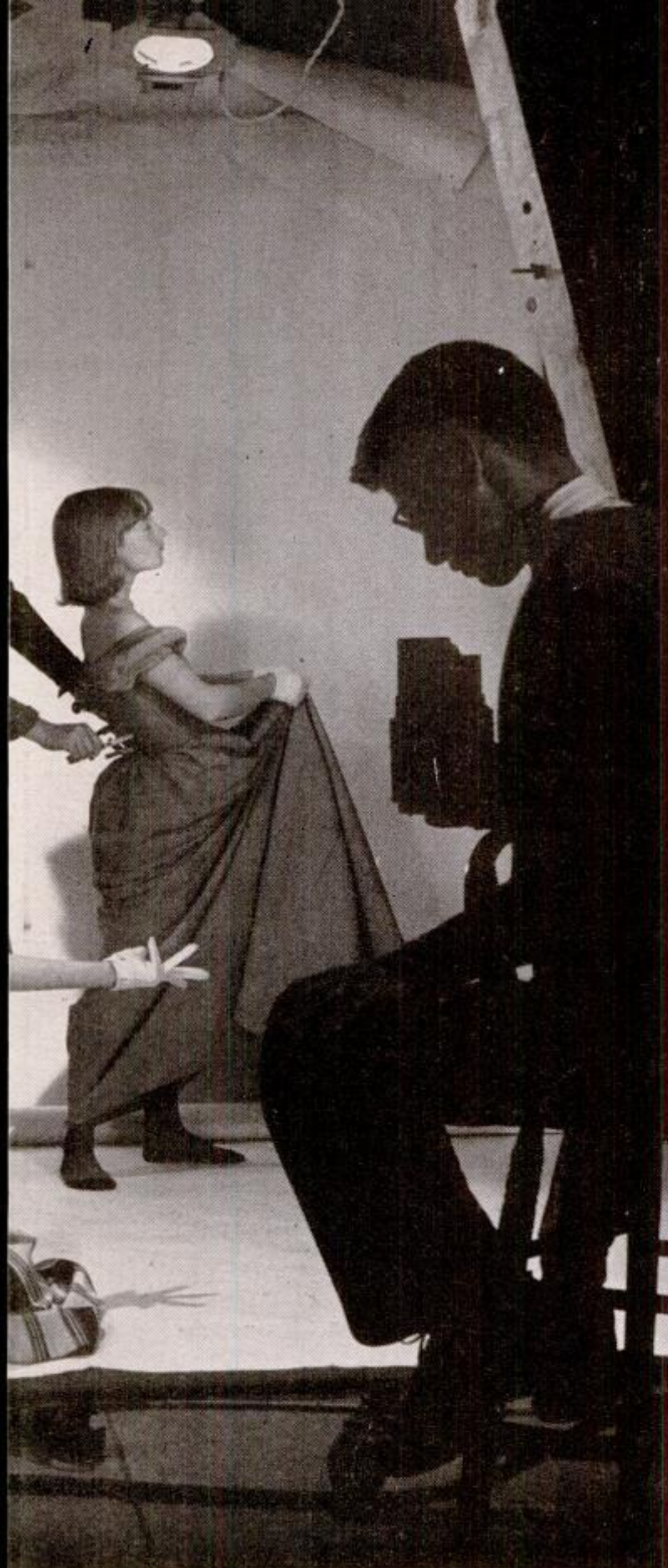
Taking photographs is done on the floor as much as the other editorial work. These are evening gowns for teen agers. The



PAGES FROM THE FIRST EDITION OF "JUNIOR BAZAAR" SHOW WHAT DRESS COMBINATIONS ADD UP TO WHAT



THE EFFECTS OF INDISCRIMINATE EATING ARE



dressers are gathered and pinned to fit models' junior figures. Photographer Richard Avedon says that he is 22 years old.



Laying out pages is done by the magazine's art directors, Kitty Higgins (left) and ballet-slippered Lillian Bassman. The *Jun-*

ior Bazaar editors, like everyone else, are crowded for office space, but unlike everyone else, they rarely use desks anyway.



DESCRIBED BY EDITORS, WHO KNOW FOOD WELL



"BARE-SHOULDERED DRESSES" ARE ILLUSTRATED BY TWO BARE-SHOULDERED DRESSES AND ONE WITH SLEEVES

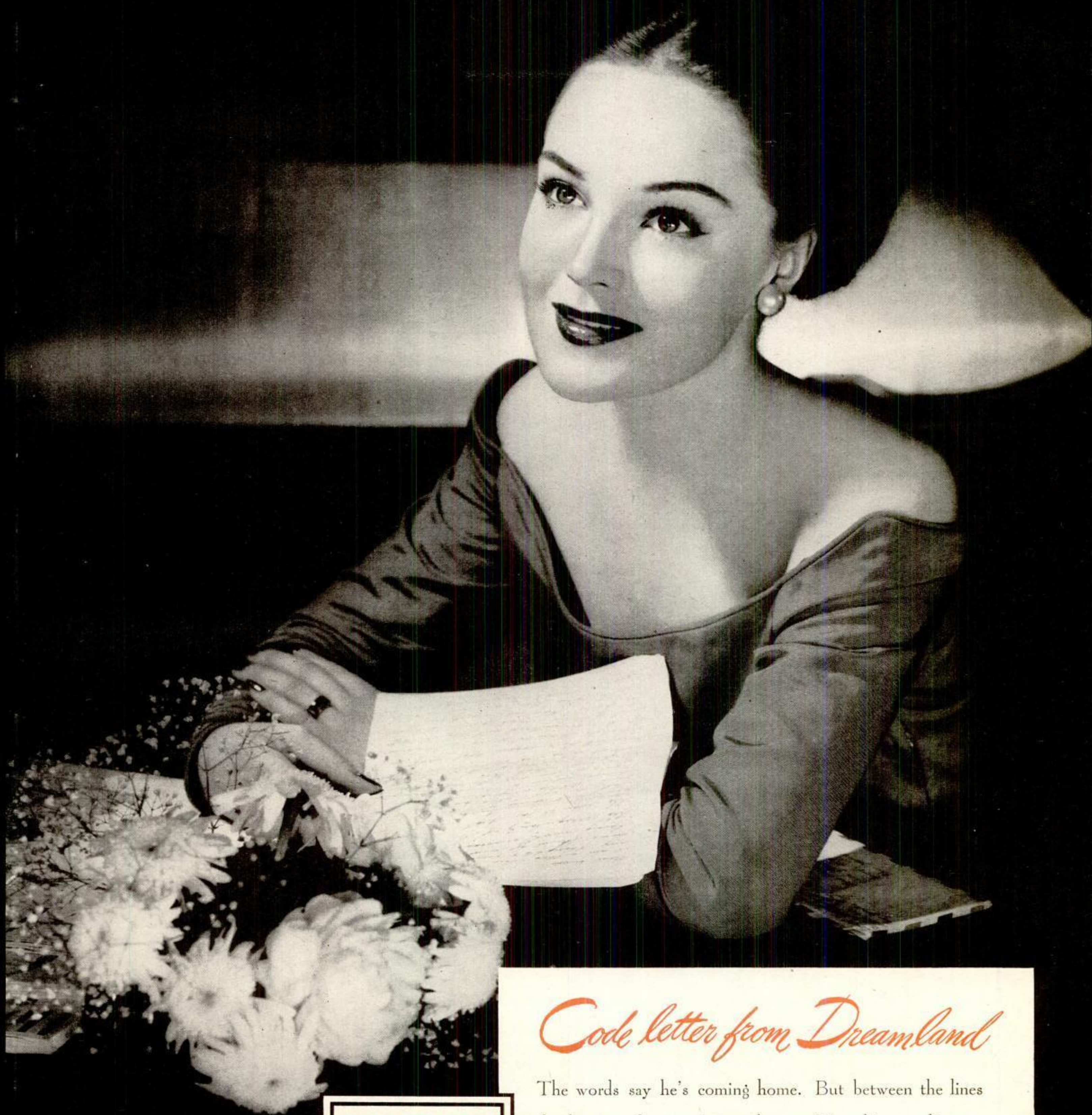


WELL-STOCKED REFRIGERATOR AT PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO, WHICH IS INTENDED FOR PICTURES OF FOOD, IS A POPULAR PLACE WITH THE VORACIOUS EDITORS

THE MAGAZINE'S EDITORS AND READERS THINK ALIKE

Junior Bazaar's young editors are very much in tune with their young readers partly because they are indistinguishable from them. The editors dress as their readers themselves would if they dared. They eat in ways (above) which give authenticity to their articles on how teen-agers should not eat (see previous page).

The staff of the magazine comes from well-connected families. Former Ambassador Bullitt's daughter Anne is one of the fashion editors. Illustrator Dean Cornwell's daughter Pat is another. The model in the first issue's opening picture is Bridget Snow, who happens to be the daughter of the editor in chief.



**US
TIME**

Code letter from Dreamland

The words say he's coming home. But between the lines the heart reads unwritten volumes. Two lives to live together. A whole family history ahead! Treasure every happy moment with U. S. Time. For U. S. Time will soon bring you the world's outstanding timers...in beauty, in accuracy.

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PHOTO BY RAWLINGS



A MATURE BOLL WEEVIL PULLS UP FOOD FROM A BURSTING COTTON BOLL THROUGH ITS LONG BEAK

BOLL WEEVIL'S BIRTH

Nation's No. 1 insect pest hatches overnight from pupa into adult

The cotton boll weevil (*left*) is a quarter-inch-long, gray creature which in 50 years has become the No. 1 U. S. insect pest. Introduced into Texas from Mexico in 1892, the boll weevil now infests every cotton-producing area in the South, runs up an annual loss of about \$200,000,000. Because of its huge depredations, entomologists are continually studying the weevil's biological habits to learn control measures.

On these pages are shown the stages in the birth of a boll weevil. The pictures, magnified 20 times, were made at critical intervals during the insect's development from egg to mature adult. In spring the female weevil lays a single egg in the cotton bud or "square." The egg hatches into a white grub or larva (*see opposite page*). The larva feeds for 7 to 12 days inside the cotton square until it enters the pupal stage. After being dormant in the pupa for about four days it takes on shape rapidly and emerges overnight into an adult. The change in structure from translucent pupa to adult is recorded in the pictures at the bottom of these pages.

The boll weevil does its damage first in the larval stage, when it eats the bud, and then again in the adult stage, when it punctures the boll. Though some adult weevils manage to survive the winter, most live from spring to fall unless killed by insecticide or an insect enemy (*see p. 84*).



12:00 MID.

AT MIDNIGHT TRANSLUCENT PUPA SHOWS FAINT TRACE OF ADULT STRUCTURE



12:15 A.M.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER THE EYES TAKE SHAPE, BEAK AND BODY BEGIN TO DARKEN



FIRST STAGE OF THE BIRTH CYCLE IS TINY EGG LAID IN THE BUD BY ADULT FEMALE



LARVA HATCHES FROM EGG IN THREE DAYS, STARTS TO FEED ON COTTON BUD



12:50 A. M.

WEEVIL STARTS TO UNWRAP LONG LEGS AND STICK OUT ITS BEAK. BODY IS DARKER



9:00 A. M.

NEWLY DEVELOPED WEEVIL EMERGES FROM BUD READY TO START ADULT LIFE

Boll Weevil CONTINUED

BOLL WEEVIL MEETS DEATH BY SPIDER

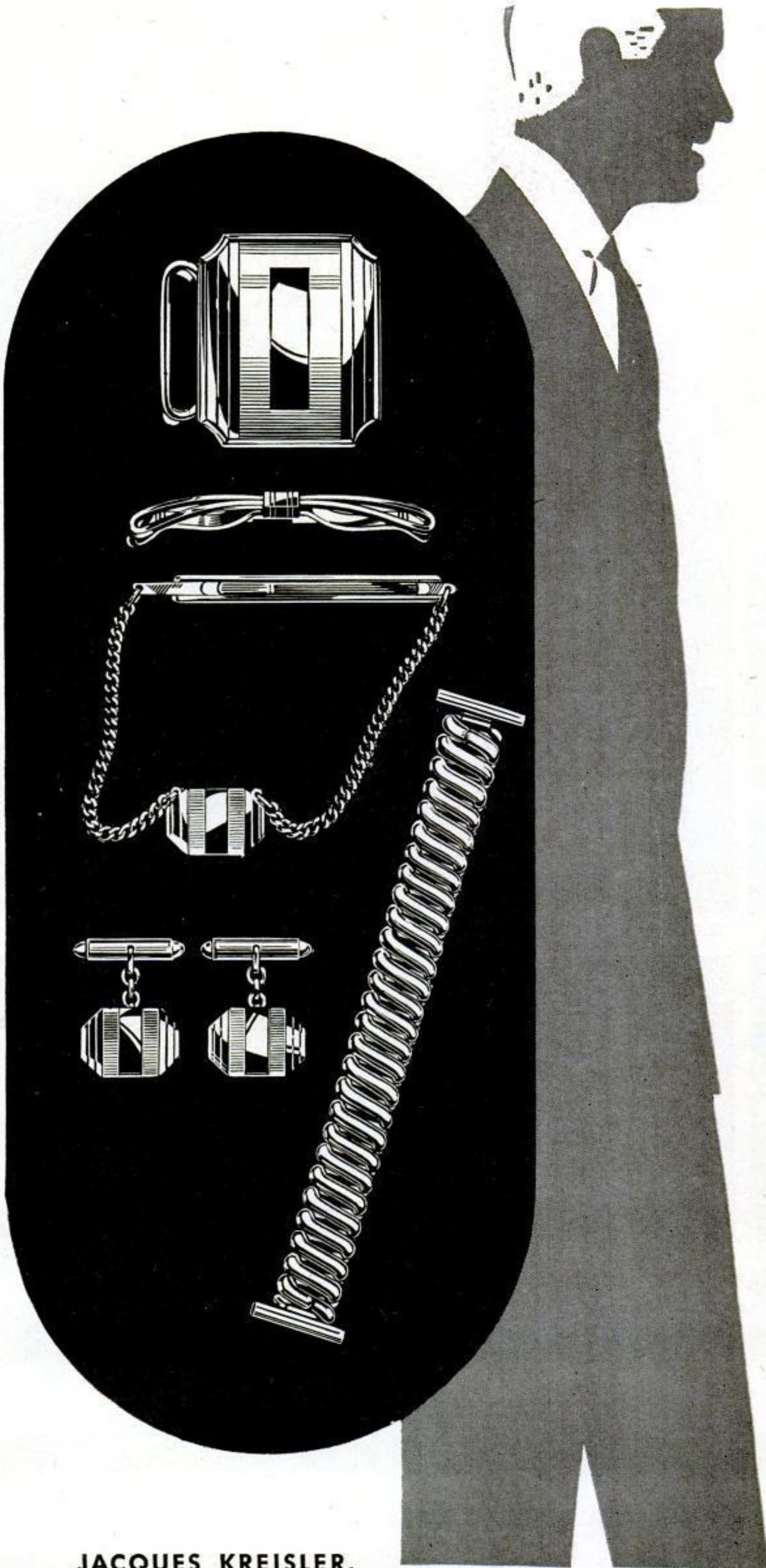
Shown in the photomicrographs below for the first time is the death struggle between a cotton boll weevil and a spider known as *Chiracanthium inclusum*. Although the spider is not a natural enemy of the insect, it does not hesitate to attack one which may come across its path or enter its web. Once in the web, a boll weevil cannot escape the furious trundling action of the aroused spider's legs (*below*). After binding the hapless insect with its strong threads, the spider takes a firm grip around the body with its legs (*bottom*) and delivers a fatal, poisonous bite. It then sucks the weevil dry.



The spider attacks violently, with such speed that this picture, taken at $1/3,000$ second, is blurred. Extruding glutinous fibers from spinnerets, it encases insect's head.



The "coup de grâce" is delivered as the spider grips the boll weevil's body with its legs and gives a poisonous bite. The boll weevil is hopelessly entwined in threads.



JACQUES KREISLER,

creator of distinctive jewelry for men...originator of Thinflex, the distinctive expansion watch band. Jewelry from \$1.50 to \$9.50. Jewelry ensembles from \$2.50 to \$25. Watch bands in a variety of styles, \$2.50 to \$150.

Jacques Kreisler

MAKERS
OF FINE JEWELRY
FOR MEN AND
WOMEN



Snapshots speak of the life
they think about... dream about
... imagine a thousand times—
snapshots speak of home

The word spreads... buddies gather...
hands reach out. Somebody received snapshots!
It's a glimpse of home for all of them.

Kodak Film is coming back. Though the serv-
ices still have first call on film, the tremendous
manufacturing facilities built up by Kodak for
the war are being converted for peacetime
picture-taking as rapidly as possible. Keep in
touch with your dealer. Kodak Verichrome Film
is worth waiting for—it gets the picture...
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Visit your man in the service
with SNAPSHOTS

KODAK FILM



in the yellow box



1479



1511



1192



1313

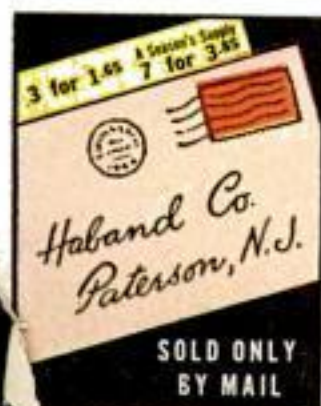


1509



1463

From the Necktie Super Market. These remarkable direct color photographs show 12 style leaders from the mail order house which sells ties to the business and professional men of the U. S. From practically every city and town men send for ties to Haband in Paterson, N. J. and these 12 are the current favorites. Many have wondered why men send to Paterson year after year for them when other good ties can be bought just around the corner almost anywhere. The answer lies right here in these pictures. Excellent good taste is combined with well chosen patterns and exceptional coloring. And



more obviously, of course, there are the factors of economy and convenience. All of this, particularly the styling and the economy, is the result of super intensive concentration upon one objective, i.e.—Haband sells absolutely nothing other than neckties and only this one special quality. Look the pictures over, leisurely and carefully, and you will find it interesting to discover how neatly the group will fit into your own wardrobe. The pictures are honest. They neither flatter nor harm the product and as such they serve their purpose well, for men can match them up with



their suits and shirts in full confidence that there will be no let down when they see the actual ties, cut from today's standard rayon fabrics to regulation shape and length and expertly finished to the last detail. If you would like to get acquainted further with them you need feel no hesitation in ordering, for Haband is vouched for by all usual commercial agencies and is probably known by some of your friends and neighbors—most certainly by your Postmaster.



© Esquire Inc. 1945



1508



1457



1484



1510



1373



1204—MAROON
ALSO AVAILABLE
IN
1202—ROYAL
1203—NAVY
1206—BROWN
1209—GREEN
1229—BLACK

Check off or Jot Down the Numbers you would like to wear and send them to the company with your remittance. The ties will reach you by return mail, bringing you a thrill and satisfaction because you will find them more than you expected in fullness of body, depth of color and plain dollars and cents value—none of which can be shown in any picture. But, if for any reason you don't want to wear them, you need only send them back to have your money refunded with equal dispatch. Economical handling requires a minimum order of 3 ties. But take 7, a season's supply, and you will receive with that order a timely gift of a 1946 Easel Type Desk Calendar. Or, every tie here shown (12) plus the Desk Piece for only \$6.60.

FREE VARGA GIRL DESK CALENDAR—1946
WITH EVERY ORDER OF SEVEN OR MORE TIES
CALENDAR—approximately 5 1/2" by 6 1/4"—Easel Type Desk Calendar. Two tone imitation embossed leather frame. Separate calendar card or page for every month, and on each a new picture in full color by the famous Varga. NO ADVERTISING MATTER OF ANY KIND APPEARS ANYWHERE ON THE GIFT.

55¢ per tie

—We pay the postage—

3 for 1.65

Minimum Mail Order

A Season's Supply
7 for 3.85
plus Desk Calendar FREE

HABAND COMPANY, Paterson 4, N. J.

You may send me the ties I have listed and for which I enclose herewith,

a \$..... remittance.

It is understood that if upon receipt of ties, I find any that I don't want to wear I can return them and have my money refunded promptly and without-question.

Name
(Please Print)

Street

City.....Zone.....State.....

CHECK CHOICE BELOW

1479 ☐ 1313 ☐

1511 ☐ 1509 ☐

1192 ☐ 1463 ☐

1508 ☐ 1510 ☐

1457 ☐ 1373 ☐

1484 ☐ Solid Color.....

U.S.A. ONLY

**REMITTANCE IN FULL
MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER**
NO C.O.D.

Full price refunded if for any reason you don't want to wear the ties and return them to us.

WE GUARANTEE
Immediate Delivery and
NO SUBSTITUTIONS

*"You should've
seen Jones before
he changed to an
Englander
Mattress!"*



"Better Rest Makes Better Husbands!"

Lazy, grumpy, young Jones . . . transformed by an ENGLANDER mattress! Sounds almost too good to be true . . . but here's what SLEEP EXPERTS say: *The quality of your rest . . . the support you get from your mattress . . . is half the secret of your energy, your looks, yes, even your personality!*

1/3 your life on your mattress

The key to better rest is total relaxation. You can't sleep with muscles cramped, with body thrown out of kilter by a faulty mattress, and expect your tired system to "recharge" itself. If you want sound sleep . . . if you want to wake up in the morning at peak vitality . . . your mattress must support *every part of your body properly.*

Englander . . . for the best in rest

ENGLANDER mattress construction is totally unlike others. It is *specially designed* to provide blissfully

balanced support . . . to keep you magically relaxed through your every sleeping hour.

Ask at any good furniture or department store for mattresses by ENGLANDER . . . the name that has stood for the finest in bedding since 1895. You will find that *every ENGLANDER Mattress . . . regardless of its price . . . is brilliantly constructed to give you years and years of restful nights . . . years and years of brighter mornings!*

THE ENGLANDER COMPANY, INC., Main Office, Chicago, Ill.

Englander
AMERICA'S MOST LUXURIOUS
mattress



THE ENGLANDER BODYGUARD . . .
only \$39.75 Exclusive construction provides
"body balance" . . . combats mattress-sag
and bulge. Other ENGLANDER Mattresses
\$79.75 to \$24.75 at better dealers everywhere.



AFTER EACH MURDER, UNSEEN KILLER SMASHES ONE OF CHINA INDIANS IN CENTERPIECE. HERE BUTLER EAVESDROPS ON GUESTS DISCUSSING FIRST MURDER

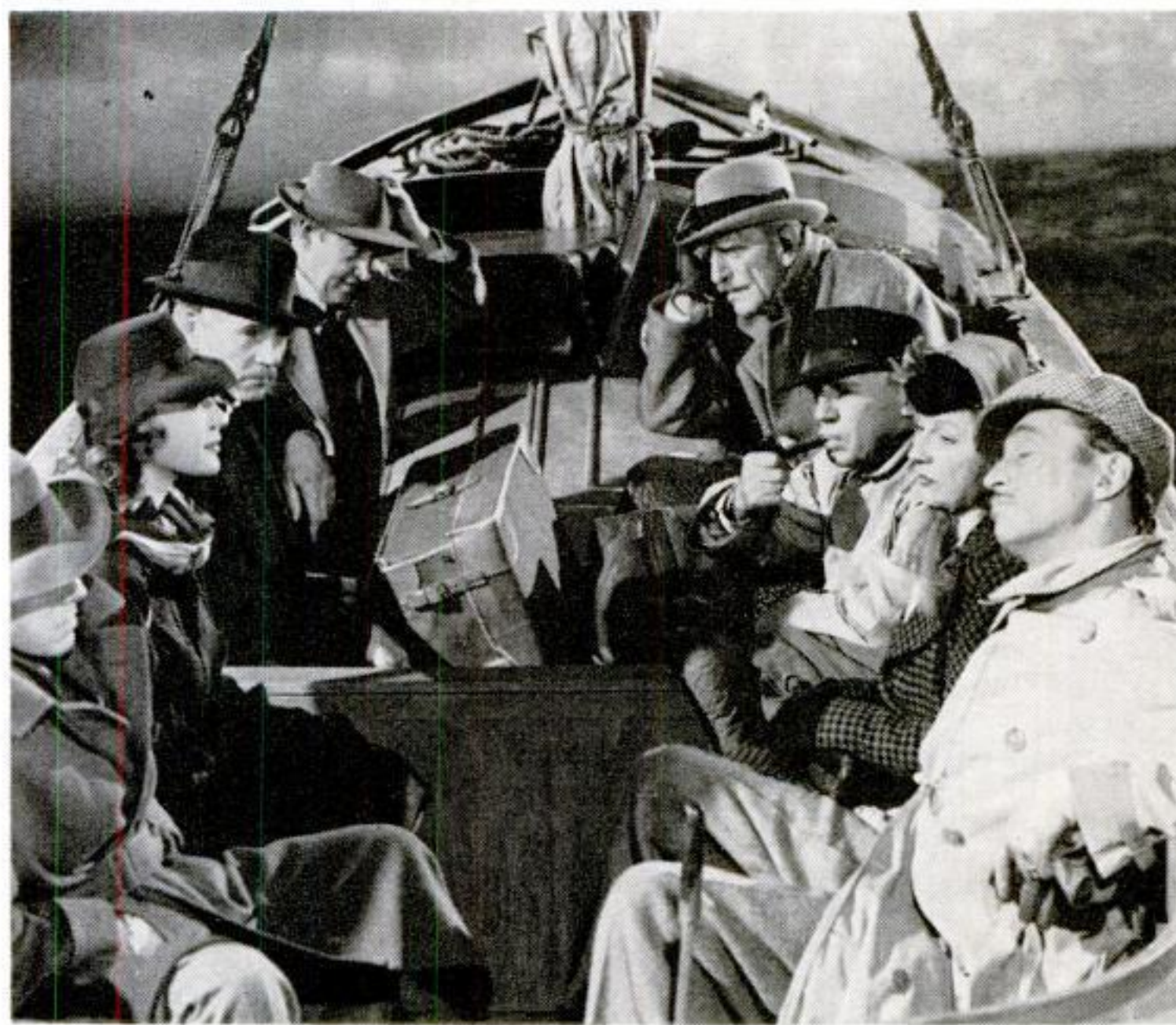
MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

And Then There Were None

Nursery rhyme is accompaniment to strange murders

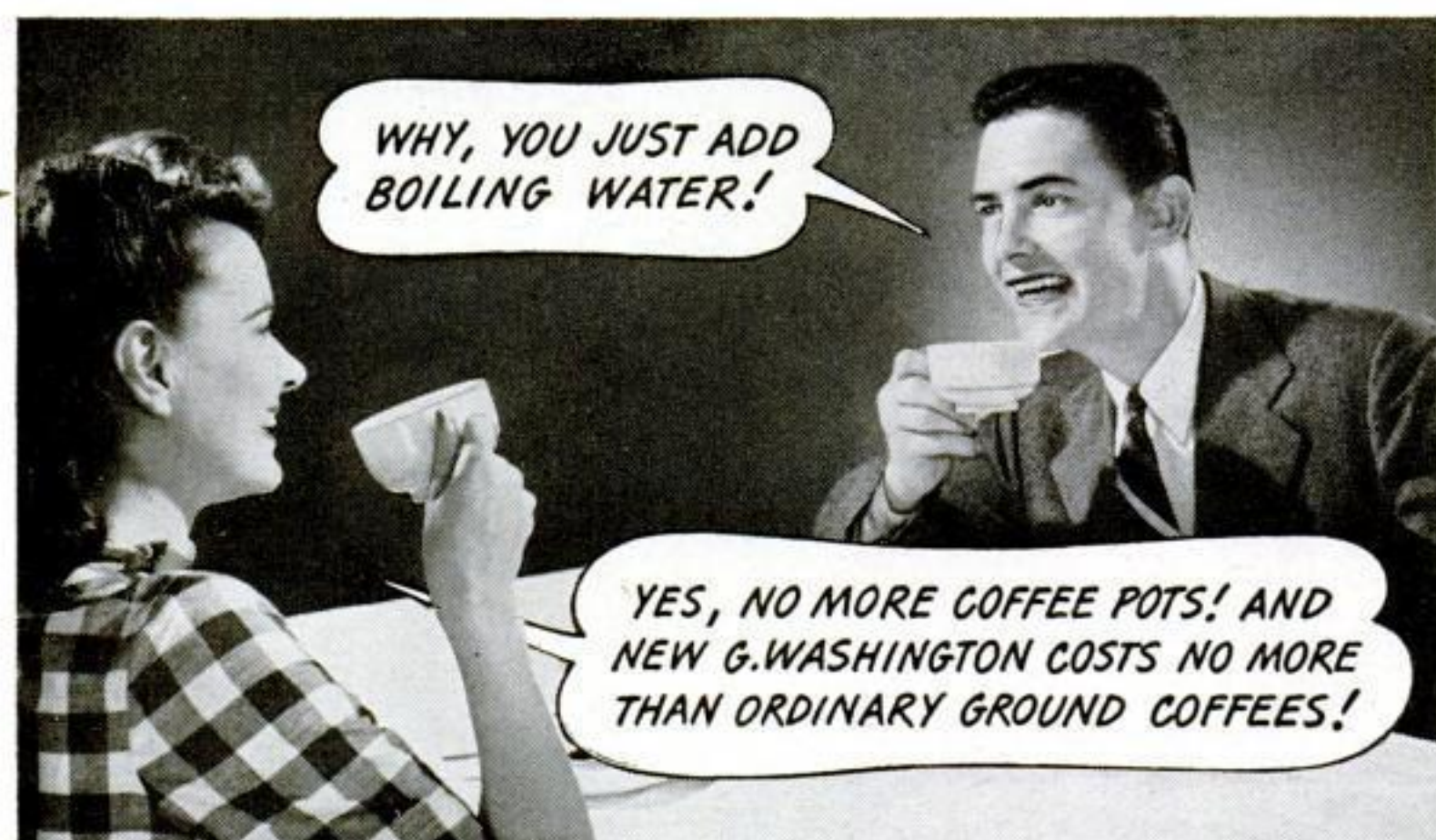
Twentieth Century-Fox's *And Then There Were None* is a deft and sprightly mystery thriller which manages to kill off nearly its entire cast in 97 minutes' running time. What keeps the murders from seeming repetitious and the plot from bogging down in a welter of gore is the adroit direction of famed French Director René Clair, making his first top-notch movie since he directed *The Ghost Goes West* in England in 1935.

For a script, Clair had a story which has been equally successful as a book and a play. The book, a big best seller, was written by Agatha Christie, queen of the current British mystery novel writers. Last year it was dramatized under the title *Ten Little Indians* and had a long Broadway run. In the movie, a group of very proficient Hollywood players act out the scary story of ten frightened people who are marooned on an island by a maniacal murderer they cannot identify. They are killed off, one by one, to the macabre accompaniment of the familiar nursery rhyme, *Ten Little Indians*, from whose last line the movie takes its name. The rhymes, as used in the movie, are printed with the pictures on the following pages.



Eight ill-assorted guests set sail in a bouncing boat for a weekend at the isolated island home of a man none of them has ever seen. On their arrival they are met by a butler and his wife who do not know their master. Later a recording of their host's voice accuses each one of committing a crime which has gone unpunished and tells them he will **kill them all**.

Have you tried the Delicious **NEW COFFEE** you make in just 5 seconds?



**SAVE TIME... SAVE WORK—AND GET
RICH-BODIED COFFEE, ANY STRENGTH YOU LIKE!**

IF YOU love coffee, here's the one you've been waiting for! The NEW G. Washington's Instant Coffee is ALL coffee—rich, fragrant, perfectly blended. Everybody's raving about it!

And easy to make! All you do is add boiling water to *half a teaspoonful* (or vary to suit your taste)—and get the

most wonderful cup of coffee you ever tasted! No coffee pot; no grounds; no waste. It's a time-saver, work-saver, *life-saver* these busy days! And it costs no more than ordinary ground coffee.

Ask for the NEW G. Washington's Instant Coffee at your grocery or delicatessen store!

NEW

IT'S ALL COFFEE!

**G. Washington's
INSTANT COFFEE**



A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.

"And Then There Were None" CONTINUED



*Ten little Indian boys went out to dine,
One choked his little self and then there were nine.*

The first guest dies. Prince Nikki Starloff (Mischa Auer) chokes to death on a poisoned highball. His crime was killing two pedestrians through drunken driving.



*Nine little Indian boys sat up very late,
One overslept himself and then there were eight.*

The butler's wife (Queenie Leonard) crashes to the floor in faint when accused of murdering a former employer. She is killed that night by an overdose of sedatives.



*Eight little Indian boys traveling in Devon,
One said he'd stay there and then there were seven.*

General Sir John Mandrake (Sir C. Aubrey Smith) is stabbed to death. He once sent his wife's lover on a dangerous mission from which the lover never returned.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



Mary used to play only the center keys

Mary plays the piano very beautifully—everybody says so—but somehow it always seemed to me that she used only the center keys. Today I found the answer—I tried the new Model 63 Western Electric Hearing Aid, and what a difference! I heard high notes and low notes that my old hearing aid didn't know existed. It was like changing from a snapshot to a full color picture.



NOW "Full Color" HEARING BRINGS YOU THE SPARKLE AND RICHNESS OF THE WORLD OF SOUND

● It's new ... an engineering and design achievement ... the Western Electric Model 63 Hearing Aid ... for "Full Color" hearing.

Not content to think in terms of speech alone—Bell Telephone Laboratories have engineered

WHAT "FULL COLOR" HEARING MEANS

MODEL 63 GIVES UNDISTORTED AMPLIFICATION OF THIS WIDE BAND



MANY HEARING AIDS CONCENTRATE AMPLIFICATION WITHIN THIS NARROW BAND

Western Electric Hearing Aids to respond to a wider band of frequencies. This brings you more of the tones and overtones that "color" sound and make it brilliant and true.

If you need a hearing aid—or use one with average speech range—you owe it to yourself to find out what a difference "Full Color" hearing can make. With the new Model 63 there's sparkle and laughter in children's voices. There's much more enjoyment of radio and movies. There's more accurate hearing of sermons and lectures.

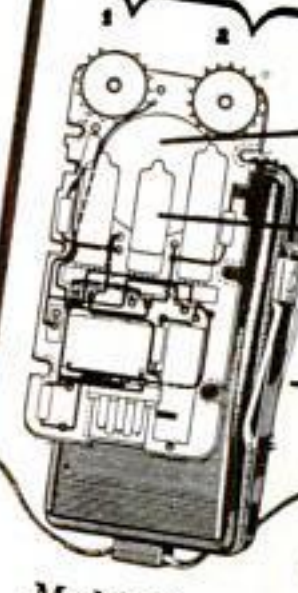
Consult your doctor about any hearing difficulty. If you need a hearing aid, see your Western Electric Hearing Aid dealer—you will find his name and address under "Hearing Aids" in the classified Telephone Directory. Or write Western Electric, Dept. 380-H5, 195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Western Electric Model 63 Hearing Aid

CLIMAXING 63 YEARS OF WORK AND RESEARCH IN SOUND

THE INSIDE STORY

Only two fingertip controls. (1) *Tone Discriminator* filters out annoying background noise—yet you still hear sounds you want. (2) *Volume Control*—smooth and continuous action.



- { **Crystal Microphone** — protected sensitivity.
- { **Three Miniature Electron Tubes** for full amplification. Replace without soldering.
- { **Twin Clip** that stays put.
- { **Streamlined plastic case**
- { **Slim, Sturdy Cord**
- { **Receiver**, air or bone conduction, of aviation headset accuracy.

Model 63 employs the famous Western Electric Stabilized Feedback Circuit—to minimize tonal distortion. All parts are standard and readily interchangeable without costly factory charges.

NEW PRICE \$89.50 Molded earpiece or bone conduction receiver extra

SEE WHAT GRAND EATIN' FISH CAN BE WHEN YOU USE THIS OCEAN-FRESH FISH!



40-FATHOM FISH, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

40-FATHOM FILLETS with Onion Rings and Tomatoes

2 packages quick-frozen 40-Fathom Fillets, partially thawed
½ cup onion rings
Bacon strips
Tomatoes, cut in halves

1. Sprinkle quick-frozen 40-Fathom Fillets (cod is grand) with salt and pepper. Arrange half of the onion rings evenly in bottom of greased shallow baking dish. Place fillets in dish and arrange remaining onion rings over top. Place one strip of bacon on each fillet. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) about 15 minutes. Always use 40-Fathom Fillets! Choicest cuts... quick-frozen to seal in that tasty, ocean-fresh flavor!
2. Arrange tomato halves around fish. Season with salt and pepper, dot with butter or margarine, and sprinkle generously with paprika. Intriguing dishes are a "breeze" to prepare with 40-Fathom Fish. All meat... boned for no waste. No unpleasant "fishy" odors!
3. Continue baking about 20 minutes longer, or until fish and tomatoes are done. Makes such a tempting meal, you'll be a 40-Fathom "booster" for life! (This recipe makes from 4 to 6 servings.)

"And Then There Were None" CONTINUED



Seven little Indian boys chopping up sticks
Till one chopped himself in half and then there were six.

The butler (Richard Haydn) drinks cocktails to prove he did not poison them, sleeps off drunk in a woodshed. Next morning he is found with head split by hatchet.



Six little Indian boys playing with a hive,
A bumblebee stung one of them and then there were five.

Emily Brent (Judith Anderson) had sent a nephew to reform school and death. She is killed with a hypodermic injection which leaves a mark resembling a bee's sting.



Five little Indian boys going in for law,
Now one got a Chancery and then there were four.

The guests stare at Judge Quincannon (Barry Fitzgerald) as he sits stiffly with bullet hole in his head. He was accused of having sent an innocent man to the gallows.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

CASUAL IN THE HOLLYWOOD MANNER

HOLLYWOOD

*
*Rogue
Shirt*



HOLLYWOOD ROGUE SPORTSWEAR

1041 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, Cal. \$5.00 to \$12.50

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION

Empire State Building, New York 1, N.Y. \$5.50 and \$4.00

*Shirt patented, name registered; both are property of Hollywood Rogue Sportswear

Take your **VITAMINS** this New Way for better results!

Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in *fortified food*!

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with certain other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified food, it contains—besides vitamins—nearly every precious food element

needed for good health. Especially, those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and protein are both necessary in cell-building—and they're both in Ovaltine. Vitamin B₁ and fuel-food also act together for sparkling vitality—and they're both combined in each glass of Ovaltine. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus can't work without each other—and you get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not turn to Ovaltine, as many people are doing? If you eat normal meals, including citrus fruit or tomatoes, two glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you need for robust health.

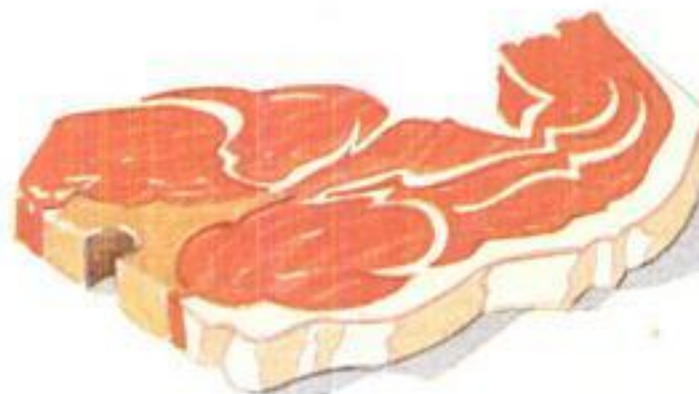
READ WHAT YOU GET
IN
**2 GLASSES OF
OVALTINE**



more **FOOD-ENERGY**
than 2 dishes of Ice Cream...



... more **IRON** than
3 servings of Spinach



... more **VITAMIN G** than
3/4 pound of Sirloin Steak

more **VITAMIN A**
than 2 servings of Peas...



more **NIACIN** than
5 slices of Enriched Bread...



... more **CALCIUM** and **PHOSPHORUS** than
2 1/2 servings of American Cheese

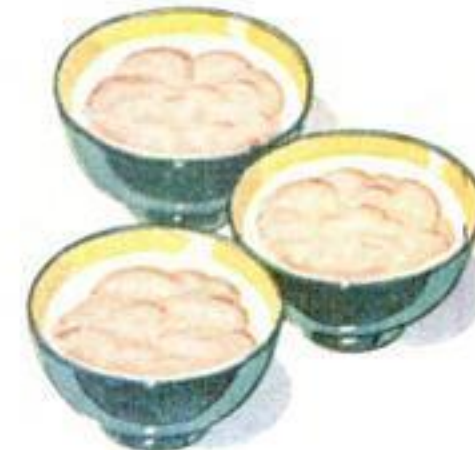


... more **PROTEIN**
than 3 Eggs

more **VITAMIN D** than
10 ounces of Butter...



more **VITAMIN B₁** than
3 servings of Oatmeal...



3 out of every 4 people should get extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.



What's Charlie got that you haven't?

1. If you think we're going to say that Charlie is a wow because he wears the clothes shown below — including that Royal Stetson Whippet — you're wrong.

No, Charlie is a success because of the kind of fellow he is.

But, *being* that kind of fellow, Charlie is very thoughtful about being dressed correctly for the occasion.

For example, take a close-up look at that blue-gray suit and topcoat he's wearing...



2. Charlie knows that a worsted suit and covert topcoat aren't an open sesame to social success. But he also knows that for dress-up occasions they're tops in taste.



3. Charlie chose that white shirt and that red-and-blue tie to add a little warmth to the proceedings. And, of course, gray gloves and black shoes are right on the button.



4. To top this outfit, Charlie picked the Royal Stetson Whippet, in Caribou Gray. Medium proportions and smart styling make it right for any semi-formal occasion. It's \$10.

Right for stepping out — The Royal STETSON Whippet

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, U. S. AND CANADA, HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

"And Then There Were None" CONTINUED



*Four little Indian boys going out to sea,
A red herring swallowed one and then there were three.*

Dr. Armstrong (Walter Huston) thinks that he can cheat death, but his body is washed up on beach the next morning. While drunk, he had once killed a patient.



*Three little Indian boys walking in the zoo,
A big bear hugged one and then there were two.*

Detective Blore (Roland Young) is crushed to death when the murderer topples an eaves stone on him. Blore once gave false evidence which caused innocent man to die.



The two survivors, Philip and Vera (Louis Hayward and June Duprez), accuse each other of being the murderer. Pistol shot settles the quarrel and discloses the killer.



Here comes your
SCHICK Electric SHAVER



War's end brought the beginning of that better life folks had been hoping for. One thing it brought was the chance for you to discover the joy of electric shaving, with all its freedom from scraping and nicking, fuss and muss.

And of course the shaver you want is the leader—and *more than half of all the millions* of shavers sold before the war were *Schicks*.

So watch for the chance to try one. Feel how smoothly it glides over your face—how gently it arches the skin—how neatly it whizzes those whiskers off clean. You don't need to be an expert with a Schick to get a shave so smooth you can't feel a whisker.

During the war, all Schicks have been going to men overseas—but now we're building enough to supply part of the home market. So keep a sharp eye out for yours—and don't let anyone tell you shaving can't be a pleasure.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn.

SCHICK COLONEL—Styled by Raymond Loewy in smart ivory plastic, it has the famous 2M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head and a dependable high-speed motor (works on either AC or DC). Hinged, bronze *Whisk-Its* catch all beard dippings. Static suppressor. Comes packed complete in handsome, durable, simulated leather case \$15.00

SCHICK SUPER—*The finest Schick Shaver ever made. New precision-built V head, comb type with double acting interceptor bars. New, dependable high-speed motor (works on either AC or DC). Styled in rich ivory plastic. Hinged, bronze Whisk-Its catch all beard clippings. Static suppressor. Comes packed complete in handsome, durable, simulated leather case . . . \$18.00*

Prices slightly higher in Canada

★ ★

For expert servicing and genuine Schick renewal parts—including the famous 2M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head—Schick Service, Inc., maintains factory service stations in 37 cities in the United States and at Toronto and Calgary in Canada. All are listed in their local telephone books. You may bring or mail in your Schick—or your dealer can send it for you. *Men in the Armed Forces* may have their Schick Shavers inspected, cleaned and lubricated free.

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER

Why be Irritated ?



Light an Old Gold

Apple "Honey" helps guard O.G.s. from Cigarette Dryness

Paste this in your memory book—there's extra pleasure in Old Golds! For this delightful blend of choice tobaccos includes a touch of rare Latakia tobacco for *extra flavor*. Plus the special moisture-protecting agent we call Apple "Honey", made from the juice of fresh apples. This helps hold in the natural moisture, *helps prevent cigarette dryness*. You'll be glad to know Old Golds.



LISTEN TO
FRANK SINATRA

Wednesday Evenings CBS

and



MEET ME AT PARKY'S

Sunday Evenings NBC

BUY VICTORY BONDS AND HOLD THEM



IN WARWICKSHIRE HOLLOW LIES COMPTON WYNYATES BEHIND ITS FANCIFUL GARDEN, ITS DISUSED MOAT BEYOND

ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSES

THEY WERE HOMES OF RULING CLASS IN BRITAIN'S GREAT PAST

Scattered across the rolling counties, set in their acres of parks and lawns, stand the country houses of England. Once they were the homes of the rich, aristocratic families who built and ruled the Empire. During the war they served their country as hospitals, military billets and homes for evacuees. Now in this first golden autumn of peace, they are tourist sights, magnificent relics of a great age that is vanished.

The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, former Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, wrote their epitaph last winter: "The great houses . . . will never again be lived in by their owners. Like the ruined castles and the abbeys, whose skeletons are so carefully preserved, they will be the tombs of a social order which has passed away for ever. . . . We cannot help sighing over the end of 700 years of English history. For these great houses, next to our ca-

thedrals and parish churches, are the most beautiful things we have to show to a visiting stranger, and they are a moving picture, century by century, of our island history."

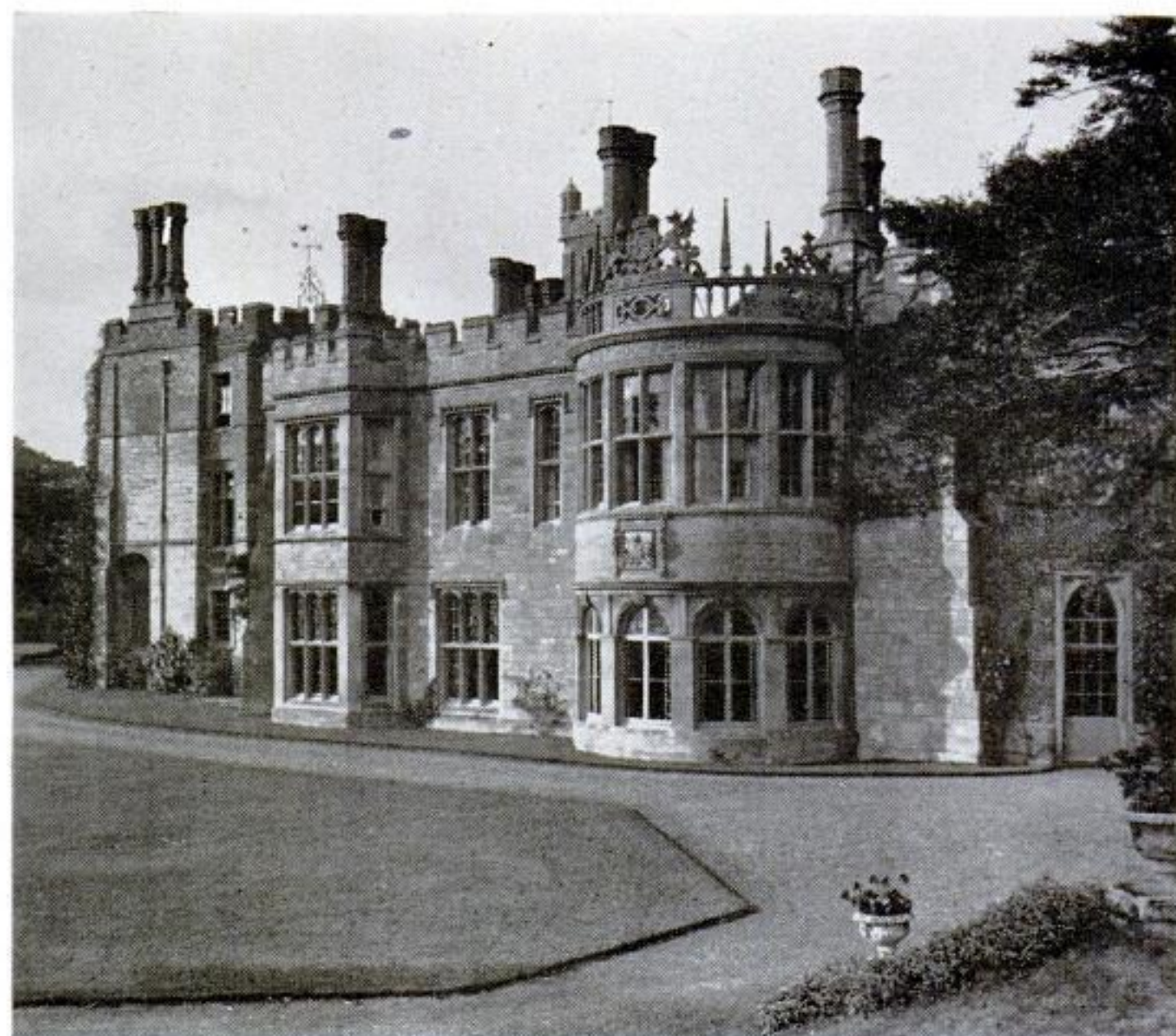
The great houses dominate the landscape much as their owners dominated English life and politics until very recent times. Politicians of the 18th and 19th Centuries could scarcely pursue a successful career without owning a fine house and park. Here the great men of the realm lived, hunted, entertained, plotted, gossiped and settled the affairs of state. Here, in a classic hothouse of statesmanship, amid constant talk of politics and Parliament, their sons were bred to the duties of an aristocratic ruling class. Lord David Cecil, who grew up in one of these great houses, wrote in *The Young Melbourne*, "Their life, in fact, was essentially a normal life. . . . Only it was a nor-

mal life played out on a colossal stage and with magnificent scenery and costumes. Their houses were homes, but homes with 60 bedrooms, set in grounds five miles round."

Such a house is Compton Wynyates (*above*). It was begun soon after 1450, with defensive walls and a moat. But in 1520, in the Tudor time of Henry VIII, the Compton owners filled in the moat and set about building a home for peaceable living. It was the beginning of the time when Englishmen were safe. The first Lord Compton built in rosy brick and timbered gables, a total of 80 rooms, 275 glazed windows and 17 staircases. He built a great number of extra rooms and a "priest's room" in the top of the tower at left. The topiary garden (*in foreground above*) was laid out in 1895. For the homes of greater Englishmen, lords of their manor for 700 years, turn the page.



DUKE OF WELLINGTON was given Stratfield Saye by the nation. The annual rental is a French tricolor sent to the king by the duke each Waterloo Day (June 18). It was built by 1630 by an ancestor of the two great Pitts. Wellington's apartment was in wing at left. The 1,200-acre park was used by the Army during the war.



OLIVER CROMWELL often stayed here at Hinchbrooke with his uncle, Sir Oliver. Here he is said to have given King Charles a bloody nose as a boy. A nunnery, the house was given the Cromwells by Henry VIII. Uncle Oliver sold it to the Earl of Sandwich, who was visited here by his kinsman, Samuel Pepys.



CLIVE OF INDIA rebuilt Walcott Hall in 1763, having been born nearby at Styche, Shropshire to an ancient family of small country squires. From Walcott Hall he reformed the corrupt East India Company. Here he returned from India for the third time to meet a storm of slander and, in 1774, aged 50, to kill himself.



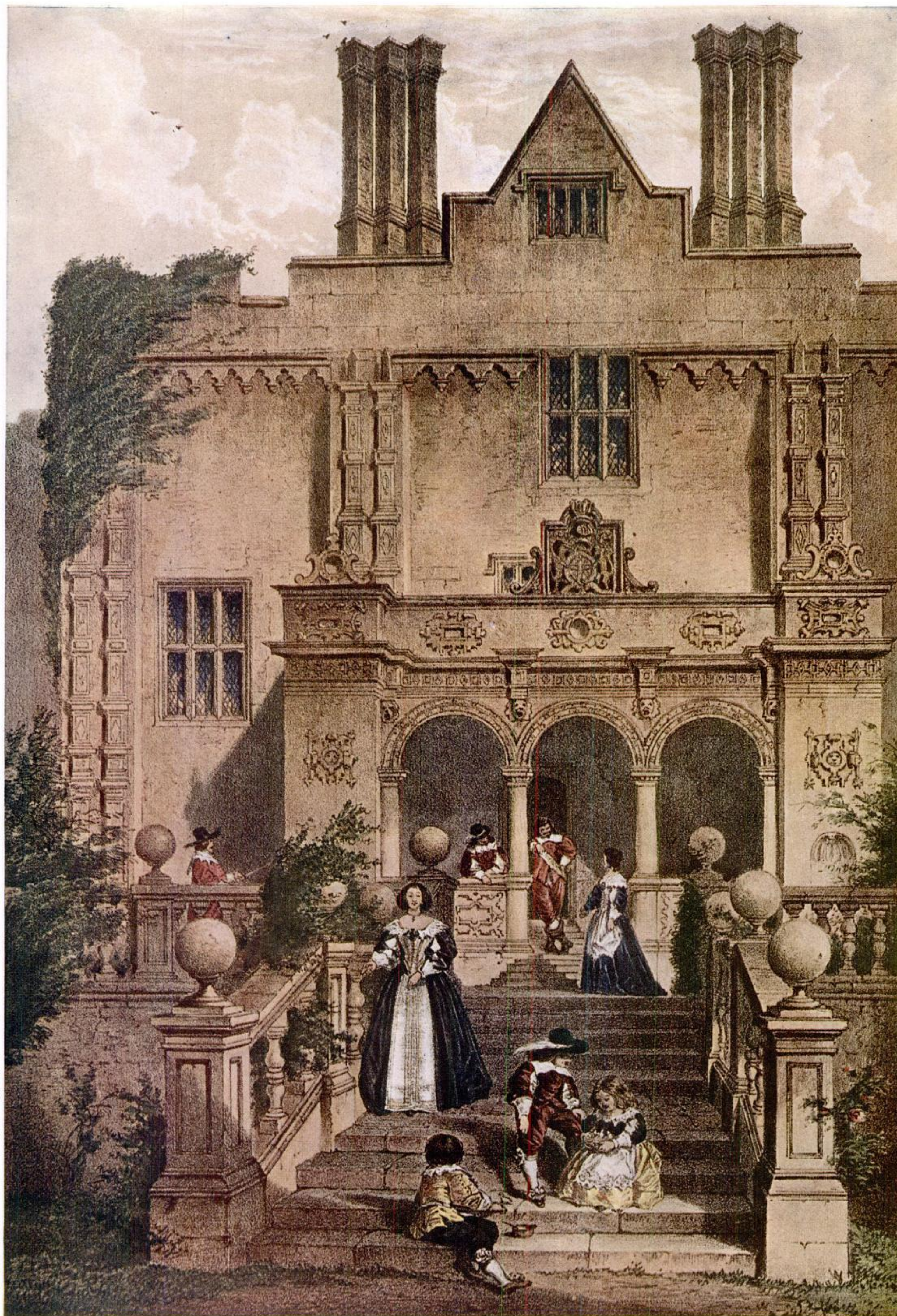
LORD NELSON'S FAMILY, after his death at Trafalgar, was given this house of Standlynch, renamed Trafalgar, by the British nation. The house, which was built in 1730 by the Dawkins family, has the popular 18th-Century plan of a central block connected by passages to two identical pavilions (*one shown at left*).



LORD NORTH, who as George III's Prime Minister fought the American Revolution, lived in this Palladian mansion, Waldershare Park, inherited from stepmother. It was built in 1702. The present Lord North, eighth Earl of Guilford, lives in a small house nearby, does not intend ever to return to the big house because of taxes.

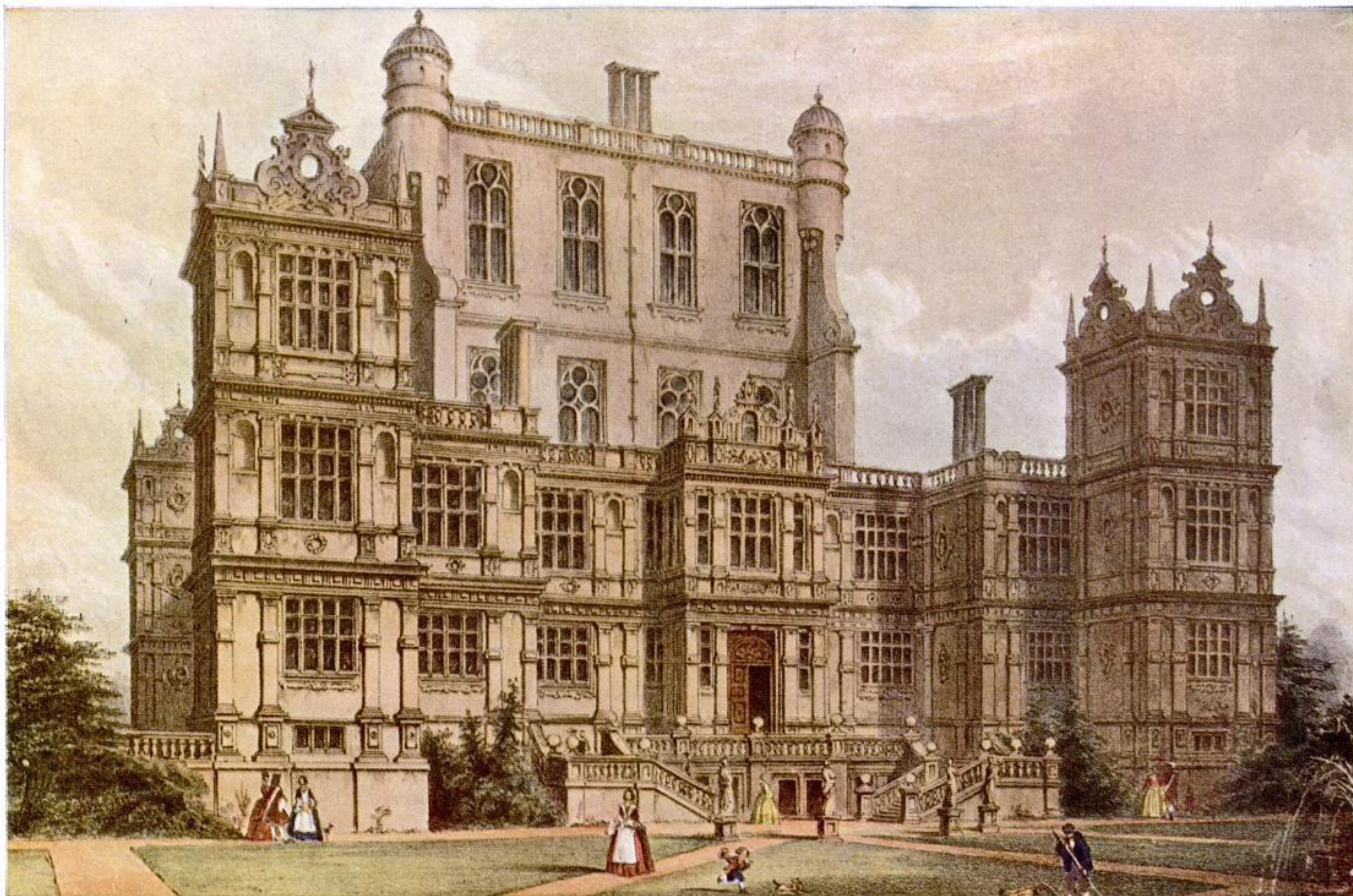


ROBERT CECIL, Earl of Salisbury, James I's Lord Treasurer, remodeled Cranborne Lodge which has hardly changed in the last 300 years (*see opposite page*). British policy has been affected for centuries by numerous Cecils, including the present occupant, Viscount Cranborne, ex-Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs.



CRANBORNE LODGE is here seen in an old painting as it was in the mid 17th Century, with the children of the second Earl of Salisbury playing on the

steps. The second earl's father had bought it and built this lovely loggia, decorated with gargoyles. After this lively family period, Cranborne was rented out for 200 years.



WOLLATON HALL was raised in a hideous Italian style in the 16th Century for Sir Francis Willoughby, Knight of Wollaton, whose grandfather Hugh led an expedition, financed by the Company of Merchant Adventurers, to find a northeast

passage around Muscovy to the Indies. The expedition got to Moscow where it arranged a trading grant with Czar Ivan the Terrible. The house passed to a junior branch of the ancient Willoughby de Eresby family, now styled the Lords Middleton.



PENSHURST PLACE began in 1340 with the building of the banqueting hall and in 1553 was given by King Edward VI to the Sidney family. Here was born the Elizabethan soldier-poet Sir Philip Sidney. Here lived Queen Elizabeth's lover, the

first Earl of Leicester, and here, before he was beheaded by Charles II, in 1683, rested the champion of liberty, Algernon Sidney, friend of William Penn. He is buried here. Much of the political intrigue of 17th Century England was hatched at Penshurst.

THEY ARE A MIRROR OF SOCIETY

The English had three great building sprees, in the 14th, 16th and 18th Centuries: Plantagenet, Tudor and Georgian. In these houses, raised for power and pride by the dead dukes and barons, can be read much of the evolution of English society. Their imitators can be found in many a pleasant American suburb today.

No English houses remain from the times before the Normans conquered England, for the Anglo-Saxons built rudely of wood and earth. The Normans' need was to repress the rebellious English, so that they raised vertical fortresses or "keeps," windowless on the first floors with narrow firing points above. As their fears lessened in Plantagenet times they took a chance on the fortified manor house, a great peak-roofed hall, with the master's retiring room (solar) off one end, the kitchen quarters off the other, all surrounded snugly by walls and a moat. They laid their fire in the middle of the great hall, letting the smoke go out where it could. Toilets were merely recesses in the thick stone walls. Everybody swarmed together in the great hall, which, as an architectural feature, hangs over all English design. By 1350 this crude nucleus had expanded into the huge necklace of specialized rooms, depending from the hall, seen below in Haddon Hall. These houses had great outer ramparts and windowed inner courts.

In this Gothic world a very few luxuries were the marks of relative wealth. When a lord moved from one house to another, he carried all his glass windows and tapestries with him. He began using a knife and spoon by 1400, but he rarely had a fork for another century. Everybody ate with his fingers but washed carefully before meals. The early Normans ate only twice a day but by

1400 the gentry ate at 7, 10, 4 and 8, the last meal being taken in bed. In the 15th-Century civil Wars of the Roses, the great Gothic families of England were nearly all wiped out, exterminated or financially ruined. The Tudors, who became the final victors in the wars, ennobled a whole new group of energetic men whose building includes nearly all the Gothic work which now survives.

Tudor style represented by Compton Wynyates (p. 97) and Sutton Place (pp. 102-103), is



WOLLATON (SEE OPPOSITE) TODAY

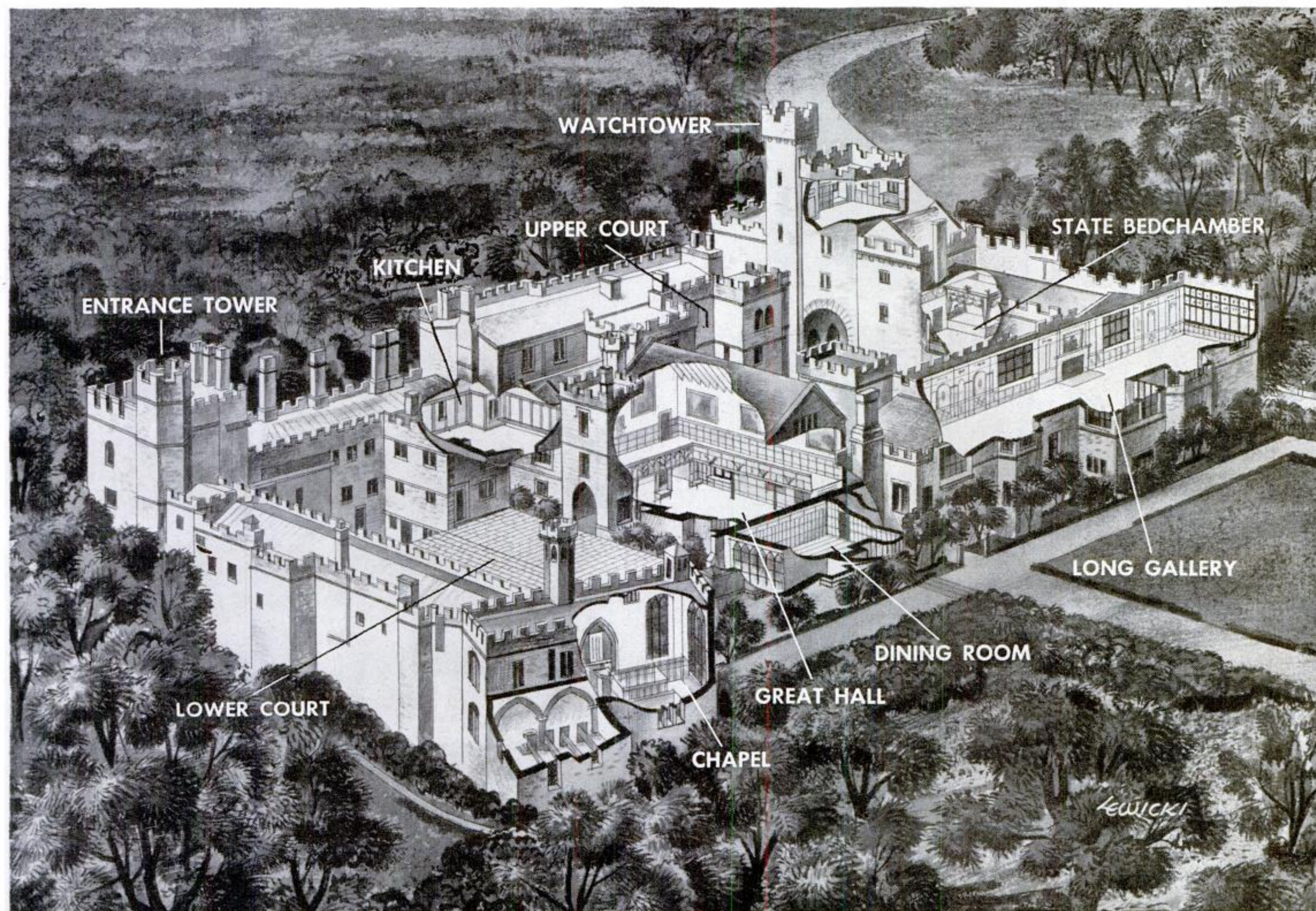
probably the most appealing English period, with its happy marriage of the Gothic and classical, its inventive carved ornament and its impulse toward symmetry. At Compton Wynyates the windows are square-headed instead of Gothic pointed, the chimneys and towers are pleasantly grouped. The timbered roof and minstrels' gallery of the great hall, behind the large oriel window, were carted from the wreck of a castle.

The Tudor men were among the most ram-bunctious, subtle and flamboyant in England's

history. Henry VIII's confiscation of the monasteries, which put a stop to church building, stimulated them all to build richly, especially to receive a visit from the sovereign. But Tudor sanitation was worse than ever. An Englishman invented a watercloset in 1594, but nobody was interested.

The civil wars of the Stuarts during the 17th Century put an end to building for a time and liquidated a lot more families. A few real architects, then called "surveyors," emerged, notably Inigo Jones, John Thorpe and the great Sir Christopher Wren. By 1700, in a nation of 5,000,000 souls, several thousand noblemen had begun to acquire modern civilization and manners. They dined off tablecloths. By the middle of the century, in their Georgian mansions, they had an occasional bathtub with hot and cold running water. The standard of living of even the poor was high, and everybody drank to excess. The great Whig lords had come to despise their beautiful Tudor manor houses and built lavishly in the Palladian style (see *Waldershare Park*, p. 98), named for one Andrea Palladio of Vicenza, Italy. The most fashionable house was the one that looked most peculiarly out of place, as if it should have stood in Italy. Thus cut off from its native English sources, English architecture became the victim of strange excesses, in which private houses came to look like public institutions.

The Whig aristocracy of the 18th Century, writes David Cecil, "possessed, most of them, a mansion in London and two or three in the country. . . . The gentlemen . . . took for granted that you spoke your mind and followed your impulses. . . . They enjoyed eccentrics. . . . They were the most agreeable society England has ever known."



HADDON HALL, archetype of the Gothic English fortified manor, is not an efficient living machine. Notice the hike from kitchen to dining room. Ramparts at left were built in 12th Century. The bay-windowed long gallery (right) was built

by Dorothy Vernon in the 16th Century. Servants formerly lived on kitchen side of courts. Now Duke of Rutland sleeps in state bedchamber, his brothers and sisters live where servants used to, dowager duchess has bedroom in entrance tower (left).



GREAT HALL of two-story height is hung with Gothic weapons and Romney's portrait of the Leveson-Gowers.



REAR FAÇADE of Sutton Place shows the early attempts at symmetry, the picturesque skyline and the use of Italian pilasters with capitals on jutting entrance tower



SUTHERLANDS

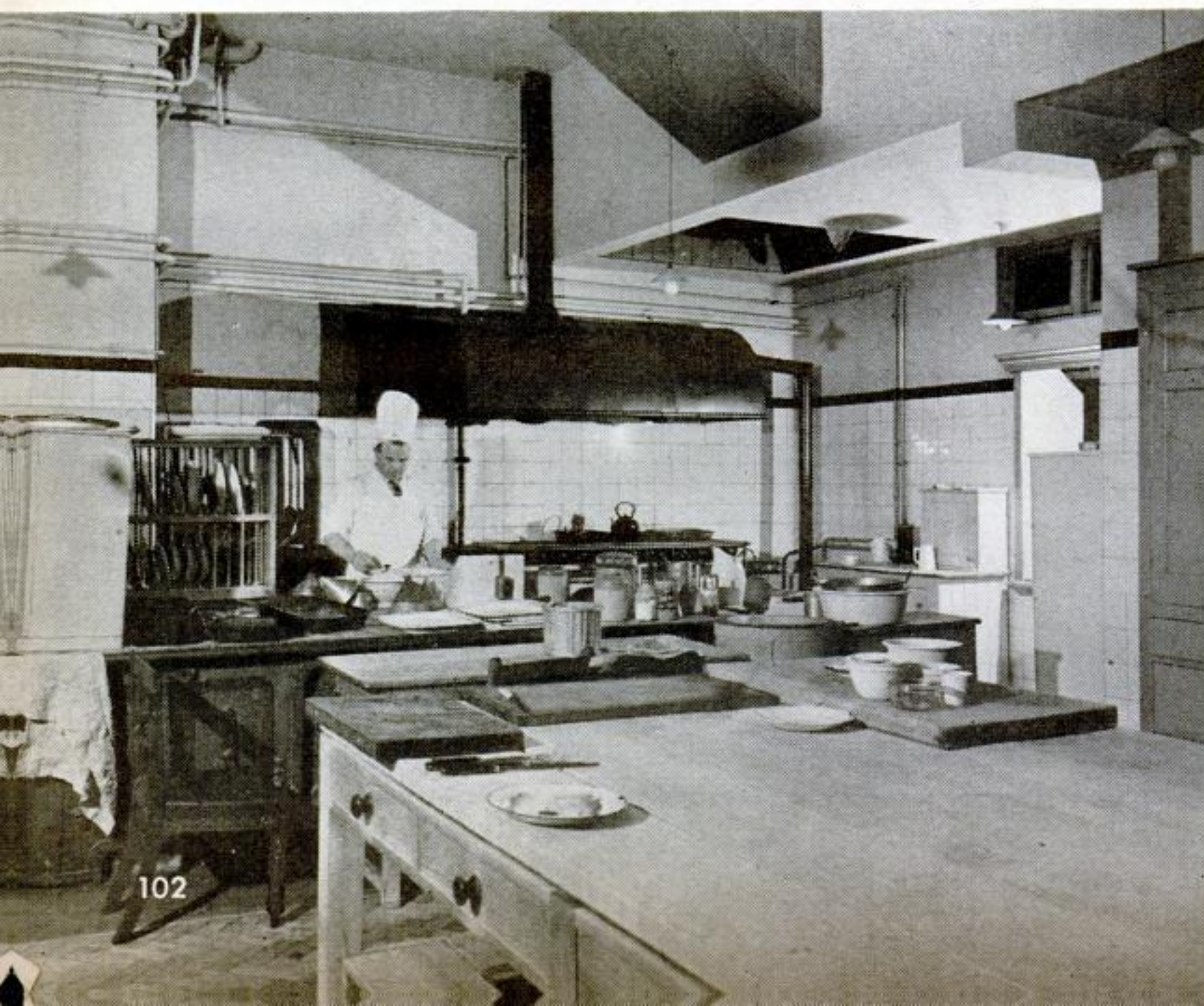
SUTTON IS STILL A FINE HOME TODAY

BIG KITCHEN uses both gas and coal ranges. Typical Tudor house had buttery, larder, pastry (oven room).

Many of the great houses are being taken over now by the National Trust, an endowed institution which takes title to historic houses to relieve owners of enormous inheritance taxes. Under the trust, the families who have owned the houses can live in them as long as they and their descendants want to. Many families will want to because these old houses are often quite livable today.

Still a fine home for modern living is Sutton Place in Surrey, shown on these pages, owned by the very rich Duke of Sutherland. The duke, head of the famous Leveson-Gower family, rents out three of the estate's farms and operates

DRAWING ROOM shows Sutherland ancestresses by Hoppner, Romney, Lawrence, a cardinal's arms (right) and a photograph of King Edward VIII on center table.





(center), all popular in 16th Century. The terra cotta is decorated with Italian *amorini* (cupids), plus, along roof edge, the cross-moline arms of a Copley heiress a Weston married.

the other two himself. For all the purposes of graceful living, he has a swimming pool set in the Blue Garden, a Tudor summer house to dress in, a covered tennis court, a squash court, a rose garden, a water-lily garden, a herba-ceous vista. Of all his many houses—and he is probably the greatest landowner in England, despite having sold over \$6,000,000 worth—Sutherland prefers to live at Sutton Place. He has installed modern plumbing, lighting and heating. During the war, 16 evacuated children lived there. Obviously, the score of servants required to keep up such a house was not available in wartime.

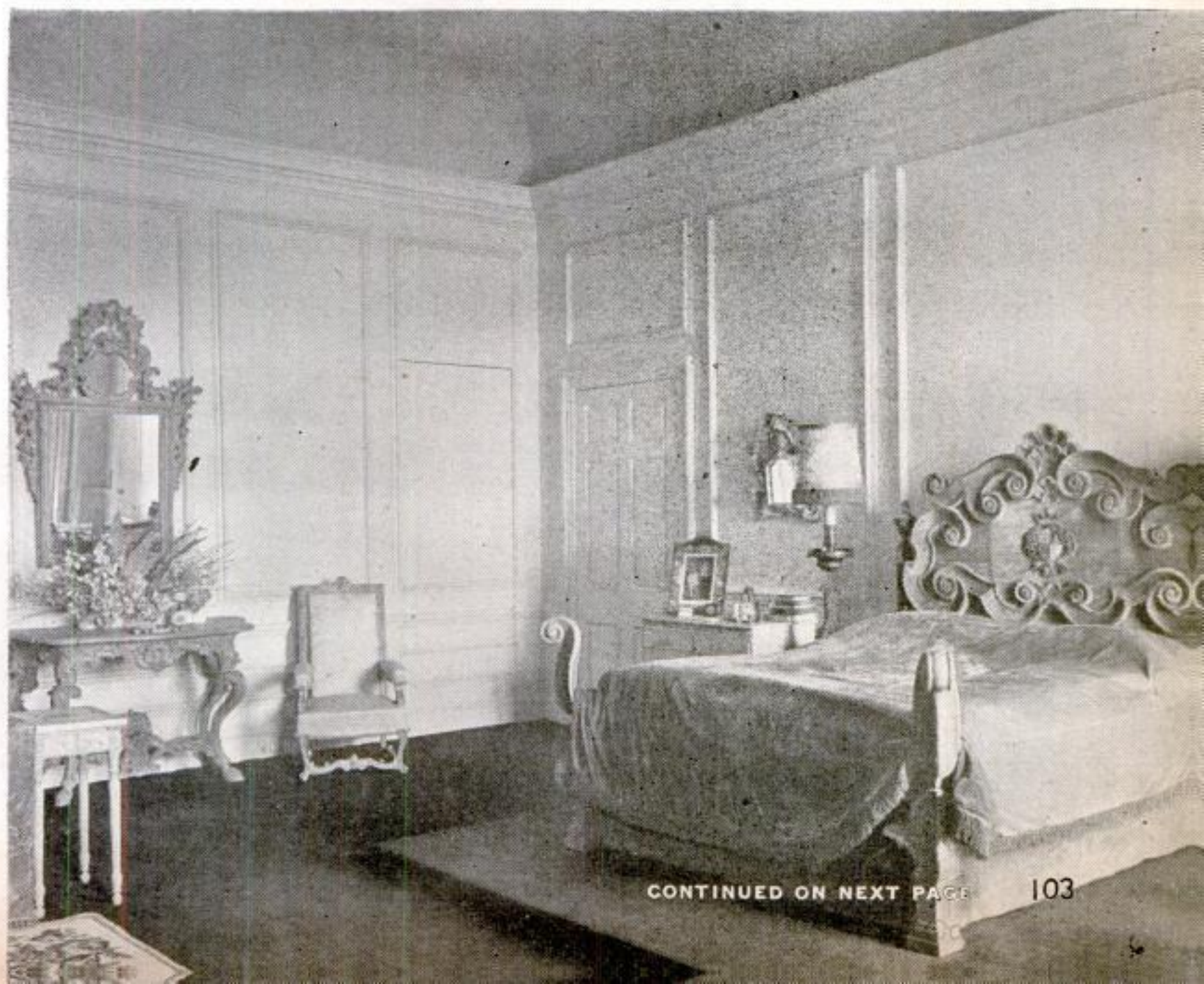
STABLES at left house six ponies, the garage at right a number of cars, including the duke's Rolls-Royce crested with his device of the catamountain or European wildcat.

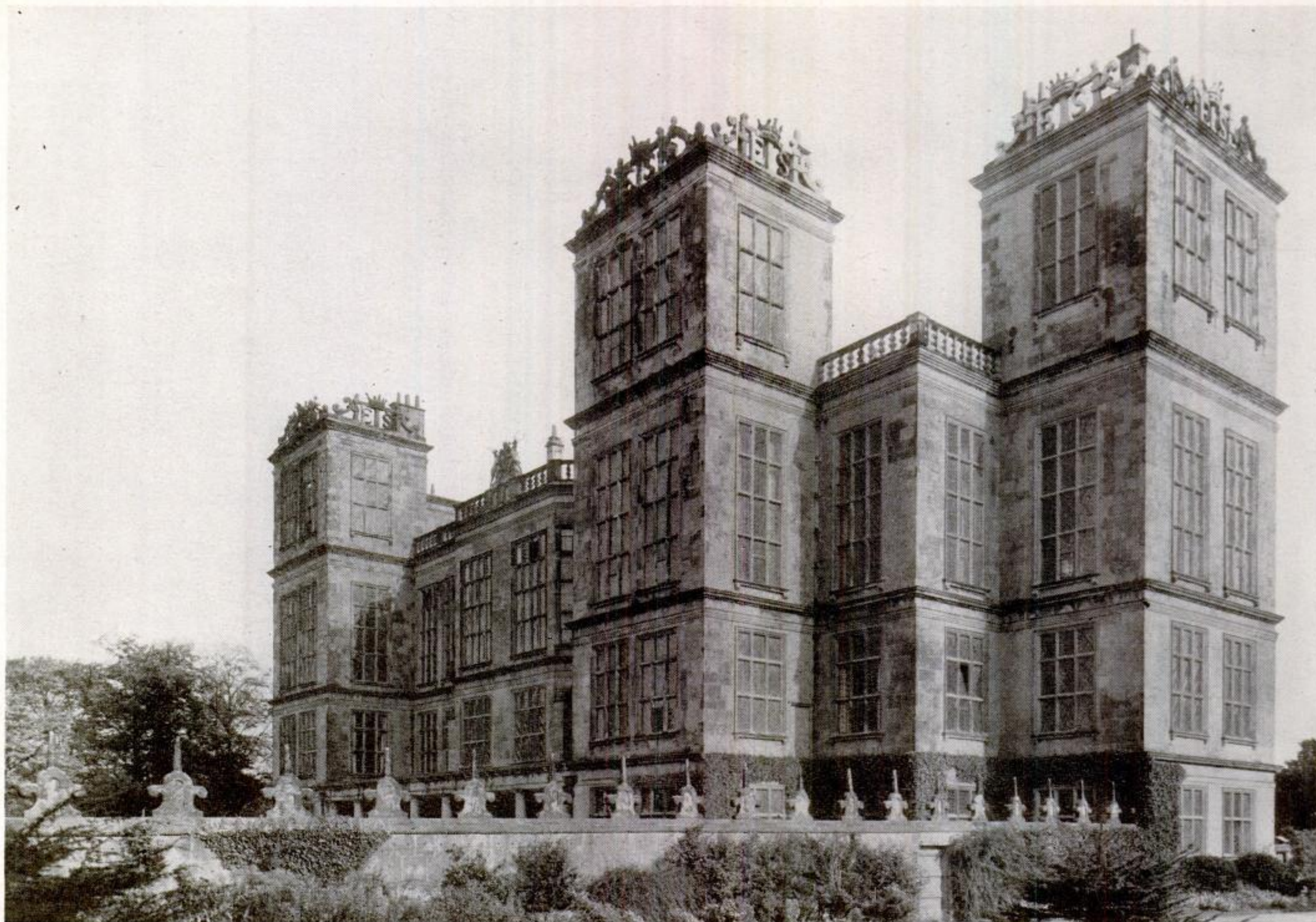


HALLWAY is cluttered with family riding, fishing and walking boots, racquets and a Weston Brussels tapestry. Notice the Leveson-Gower wolf carved on the back of chair.

Sutton stands in the evolution of the English house midway between Gothic Penshurst Place (p. 100) and the imitation classical of Trafalgar (p. 98). Sutton's builder, Sir Richard Weston, traveled in Europe on Henry VIII's errands. His house shows his cosmopolitan taste. Sir Richard's son was executed as the reputed lover of Henry's Queen Anne Boleyn. His grandson married a girl who was a cousin both of Anne and of her successors, Lady Jane Grey and Catherine Seymour. Since 15 of her close relatives were executed for treason, the marriage did the Westons no good. The Duke of Sutherland bought Sutton in 1917.

DUCHESS' BEDROOM, largest in the house, overlooking lawn from the far end of the house in picture at top, has the Sutherland arms carved on the bed's headboard.





HARDWICK HALL, named for the much-married squire's daughter, Elizabeth Hardwick, who built it between 1591 and 1597 for the ultimate benefit of the Caven-

dish children of her second marriage, shows pompous Italianate building of Renaissance. Like other houses of the period, Hardwick strives for an imposing height.

HARDWICK GLORIFIES "BUILDING BESS"

A joke in 1600 was "Building Bess" Hardwick, who, for a second husband, married obscure Sir William Cavendish and added to her riches the confiscated church properties Henry VIII had given the Cavendishes. Bess built to im-

press others, and impress she did, with Hardwick, Chatsworth, Worksop, Bolsover and Oldcotes. Her six children spawned the lines of half-a-dozen dukedoms. Her legacy made the Cavendishes one of the richest families in England. Hardwick Hall is to-

day the chief seat of the Cavendish Duke of Devonshire. Bess was accused of poisoning her third husband, quarreled incessantly with her fourth, the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was for a time custodian of the imprisoned Mary of Scotland.



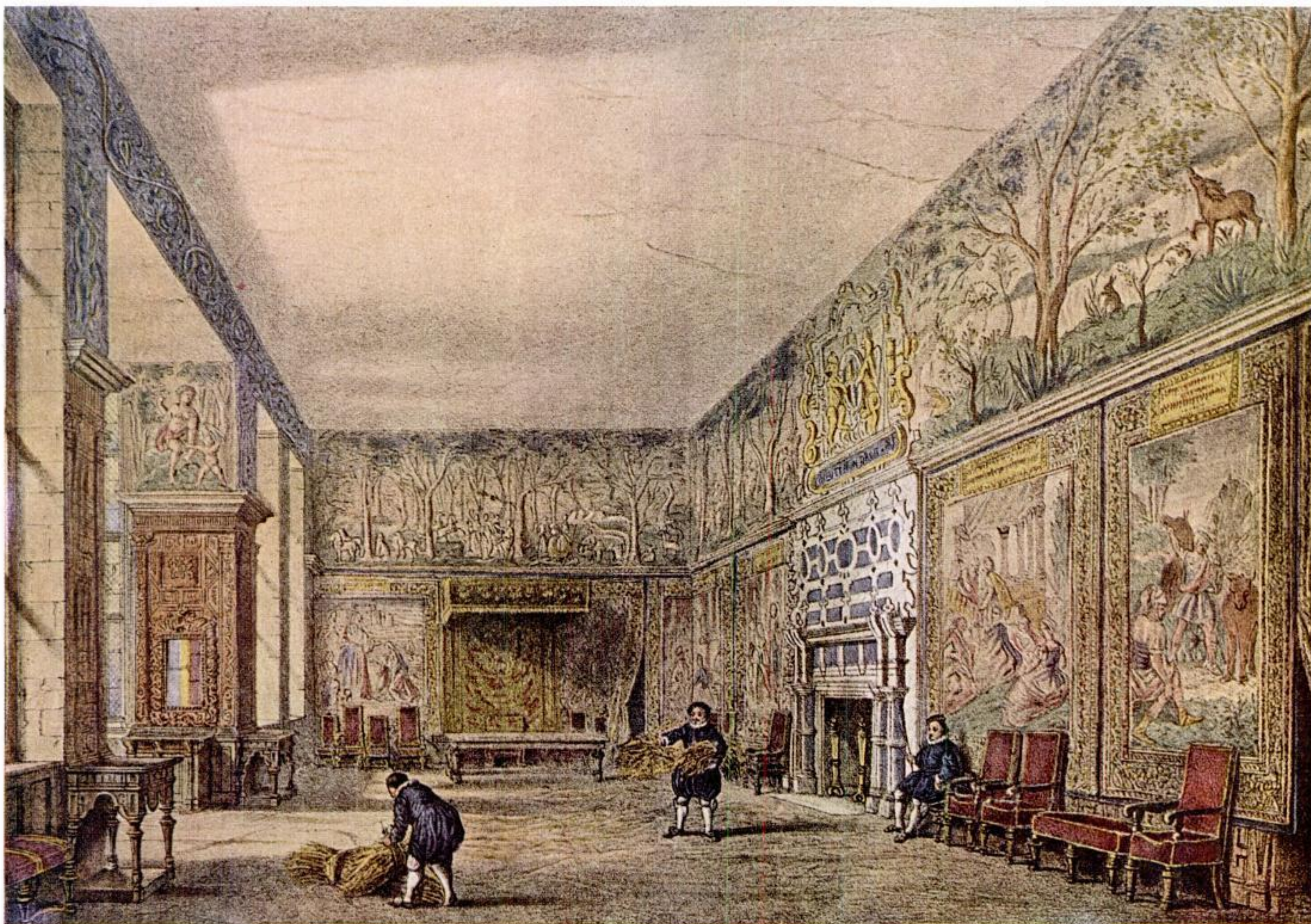
HIGH GREAT PRESENCE CHAMBER at Hardwick, often called "the cradle of the Cavendishes," still has much of the furniture, French and Flemish,

that appeared in a 1601 inventory. As comparison with the old painting on the opposite page shows, Hardwick has been kept remarkably the same for 300 years.



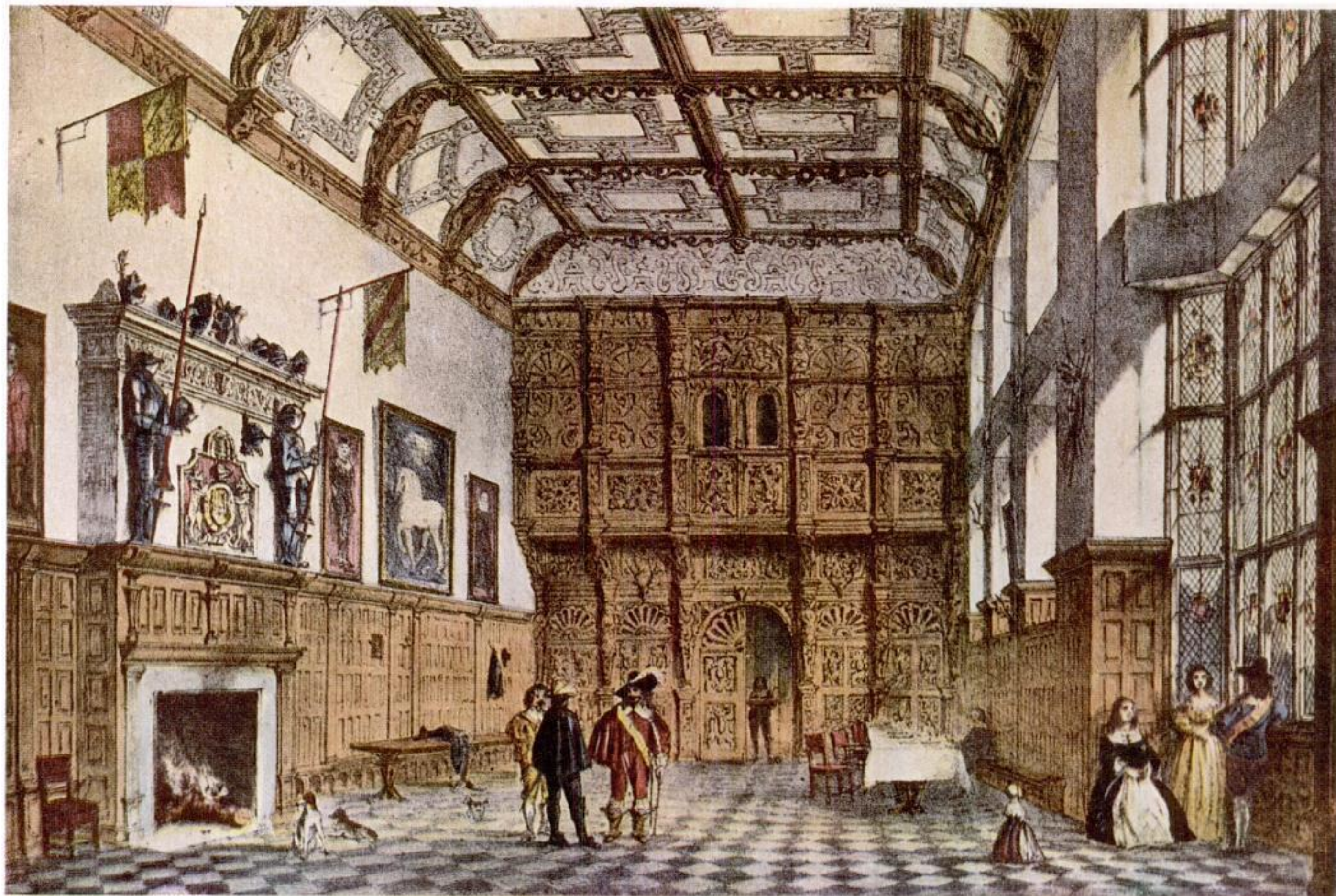
IN THE 17TH CENTURY, noble visitors arrive at Hardwick Hall. The great house, "more glass than wall," was finished by tough old Bess of Hardwick on her

fourth husband's money (notice her initials, E. S., atop towers). The old lady died at '87 in accord with a prophecy that she would never die until she had stopped building.



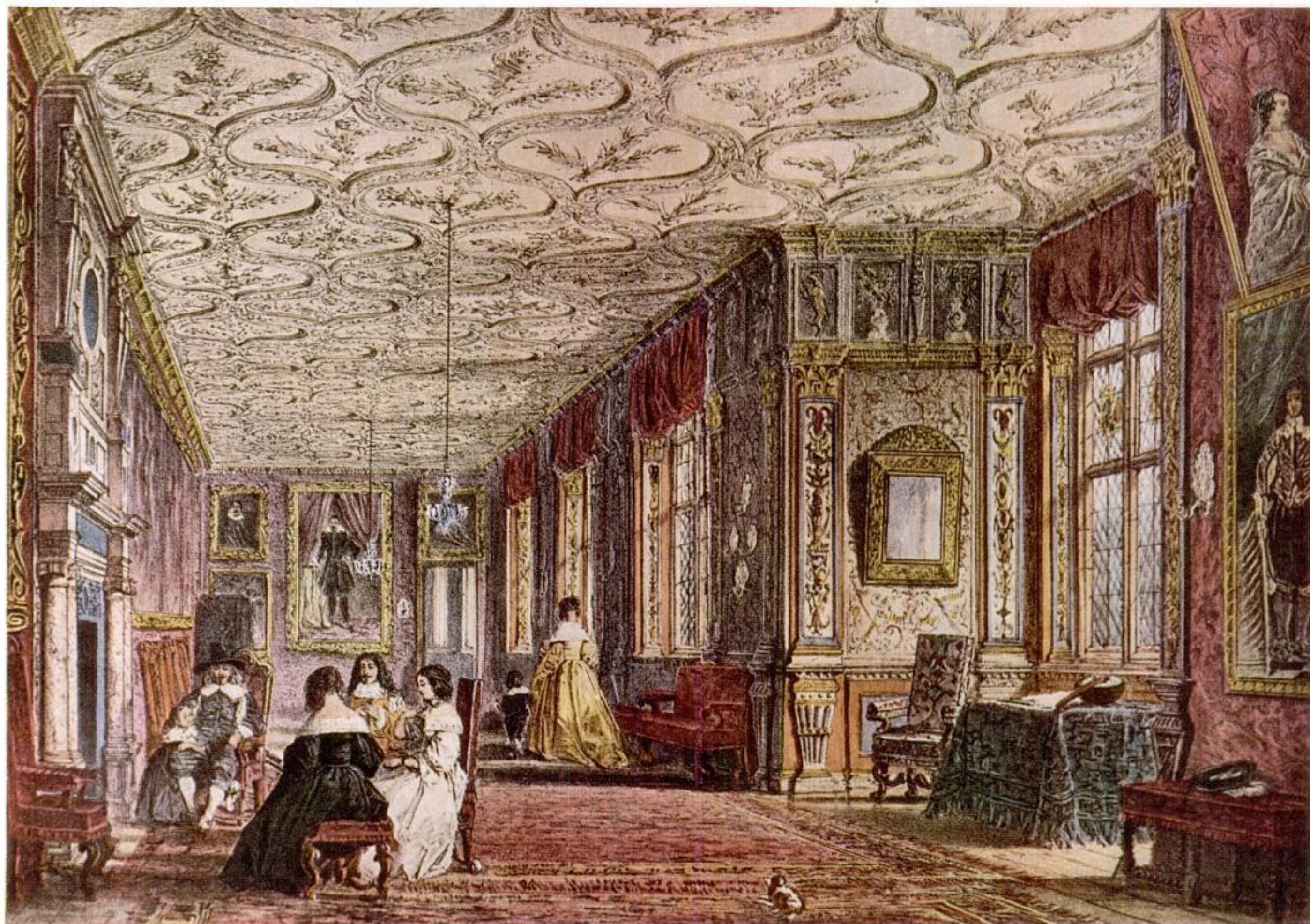
NO FURNITURE cluttered Hardwick's High Great Presence Chamber in the 17th Century. Notice the curious forest, elephants and deer hunted by gods in the

raised plaster frieze along top of wall. The arms over the alabaster fireplace are those of Queen Elizabeth, not of the Cavendishes, whose family motto is "Safety in caution."



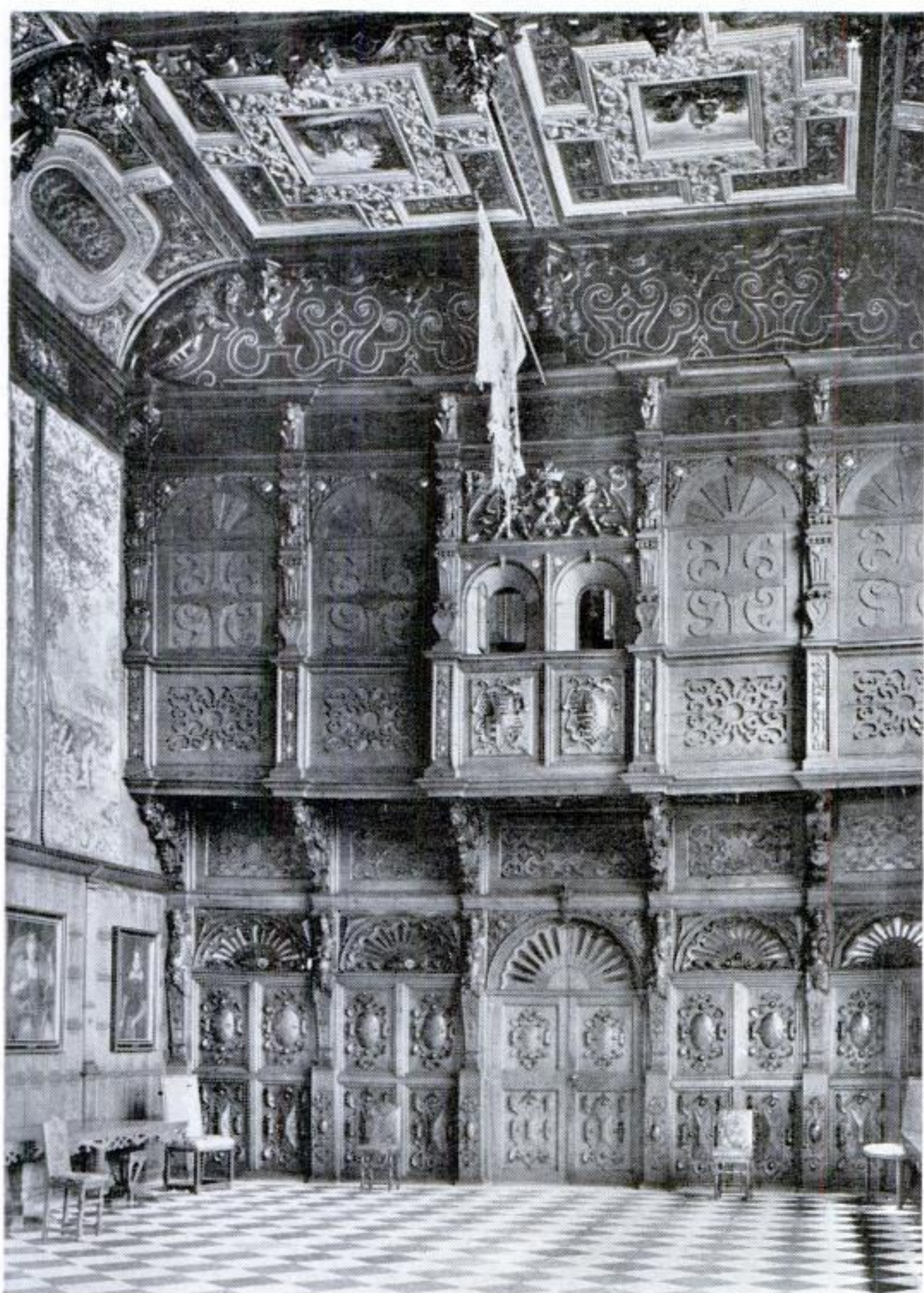
HATFIELD HOUSE was built in 1611 by the first Earl of Salisbury, Robert Cecil. By his management, not long before, James I quietly succeeded Queen Elizabeth against the opposition of Sir Walter Raleigh and his friends. This great and misshap-

en man died just as he finished building Hatfield to his own design. The tattered battle flags of the Great Hall (*above*) are not those of the Cecils, but the carved crest with cherubs above little windows in the paneled screen is the Cecil crest.

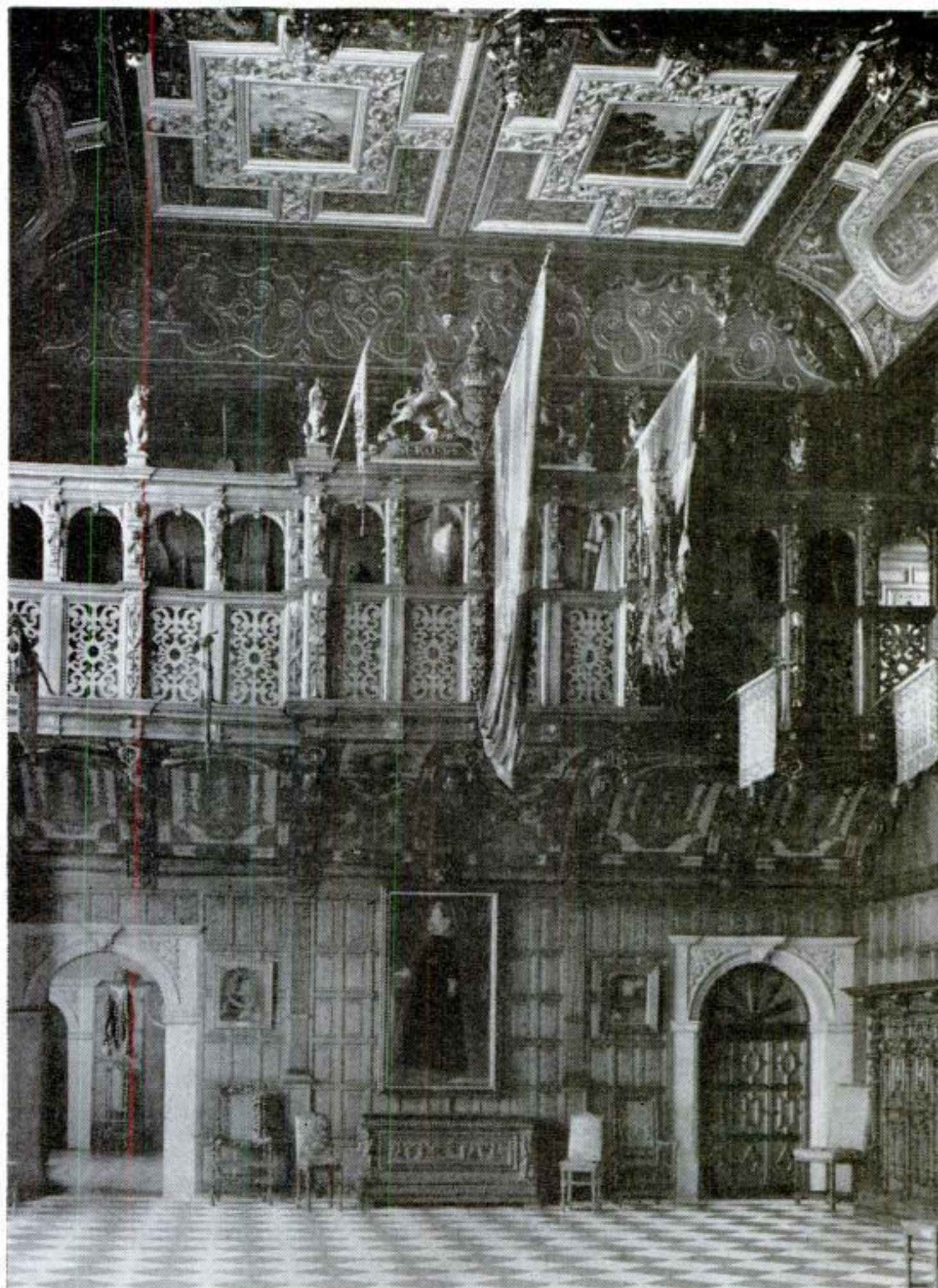


KNOLE, one of the most celebrated old houses in England, was built in the 13th Century by an Earl of Pembroke, was sold to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave it to King Henry VIII in 1537. It later was given to the Sackvilles, a bellicose

family who fought French, Turks and Scots. Thomas Sackville was a colleague of Robert Cecil in government of Elizabeth. Comparison with the picture on the opposite page shows how little the Cartoon Gallery (*above*) has changed since 1600.



THE WONDERFUL PANELING of Hatfield's great hall, seen on opposite page, is as fine today as when it was done between 1607 and 1611 when the English nobles were aspiring to a new and foreign magnificence. This hall is 50 by 30 feet.

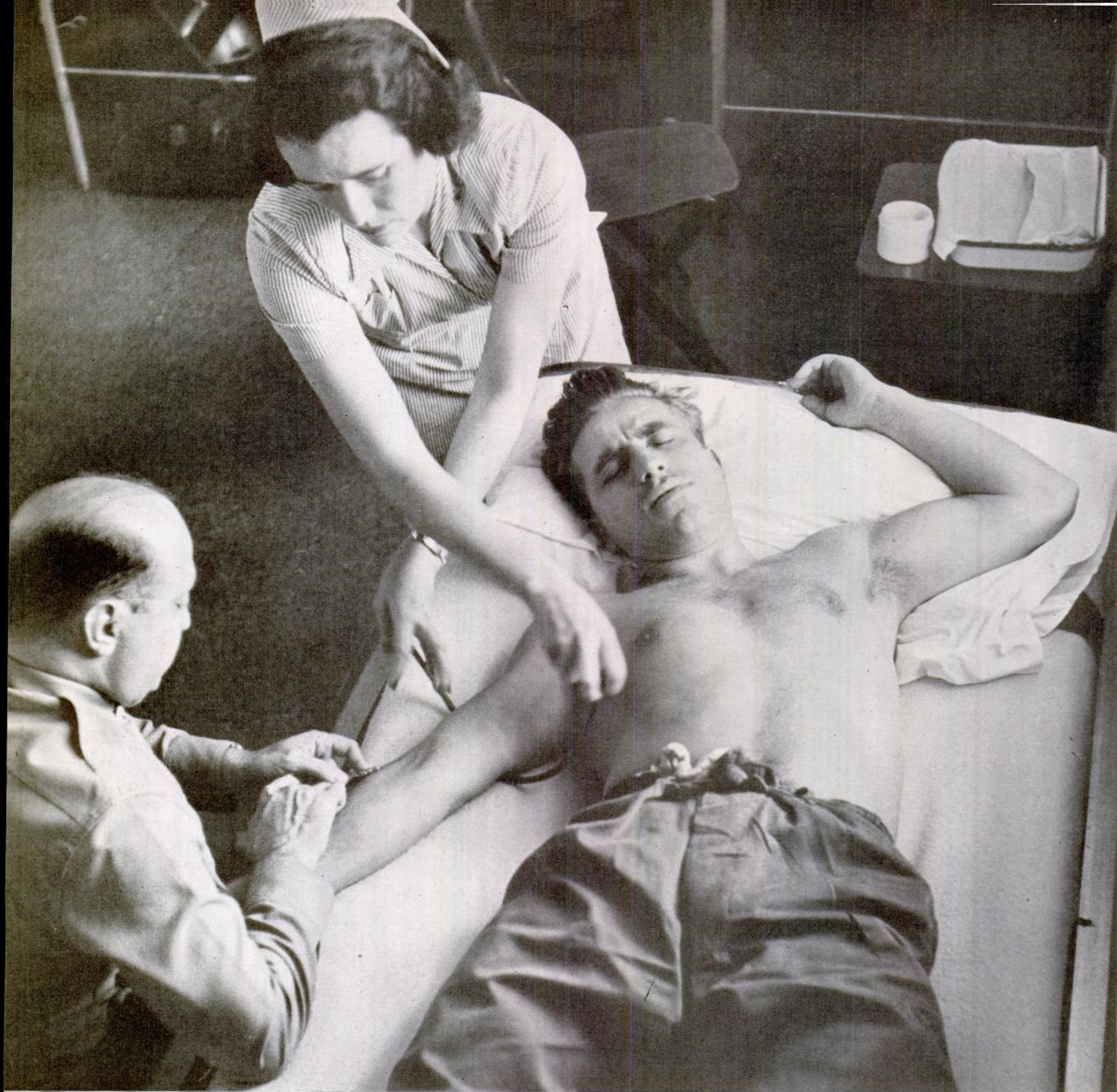


OPPOSITE END of Hatfield's great hall shows gallery and screen surmounted by carved Salisbury crest, whose motto means, "Slow but sure." Such galleries were often used for quiet gossip or as a more private passageway across the great hall.



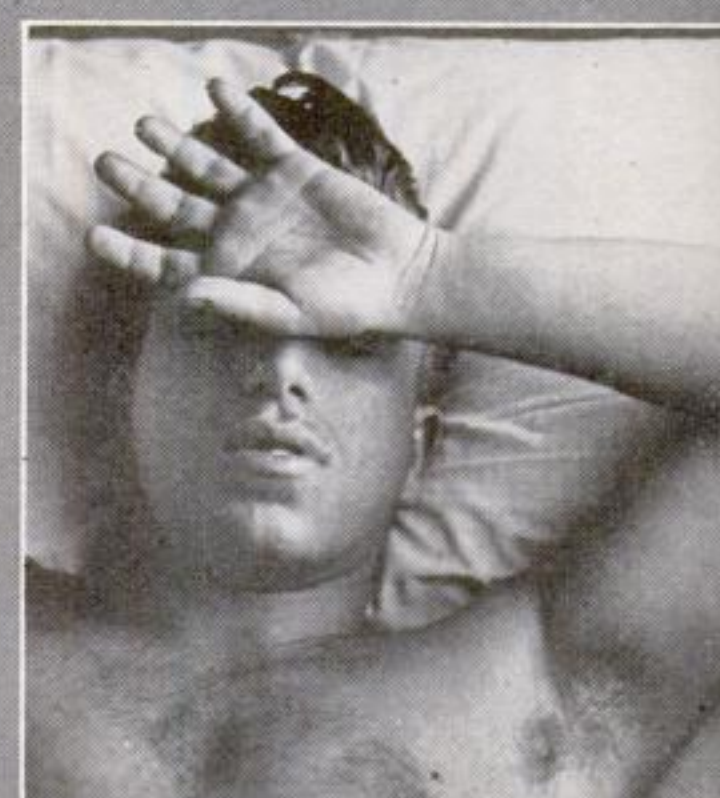
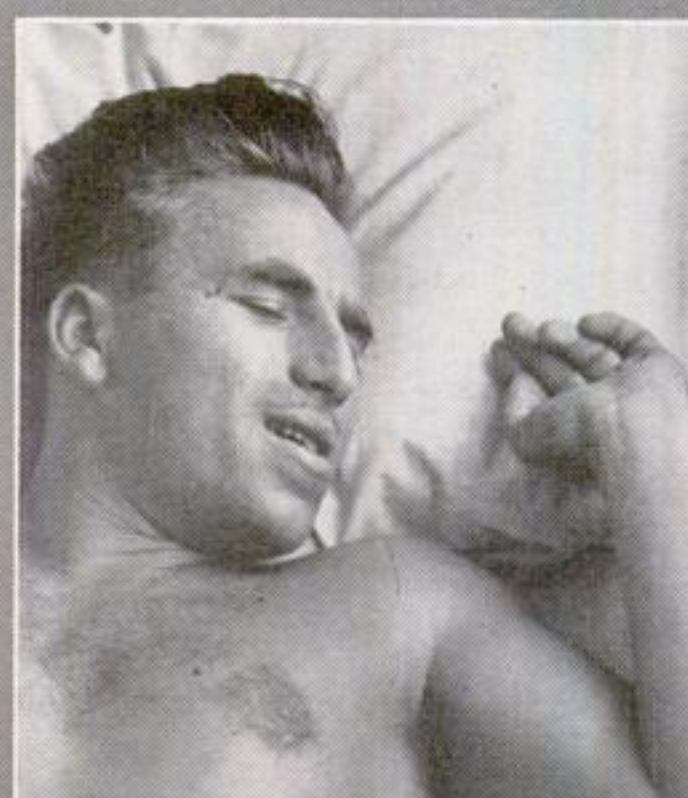
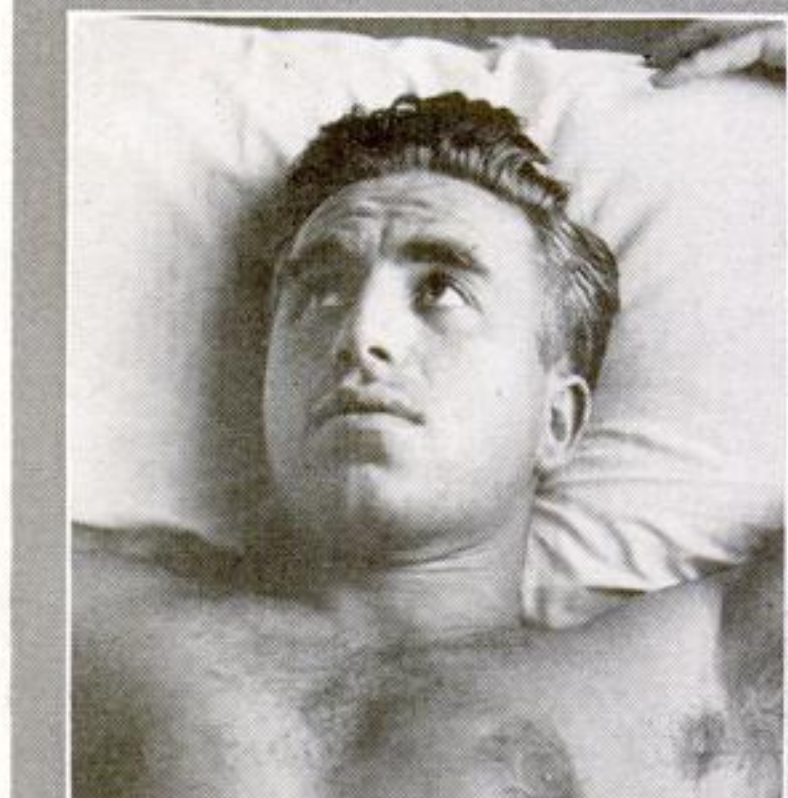
KNOLE TODAY remains much as it was when the first Earl of Dorset, a Sackville, rebuilt it soon after 1600 (see opposite page) with the help of Flemish craftsmen who built the Italianate fireplace (left) and the molded plaster ceiling. The por-

traits include Henry VIII by Holbein. Silver boys before fireplace date from 1696. Knole has a number of long galleries, in a fashion that died out in a hundred years. Present Baron Sackville of Knole is negotiating to transfer it to the National Trust.



Beginning a "narco-synthesis interview," psychiatrist inserts needle, injects sodium amytal into patient's vein, as nurse removes rubber tourniquet tube from upper arm. Soon patient will begin

to pour out his unconscious thoughts and feelings. This soldier previously was paralyzed in both legs, is now able to walk. He is not the one described in the fictional case on following pages.



DURING INTERVIEW THE PATIENT'S FACE REFLECTS VARIOUS EMOTIONS AND THOUGHTS, WHICH PREVIOUSLY HAVE BEEN HIDDEN FROM HIS CONSCIOUS MIND

A SHORT TALK WITH ERLANGER

THE ARMY IS USING A DRAMATIC TREATMENT CALLED NARCO-SYNTHESIS TO HELP PSYCHIATRIC CASUALTIES

by JOHN HERSEY

One of the most useful therapeutic techniques for the treatment of neuropsychiatric cripples elaborated and perfected during World War II is the one called narco-synthesis. The following is a typical case history in fiction form.

The photographs taken at Mason General Hospital at Brentwood, N.Y. show actual patients and have no connection with the imaginary case described here. The pictures on these two pages were taken by LIFE Photographer Davis E. Scherman. Those on the two following pages are from a Signal Corps film directed by Major John Huston.

The patient rode in on a wheel chair. He had a shy smile on his face.

A lieutenant colonel, an Army psychiatrist, was standing in the room. He said, "Good morning, Erlanger."

The patient said, "Morning, doctor."

"How do you feel this morning?"

"I feel fine. However, except my leg. It won't carry me to walk. It hurts here. It worries me, my leg, sir."

"All right," the colonel said. "We're going to try to help that leg."

An attendant, a nurse and Erlanger's ward officer helped Erlanger to hop on his left leg from the wheel chair to the edge of an iron cot. The patient was a huge man, but he seemed to want aid in everything he did. The nurse helped him take off his red hospital jacket, eased him down on the cot and straightened his limp right leg. The colonel pulled up a wooden folding chair and sat beside the bed.

Erlanger asked, "What are you going to do to me this morning?"

The colonel said, "We're going to give you an injection that will make you feel good."

Erlanger said, "Shots. I got enough shots in me since I come in the Army. I got everything, I got typhoid, yellow fever, I don't know all I got."

The nurse handed the colonel a hypodermic needle, a pad of alcohol-soaked gauze and a rubber tourniquet tube.

Erlanger said, "You got enough in that needle in there for a horse."

The colonel said, "It'll make you feel good."

"I mean a very big horse."

The colonel pulled the tourniquet tube tight around Erlanger's husky upper arm, cleaned the hollow place at the bend of his arm with the gauze

pad and stuck the needle into the antecubital vein. As soon as the needle was in, the nurse pulled the shade down over the window and drew a curtain across the door. The crippled man lay in semi-darkness.

The nurse snapped the tourniquet tube loose and the doctor slowly pushed one cubic centimeter of 10% sodium amytal solution into the vein, left the needle's point still embedded, and said, "Count backwards from 100."

Erlanger said, "That I can do." And he began, "100, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94 . . ."

Everything the colonel knew about Pfc Fred M. Erlanger was contained in a manila folder which lay next to the nurse's white instrument tray on the table across the room. This was Erlanger's medical record, which the colonel had studied carefully before the patient came in. The first item in it was simply a beaten-up slip of rough paper with a notation on it that after a night patrol action near Nürnberg, Private Erlanger had been admitted to the 109th Field Hospital incapable of walking and claiming that a blast from nearby mortar explosions was responsible for his condition. On the same slip there was a second note, that two days later, after examinations had failed to turn up any wounds, lesions, bruises or degeneration of tissue which might have been caused by concussion, he was sent on to the 182nd Evacuation Hospital. There, according to succeeding papers, he had been given further tests, which showed no disturbance in the structure of muscle or nerve or bone such as might have been caused by blast, indicated that he was not suffering from infantile paralysis, that he had not had a stroke, and showed nothing clinically except fatigue and slightly higher than normal blood pressure. He was, so far as science could tell, sound of wind and limb. And yet he could not walk. The hospital tried a fortnight's rest, with massage and heat therapy, but the leg did not get better. Erlanger was, therefore, referred for neuropsychiatric examination. The most important document in the record was the form filled out by the evacuation hospital's psychiatrist. It read as follows:

"*Chief Complaint:* Weakness, simulating paralysis, of right leg. Pain, centering in thigh.

"*History of Present Illness:* The patient states that he felt well and was not bothered by excessive anxiety before April 16, when, during a patrol

skirmish at night, his best friend was killed and he himself was under severe mortar fire for some time. First began to notice weakness in leg while withdrawing from patrol. Next day could not walk. Patient insists that his condition must have been caused by concussive effect of mortar fire.

"*Military History:* Inducted into Army as selectee Nov. 10, 1943. To England September 1944. Received grade of private first class November 1944. Joined division in Germany as replacement January 1945; saw 46 days continuous front-line action Seventh Army front in reconnaissance combat team. Understands he has been recommended for Bronze Star as result of action in which he was 'injured.'

"*Past Medical History:* Mumps, measles, chicken pox, whooping cough as child. T & A age 7. Appendectomy age 17. No serious accidents. VD denied.

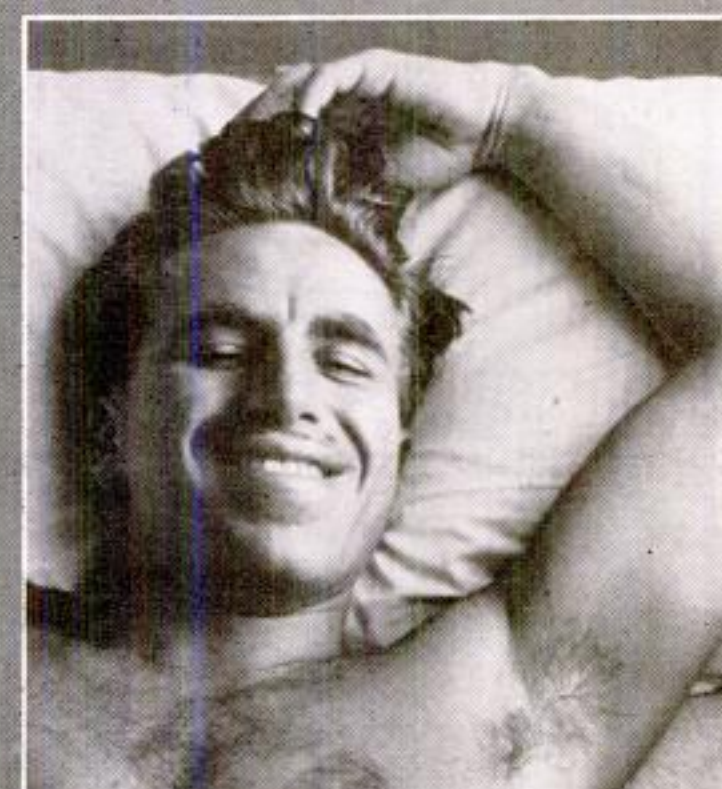
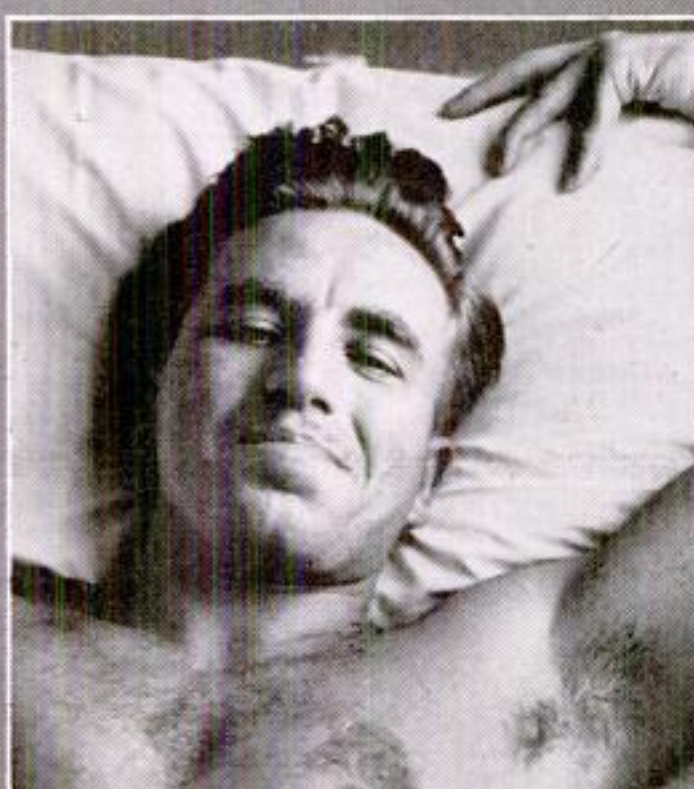
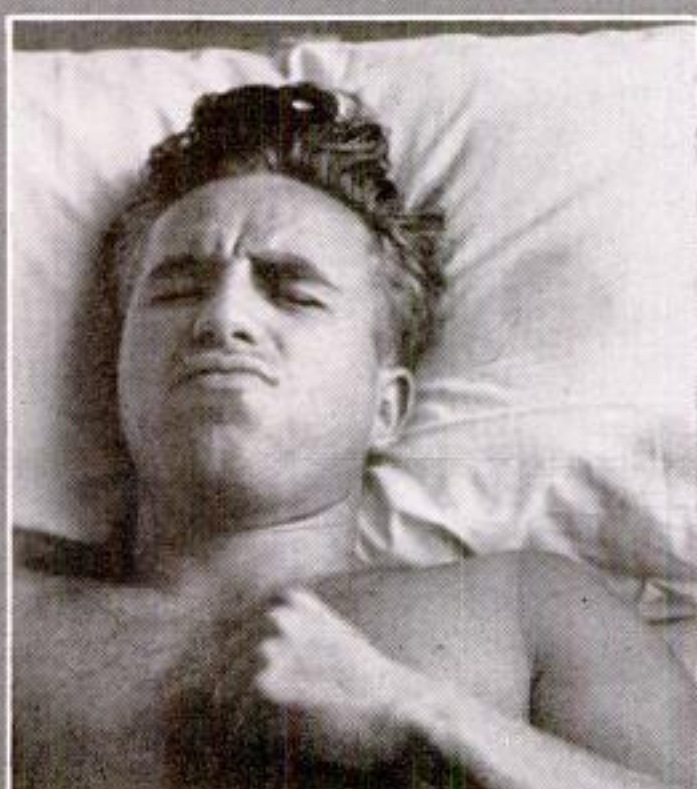
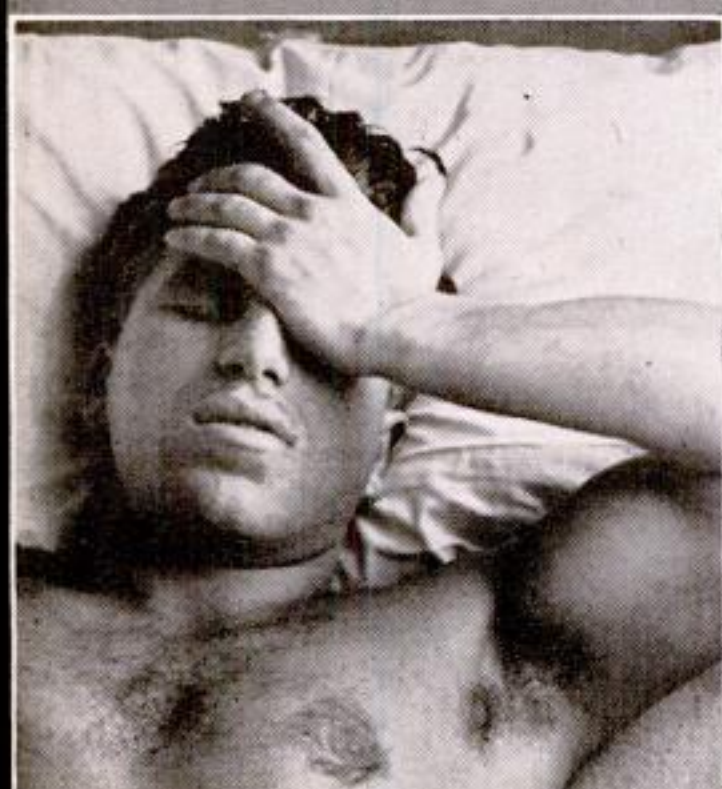
"*Social History:* Born in Skaneateles, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1924. Lived for 16 years on his father's dairy farm, then left family to go to Syracuse, N. Y., where he worked as truck driver delivering bottled gas, as electrician's helper, road-construction laborer and grocery delivery boy and clerk. Unmarried, says he could not afford it; had several girls and wanted to marry one just before he was drafted but has since given up idea. Does not write to this girl. Corresponds seldom with his family. Smokes, moderate social drinker. States he gets on well with people and dislikes being alone. Enjoys hunting and fishing; has not participated in team sports despite powerful physique.

"*Family History:* Father, age 54, living and well; described as being 'strong and kind of angry all the time.' Mother, 51, living, a calm, quiet person. Siblings: one older brother, two younger sisters—one sister 'nervous.'

"*Psychiatric Examination:* Patient describes his symptoms with classic *belle indifférence** but insists on their crippling effect. Has no insight into possibility that they may have been related to situation anxiety. Describes himself as being rather conscientious and says he always wanted to do the best he could in everything he tried. Wishes he had had more education. Says he is sick

* A term first applied by the French doctor, Pierre Janet, and now generally used to describe the typical attitude of apparent indifference which hysteria patients show toward their symptoms.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



HE SHOWS AND SPEAKS OF SHADOWY MEMORIES, DEEP CALM, WORRY, REPRESSED DESIRES, ANGER, GUILT, HOSTILITIES, FEAR AND FINALLY PLEASURE AND PEACE

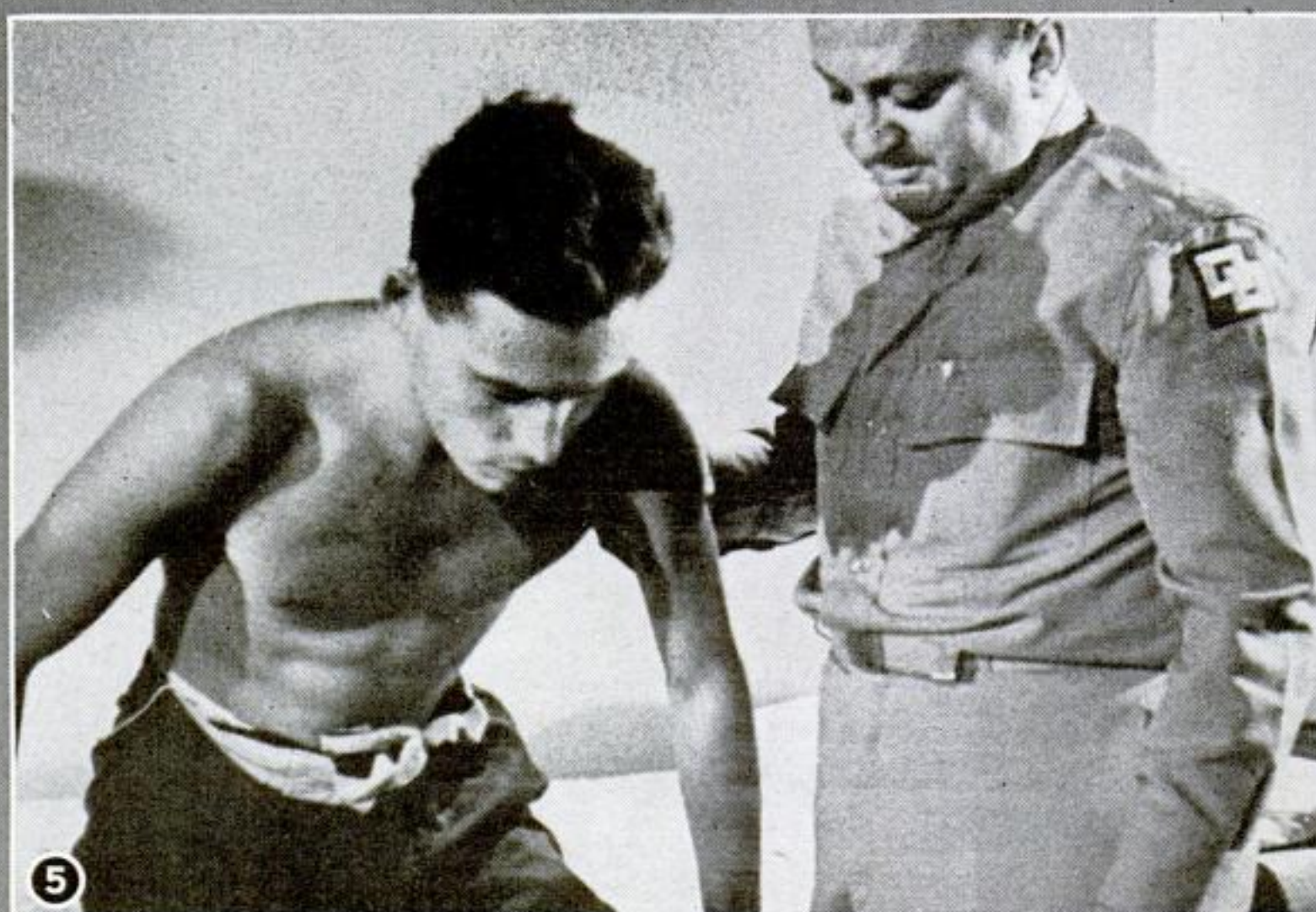
STILLS FROM A SIGNAL CORPS FILM SHOW HOW ARMY PSYCHIATRISTS USE NARCO-SYNTHESIS



1 CRIPPLED GI ENTERS OFFICE. (HE IS NOT THE MAN DESCRIBED IN STORY BELOW)



2 BEFORE BEGINNING THE TREATMENT, DOCTOR ASKS HIM ABOUT HIS TROUBLE



5 PSYCHIATRIST ENCOURAGES THE PATIENT TO TRY GETTING OFF BED AND WALKING



6 GUIDED BY THE DOCTOR, THE PATIENT DELIGHTEDLY TAKES HIS FIRST STEPS

A SHORT TALK CONTINUED

of army life. Speech is badly blocked when he tries to tell about night patrol of April 16, and he gets quite upset when talking about loss of friend in that action. No psychotic symptoms.

"Impression: Anxiety state, severe, with hysterical conversion symptoms manifested by paralysis of right leg.

"Disposition: Since action has ended in this theater and since patient's division has orders for redeployment to Pacific theater, it is recommended that patient be boarded for return to Z.I."

Next in the folder came the order which took Erlanger home from Europe: "... The board, having carefully examined Pfc F. M. Erlanger and the clinical records pertaining to his case, find that he is unfit for further duty in ETO, U. S. Army, because of: Anxiety-hysteria state, severe, following combat. Line of Duty: Yes. In view of the above findings the board recommends that this patient be transferred to the Zone of the Interior for further hospitalization and treatment."

The last pages in the history had to do with Erlanger's admission and orientation to Whittier General Hospital. There were reports on further physical examinations, nurses' notes on the patient's daily routine and the summary of an exploratory interview which the lieutenant colonel had had with the patient. All these things put together said the same thing. There was nothing physically wrong with Erlanger's leg. The paralysis was a "hysterical conversion"—a device con-

trived by the unconscious part of his mind. Erlanger had no conscious knowledge of the true causes of the paralysis; he could not, therefore, be classified as a malingerer.

On the basis of this history the lieutenant colonel had decided to have a talk with all the levels of Fred Erlanger's mind—from the conscious to the deep unconscious. He would do this with the help of a barbiturate drug which would break down Erlanger's emotional inhibitions and allow him, for a few minutes before the drug put him to sleep, to pour out in their full intensity some of the terrible, unconscious anxiety, guilt, hostility and other emotions that were responsible for his sickness. Now, as Erlanger counted, the sodium amytal began to tear down barriers, making such a talk possible.

When in his counting Erlanger reached the number 84, he raised his head off the pillow and without stopping his recital, blinked and looked around. He said, "83, 82, 81, 80, 79 . . ."

He dropped his head back on the pillow. His voice had become thick. The sibilants of the 70s fell off his tongue blunted, as if he were drunk. The numbers came slowly, "78, 77, 76, 76 . . . 76 . . ."

The patient begins to speak

Erlanger stopped counting. He lay still for a moment. His head rolled twice from side to side. His eyes grew big and looked frightened, and he closed them with a frown, but opened them

quickly again, as if the shadows moving across the insides of his eyelids were unbearable.

He said, "O-o-oh," and the breath rushed out of his throat as he pronounced the syllable.

The colonel said, "What's the matter?"

Erlanger said, "I don't like the dark."

"Why?"

"O-o-oh, those goddamn patrols."

"Tell me about the last one you went on."

"No, I don't like to remember."

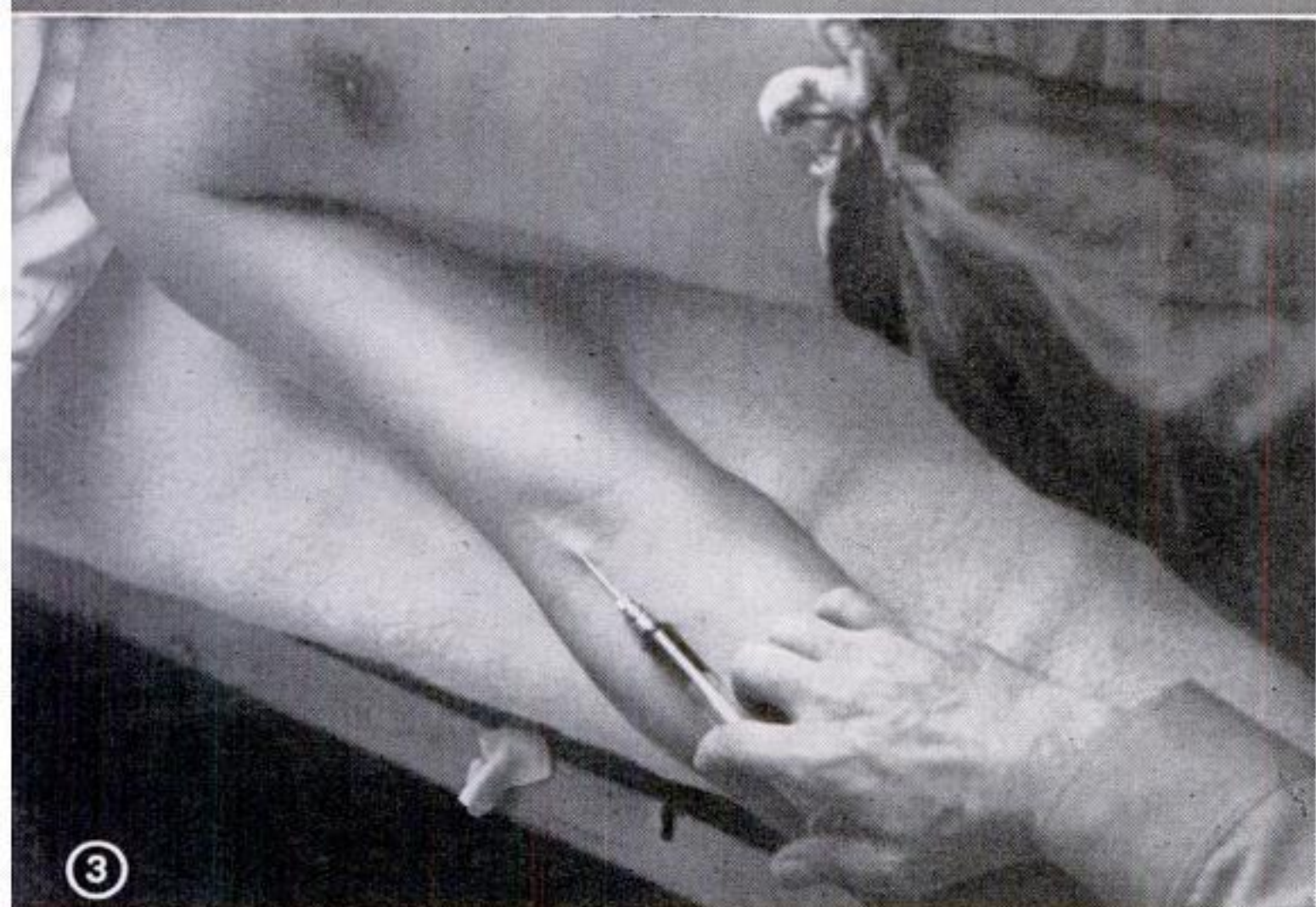
"Remember it," the colonel said firmly. "Tell me about it."

"We were dug in there, we were dug in on a hill. Not exactly a hill, a kind of a rise with some of those terraces, had grapevines on them. I remember Ting, we were trying to eat, Ting said something about, 'Write my mother I was a brave boy.' He meant it funny. So there we were dug in on that hill, and the captain told us we would jump off around 10 o'clock.

"I was pooped. I hadn't been sleeping so good at that particular time. So Ting said he'd take the point. It was my turn to take the point, but Ting knew I was played out and pooped so he said he'd trade the point for four butts. The thing I'm glad of, he smoked all four butts I gave him before we started—I'm very glad of that, anyhow.

"However, time came to get up off our duff and go. The idea, what the captain said the idea was, we were supposed to find out where the Jerries were so the division could go through where they weren't; that was the idea. There were some woods up ahead off to the right and some of these

TO TREAT A SOLDIER CRIPPLED BY A PARALYZED LEG AND HELP HIM TO WALK NORMALLY AGAIN



③

NEEDLE IS INSERTED IN ANTECUBITAL VEIN AND DRUG IS INJECTED SLOWLY



④

PATIENT POURS OUT ALL THE UNCONSCIOUS EMOTIONS WHICH HAVE CRIPPLED HIM



⑦

WITHIN A FEW SECONDS HE STRIDES ACROSS ROOM STEADILY AND NORMALLY



⑧

A FEW DAYS LATER HE TAKES PART IN A BASEBALL GAME. HE HAS HIT HOME RUN

small farms with stone walls to the left. Most probably the Jerries were in the woods, or maybe the farms, or maybe both. We didn't know, we were going to find out, we were so goddamn smart we were going to find out.

"So Ting assumed the point of our platoon, he was the first man and cracking wise the whole time. I was about 20 yards behind him, I guess I was that much. If our lieutenant had been any good, he would have taken the point up there; however, he was no good, he led us from where he could watch our shoulder blades. That is why, also me being pooped, is why Ting was way out in front.

"Up over this rise. Barking your shins on the grapevines.

"Near the top of this first rise, I got very scared. It was so quiet that night you could hear the worms eating the grape leaves—that was what Ting said before we started—so I shouted to Ting in a whisper, I said, 'Ting, for Christ sake let me take the point.'

"All he said, he whispered, 'Shhh, you want to get us all killed?'

In telling this much, Erlanger had been showing increasing signs of agitation. Now, however, he broke off and lay calm, as if he had begun to think of something else, something tolerable.

To stimulate him the colonel said, "Who is Ting?"

Erlanger said, "Ting? You didn't know Ting? He was my friend."

The colonel waited.

Erlanger said again, "He was my friend." After another pause he said, "He was a little guy and look at me, I'm a great big horse, and he could do ten times as much as me. Hell, he used to look out for me. 'Did you remember to draw your PX ration?' 'Have you got your grenades?' 'You better eat something, Fred.' Always after me. Always jumping on me."

A shadow of a smile disturbed Erlanger's lips. "Why," he said, "he was the worst goddamn robber. He would rob your last sheet of paper, right when you had a dose of the trots. Son of a bitch. Lazy son of a bitch. Whenever the work came around, very sorry, he was busy, something important to do."

Erlanger paused again. Then, with a sudden flood of intense emotion, he said, "He took the best care of me."

The colonel said urgently, "All right. You were on that hill." As he said this, he rearranged the needle, which still lay pricked into Erlanger's vein, and forced a second cubic centimeter of amytal into the arm.

Erlanger began to speak in a low, urgent voice. "Ting should've let me come up in front there, it was my turn, he should've let me. . . . I was glad I wasn't up there. I didn't want him to lead us into the woods. Christ, it was light, I never thought a quarter of a moon could make it like that. We came to this road, they'd told us in the briefing it might have mines. The thing was to follow Ting. I was thinking we ought to stay out of the woods. Oh, I liked the grass where we came to it, on the

other side of the road; you could hide in it. They should've mowed it, I remember I thought they should've taken the hay in before that. We could've stayed there in the grass. I didn't want Ting for goodness sake to take us in the woods. That grass smelled so good.

"Ting, he was sensible, he bore off. They'd told us, go in the woods, but he was exactly right, I would've done the same; those farms looked better, less dangerous.

"Oh, I was so scared. The farms had some stone walls; these walls were nice. Built good. You could hide there pretty good. We went over a couple and across this plowed-up land.

"I wanted Ting should look out. He was going too near a house there; they could see us out there in that damn moonshine.

"Oh my God, I heard a dog barking. I wondered how far away it was. I wondered could it smell us out. I couldn't tell anything at night.

"We got past one farm, one farm behind us. I looked back and I could see some dumb bastards back there standing up against the sky. Get down, you dopes, get down, I wanted to shout.

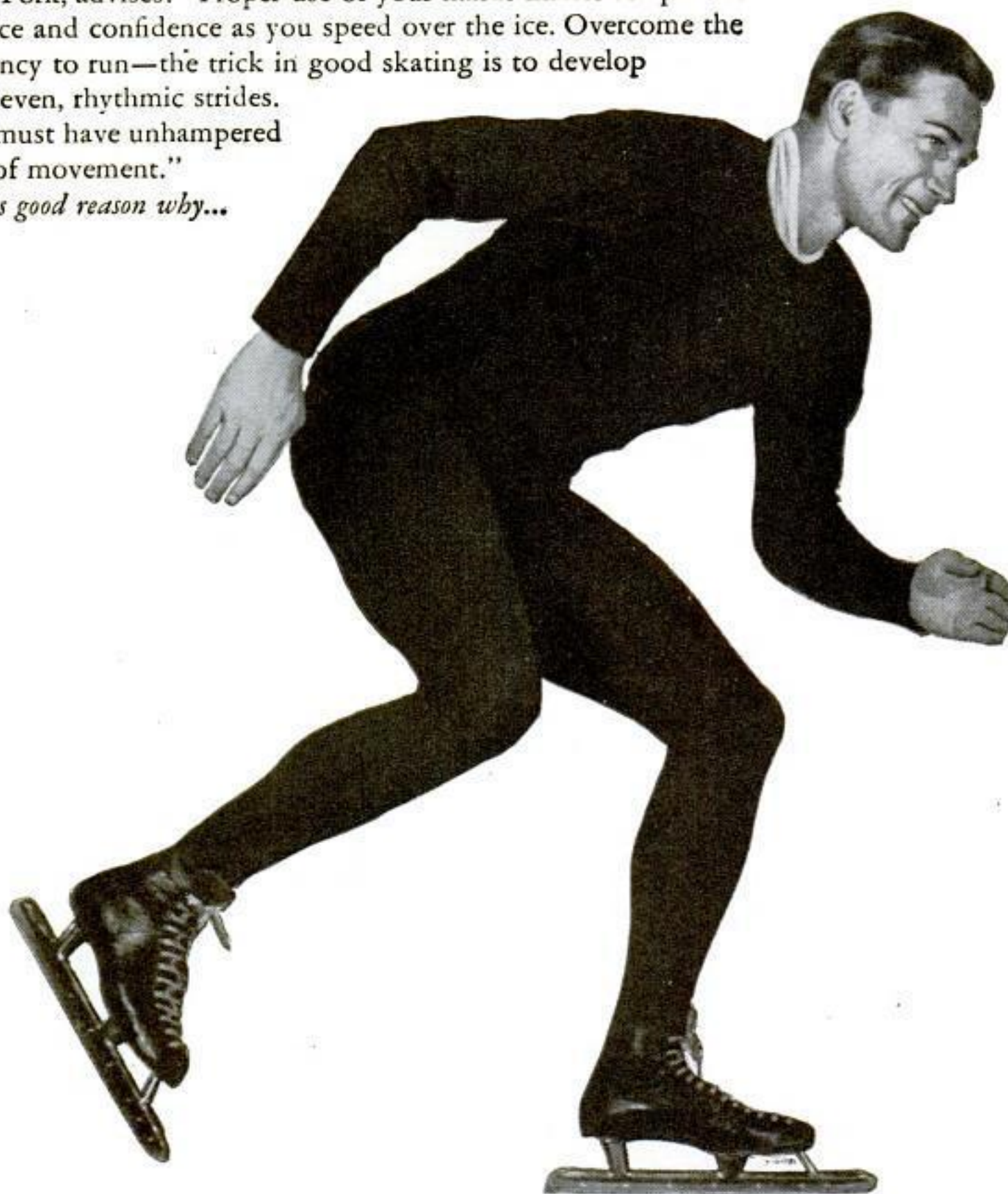
"Then we went through a terrible place to go through. Couldn't Ting have stayed away from undergrowth like that, bushes like that? You couldn't tell anything in there, where you were, even. You just hoped you'd come out right.

"Whew, then it was better, in the open. . . . Those barns didn't look so good. . . . Skirt around, Ting!"

Erlanger started, as if someone had jabbed a pin deep into him.

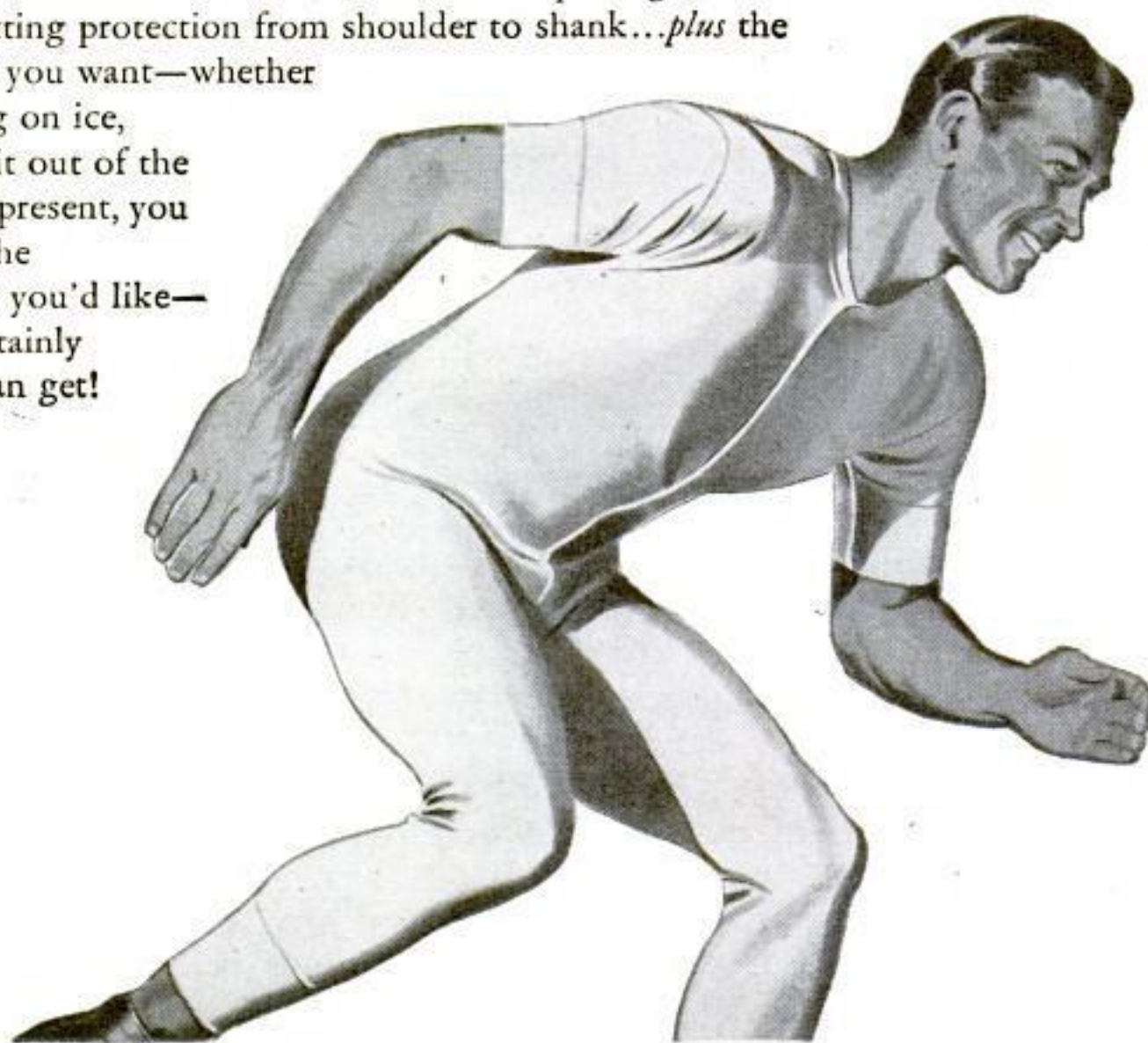
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A SHORT TALK CONTINUED

An electrifying change took place. His eyes closed. Some gear shifted in his mind, and he began speaking in the present tense. He was evidently transported back to the very situation and had heard in his skull the dim echo of a shot.

He said, "Oh my gosh, who did that? What dumb, trigger-happy son of a bitch did that? That was way back. Now they know we're coming. I bet it was the lieutenant. The brickhead."

Suddenly Erlanger loosed a series of ejaculations and twitched and grimaced in fear. He stopped talking coherently.

The colonel asked, "What is happening?"

For a few moments, in answer to this question, which recalled him part way from his real-seeming memory, Erlanger spoke directly to the colonel, as if he were telling a story and yet as if he were part of the story.

"The Jerries have opened fire," he said. "I think they're behind that stone fence and in among those barns in there. Oh, they've got us. They got cross angles on us. Without tracers you can't tell much. I got to work over toward that sidewall. I'd like to run away, and I would, only they'd get me if I stood up."

Again Erlanger broke off and grunted mere syllables of surprise and fear. He was now gripping both sides of the bed with his hands. His face was pale and his breath came fast.

The colonel asked, "What is that?"

"Ting. He's hollering. He's hollering and screaming my name. They must have hit him with a grenade, there were some grenades went off right near. Oh Jesus, Ting, if I come help you they'll mash me with the same thing. . . . Stop that screaming. I hear you; everyone can hear you. . . ."

Now Erlanger broke into a halting, shuddering laugh.

The colonel said, "What's the joke?"

Erlanger was immediately drained of his false humor and looked frightened again. "Bronze Star," he said. "I'm in for a Bronze Star. How do you like that, for what I did on the field of battle? Huh? How do you like it? First I kill my best friend, then he saves my life, so I get in for the Bronze Star." He paused, and then the manifestations of cold fear seemed subtly to be translated to those of cold hate and fury. He continued with bitter sarcasm. "My father will be pleased. Oh, yeah, I can see him, yeah, the old man will be very proud. He's a wonderful man and all that, doctor, but for years he's been after me with his goddamn D.S.M., always telling me, always writing me, 'Well, any day now our rural free delivery is looking for your citation.' Needn't to come home without some kind of decoration, he didn't want me back, however, except if I was a hero. Now I'm a hero, I can go home, he will pound me and slap me and tell me I did good. . . ."

The colonel interrupted (and injected a third cubic centimeter of amytal). "Tell me about Ting. What did you do?"

Erlanger gets Ting

"Well, I crawled up there where he was screaming. More grenades, of course. The Jerries wanted him to shut up just like I did. It's natural; nobody wants a grownup man to make a noise like that. So I crawled up there, and the first thing I did, I reached out and grabbed his hand and I figured to pull him back by the hand and so I pulled on it and the hand came along and a piece of the arm came along and the whole thing didn't weigh more than a small kitten; it came right off him. That was what I was dragging off the field of battle, Ting's hand up to the elbow. So of course I had to go back for the rest of him. The grenades were not close enough, however, only by luck. This time I got onto the solid part of him and I jerked and yanked at him and I got him back a way. I had to leave the hand out there, I had no place to put it. So I kind of shinnied under him and pried him onto my back and I crawled on back to near a wall. I was damn near dead then from being scared to death of dying. So I just lay down there while Ting passed out. At least I figure he did, because he didn't sound off like before.

"And then they started slinging mortars in."

This memory, slipping out into the open so suddenly, cracked Erlanger's sense of time and threw him back again into the actual situation. He gave a full minute's exhibition of naked, unashamed, uninhibited terror; exactly what he had felt inwardly that night by the stone wall in Germany. He was, for a time, a man in the sharply recollected presence of death.

He ripped his arm out from under the needle, wrenched himself away from the outer side of the bed and huddled abjectly against the wall. His face turned white, then greenish-gray. He began to tremble violently, and his body suffered gross jolts when the memory of each mortar flash dazzled his brain. A fine perspiration broke out on his upper lip, forehead and neck. His breath came faster and faster, until

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



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A SHORT TALK CONTINUED

he sounded like a panting, shivering puppy. He uttered no words, only Neanderthal mouthings.

He turned back toward the open bed, flung out an arm, grabbed his pillow, put it over his shoulders, got up on his knees, scrabbled at the wall of the room for a moment as if he were trying to climb it, sank back, made himself as small as possible in the angle between bed and wall and pulled the pillow—with great effort, as if it were unwieldy, heavy and repugnant—over his body. He lay that way and shook and cried.

The doctor allowed this violent outpouring to go on for about a minute, then he said, "Erlanger! You're all right now, you're out of danger. You're in the hospital, back in the States."

Gradually Erlanger's shivering eased. His huge body became unstrapped by terror and free again. He said, "Don't send me back, I can't go back in there."

"The war is over, Erlanger. You are safe now."

"I want somebody to take care of me. I want to go home." The big man lying on the cot spoke like a little child.

"You are safe now," the colonel said. "You have nothing to fear."

Calmed by these reassurances, Erlanger's mind now paraded with incredible economy, speed and efficiency, a series of haunting, significant memories. They were memories of things small in themselves, things which had happened, in vague parallel if not in exact replica, to nearly every American boy and soldier. But they were a combination of things which, entering into the unique architecture of this man's personality, had attacked it in the crucial corners, had corroded its keystones and rotted its beams until, in the face of a climax of fright—that happening by the wall—the whole architecture had come tumbling down. These were surface things, mostly recent things. The amytal could not illuminate so quickly the dark, deep areas in the very foundations of Erlanger's mind where (and only where) real light and health would have to reside if the structure were to be built again with any hope of permanency. But it was neither the amytal's nor, for that matter, the Army's job to get at those deeper mysteries. The Army had set itself, and the amytal might help, only to make a functioning man again out of this neurotic cripple. The recital of the series of isolated shocks and wounds to his feelings, incidentally, let Erlanger's mind postpone the business of facing calmly enough to verbalize it the memory of the incident by the wall.

The colonel said, "You can tell me, now, about what happened beside the wall."

"Do I look like a horse?"

A brief shiver, repeating in miniature the nightmarish fear Erlanger had just been through, jarred his body.

He turned his face helplessly toward the colonel and said, "Doctor, do I look like a horse, or an ox, to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Doctor, I'm such a big strong horse of a man, how could I get so weak? What's the matter with my leg? I want to walk, I ought to be strong enough to take care of myself and walk around."

"You will be. Tell me what happened by the wall."

"Don't ask me to talk about that. Let's talk about it tomorrow."

"No, now. Tell me now."

"Doctor, I'll tell you what bothered me even more than beside that wall there. I'll tell you. It was seeing a horse one day, I was going along and I seen a horse lying right out in a field with its legs up in the air and its guts all over the ground, just like that, dead as hell. What could a horse do to the Germans? Just because it couldn't pull them fast enough to run away, it couldn't keep up with the half-tracks and trucks to run away and pull something for them, that was all, so they blew him up in the stomach; it was a yellow, cowardly bastard's trick to do that to a horse. That made me damn sore, seeing that." Erlanger was close to tears.

"What happened beside the wall?"

Erlanger frowned. "I remember something," he said. "It bothers me, I used to think about it all the time overseas."

"What's that?"

"On my mother's bureau, home, she's got a picture. It's a picture of me when I was three, four years old. I got long curly hair and I got a dress on. I was too old to be like that. How you think that makes a big horse like me feel, to remember that picture?"

The doctor told Erlanger that was nothing to worry about—that in those days mothers often kept dresses on boys a long time.

"Is that true?" Erlanger seemed to be thinking it over. Suddenly he said, "Sometimes I'd like to push Lieutenant Grant's face in."

"Who is he?"

"He was our lieutenant. I remember one time we were walking

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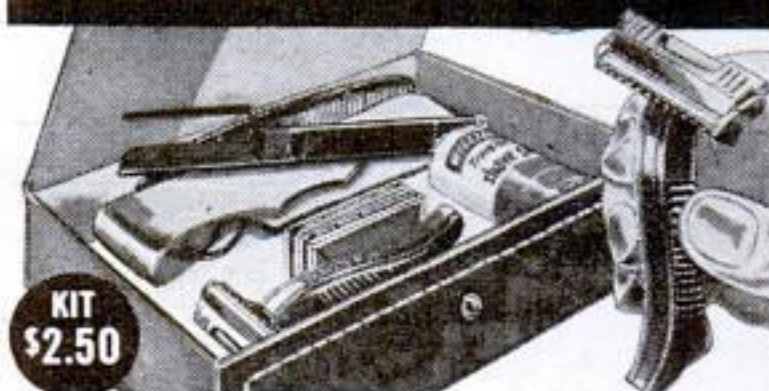
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Priority Special

by Harry Bedwell



THIS true short-story was condensed from "Priority Special," by Harry Bedwell, Southern Pacific telegraph operator and noted writer of railroad stories for national magazines.



SGT. ERNIE WALL—hospital train patient and ex-Southern Pacific railroader—eyed the three silent patients in the bunks opposite, and the Medical Corps Major. The three wounded men had been carried aboard in Los Angeles—in heavy body casts. Every slight jar and jolt caused them waves of pain. Buddies from the same Arizona range land, they'd been seriously wounded by the same Jap mortar shell. They hadn't rallied in the hospital, and now they were being returned to a hospital near their home—a final, desperate attempt to save their lives.

But, as the train left the station, there'd been a sudden application of the air brakes—for an auto trying to beat the train to the crossing. The jolt had brought them unbearable agony. More such jolts might come—and even the small vibrations of starting and stopping were wearing.



As Ernie watched, the Major made a decision. He told his orderly, "Tell the conductor we'll have to remove three stretcher patients at the next station."

Ernie could feel the hope draining from the three boys. He could sense how vital it was they get home—and he moved in. "That jolt, sir," he said, "don't have to happen again, now that we're away from city traffic, and if the DS can keep his hands off us from here on. We're coming into Alhambra now, and we're going to stop. Let's see how the eagle-eye does it when he's not forced."

They had lost momentum, but the Major couldn't tell by how much. The train drifted quietly; then, all motion was gone. Quickly, Ernie pushed his advantage.

"I told you that was a good hoghead! Sir, the station's there on the left. Go in, and you'll see a guy harnessed to a headphone. He's the brass

pounder: the op. Give him the picture! Just ask him to tell the DS to give us a good run, and to slip it to the hogger to take it extra easy on how he puts the air under this train."

Somehow, Ernie hypnotized the Major with his sincerity — and strange language. Major obeyed Sergeant—and Ernie settled back. He knew S. P. people—like Harva White, the engineer ahead; Si Youngblood, the station's veteran operator; Ed Farwell, Los Angeles dispatcher, the "DS." Sure, they'd give 'em a good run . . .

In a few moments the Major returned, an undecided look on his face. Quickly, before he could speak, Ernie began, "Did the brass pounder get word to the DS—the dispatcher, sir?"



"Yes, he told the dispatcher," the Major answered vaguely.

"And did the dispatcher get word to the eagle-eye—the engineer?"

"Yes," the Major nodded absently, "he called the engineer to the phone. Said something to him about a Priority Special."

"He did? Well, sir, you've got not a thing to worry about from here out. Why, a Priority Special's the kind of train the President of the United States gets!"

Ernie leaned over the edge of the bunk and grinned. The three hurt men relaxed, grinned back—and the Major was aware then that there are elements of the spirit that medical science couldn't reach.

Ernie listened to far, familiar sounds, gave a complacent nod, and made a remark which jolted the Major. "Had you noticed, sir, that we are on the way again?"

The Major glanced quickly out of the window. The town lights were streaming by, thinning rapidly as the Priority Special swung into the open country at a growing speed. Yet Ernie alone had felt it when Harva White put his train into gliding motion . . .

On went the train . . . on through the night. In the cab, Harva and his fireman . . . in the DS office, Ed . . . along the way, other dispatchers and operators, the yardmasters, and all the others . . . all making split-second decisions to give the Prior-

ity Special a "good run" . . . letting it go through—unchecked—while other trains paused momentarily at meeting points . . .

The miles clicked by . . . telephone and telegraph wires hummed . . . schedules were re-worked, timed to the second. On went the train . . . Alhambra, Colton . . . up San Geronio Pass . . . Indio. Not a single stop, despite the many other war trains crowding the division . . .

Then Ernie became aware of a stir in the opposite bunks. The current of life suddenly quickened. The eyes of the three burned with an expectant glow.

"The desert!" one of them whispered. "Mister, don't that smell good!"

Through the odors of drugs and medicines and germ-proof cleanliness, they had caught the first faint fragrance of their homeland. And at last, they were at peace.

Again, the Major was conscious of elements far beyond our horizons. And then, as he turned away, he saw Ernie. "How did you know we could have a 'run' like this? With all the people involved . . . all those other trains on the track . . ."

"Why," said Ernie, "that's just how it had to be done. It's men and women with the know-how, hitting it off together. Such a bunch would just naturally handle a job like this without a stumble." He said it with candid conviction.

The Major considered this a moment, "Good night, Sergeant," he said, and slightly dazed went gratefully to bed.

* * * *

The complete story, "Priority Special," by Harry Bedwell, is now in booklet form (32 pages, illustrated). For your free copy, write Southern Pacific, Dept. LE-10, 65 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.



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Stammerer sheds tears of happiness as he discovers, during narco-synthesis interview, that he can talk fluently for the first time in many weeks. He is not described in story.

A SHORT TALK CONTINUED

along—it was a dirt road, I remember that—and I was having some trouble with my foot at that particular time. I had a blister on my heel, it got full of green stuff and my foot swole up, it hurt like hell. So he comes up and he says, 'Erlanger, what's the matter with you? You're the biggest guy in the platoon but you're just like a baby.' I could kill that son of a bitch. He was a second lieutenant, he had gold bars but we used to call them his yellow stripes. I hate the goddamn Army. Nobody is ever a person. You get pushed around because you're just a serial number. I hate the whole goddamn thing. They shout at you and they say you're dumb and you're a baby and you can't take it and get the lead out of your tail and keep going and what's the matter, you afraid of getting killed? I hate it and I don't care who hears me say so. I hate it! I hate it!"

Erlanger had begun this outburst speaking quietly, but his temper and voice grew. As he shouted the two final protests, he pounded his left fist hard on the wall beside him.

After a few moments Erlanger said, quite quietly, "Horses are okay if they'll do their work, but I don't know, I just don't like cats. My sisters always had cats. I wanted a dog, but they were the baby girls, my mother always favored the baby girls, so they had a black cat with white paws on it, and she said I couldn't have a dog. I don't think my mother ever wanted any boys in the family, anyhow not after Carl—he's older than me. She never wanted me around. She treated me different. Definitely."

An argument about automobiles

Erlanger paused and then said, "I don't like anyone laughing at me."

The colonel said, "Nobody likes that."

Erlanger said resentfully, "Well, I don't like it."

"One night, you know how you sit around at night, we were bivouacked in some kind of old college or some monastery, I don't know exactly, and we were all arguing and discussing there; we were talking about automobiles after the war, what we would buy and all of that. And I got talking about my first choice, and I pronounced it *coopay*. And all the guys laughed and said any jerk knew it was pronounced *coop*. And when I told 'em my mother was half French and she said it was *coopay*, they all laughed more and called me Frenchie. And also they used to call me Jerry, because I had a German name, like I wasn't a loyal soldier or something, and there was one guy, he was a tech sergeant, he was too wise for his own good, he used to pick on me all the time. He used to call me Moose, because of my size, and whenever I got tired or like that—you know, a big person gets tired just as much as a small one, sometimes more—he always used to chew my tail and say I was soft. . . . They better not pick on me, I can handle any man, I'll beat the tar out of them." Suddenly Erlanger's belligerency broke and he said miserably, "Doctor, it used to make me very nervous, the way they picked on me. I just wanted to be friendly."

In similar words and with rising and falling moods, Erlanger aired his memories of having been fired, at the age of 18, from the job of wrestling 200-pound tanks of artificial gas on and off delivery trucks because, his boss said, he was a "big slob but not man enough for a heavy job"; of unwarranted, extravagant abuse received in England from an MP; of being laughed at, the first time he asked a girl for a date; of a dirty trick his friend Ting had played on him—setting



A short time later the stammerer (opposite page), wholly relieved of symptoms, is congratulated by an officer as he gets his discharge from hospital and Army at same time.

Erlanger up as the victim of a practical joke involving an imaginary ammunition-dump detail; of having been recommended for the Bronze Star because, on the way back from the wall that night, he had helped a wounded man in spite of his own already painfully weak leg; of not being able to keep up with smaller men in basketball at school; of being forced to listen to his father's stories of the last war—claims of heroism and loud-laughing histories of debauchery; of having been beaten up, when he first arrived in Syracuse, by the block bully, a man much smaller than he; of his feeling, often-repeated, that he never did anything well; of trying to make love in a bawdyhouse, to which he had been taken by friends, and of failing, because he was afraid of catching something; of having been slapped, for a stupidity rather than a misdemeanor, by a teacher in school.

After the interview had lasted in all about 15 minutes, the colonel broke in and said, "Now, Erlanger, I want you to tell me exactly what happened beside the wall."

Erlanger said weakly, "I don't like to remember that."

The colonel said, "You've got to face it. Now tell me."

"Well," Erlanger said, "I got Ting back there by the wall and the mortars started dropping in, so I thought I better get against the wall, then I thought I ought to go over. So I tried it with Ting—I didn't know was he dead or alive—I tried getting him on my shoulders and over the wall. I couldn't do it, I was too scared and weak. So I fell down and I wanted to take cover, and I didn't have any way. I wanted to get covered over. . . . I didn't have anything else. . . . I took. . . . I had to take. . . ."

Erlanger gave up. "Go on," the colonel said.

"Well," Erlanger said, "I had Ting back to the wall and when the mortars started falling I wanted to get over. . . ." Erlanger was so blocked that he had begun the episode all over again.

"You told me that," the colonel said. "Tell me how you took cover."

Erlanger spoke in a tortured voice.

"I killed him and then he saved my life."

"How?"

"I killed him because I let him take the point, and he saved my life because I . . . I had to take cover, I didn't know what I was doing, I was crazy scared. . . . I . . ."

"How did Ting save your life?"

"I used him. He was dead already, but I used him. I got him on top of me for protection, and he kept the mortars off me. He was awful like that; I hated him even when he was alive. So I killed him dead and he turned right around and saved my life."

"Don't you realize that the grenade might have landed anywhere in the dark, that it was just by chance that it didn't hit you?"

"Yeah, but look who it killed."

"But if you'd been up at the point, it might have been thrown a little harder and still hit Ting. That grenade might have had Ting's number on it, no matter what you did. Mightn't it?"

"It could. I suppose it could."

"What does it mean to you to have a big husky body and yet have people tease you for being weak?"

"It means any man who is a man doesn't like to be pushed around."

"Exactly. And what does your bad leg mean to you?"

"I guess it means I got hurt by blast, or something. It also means I'm weak."

"You're weak. With a crippled leg, you can't be big and strong, so that there's no reason to feel bad if anyone pushes you around?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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VENUS

A SHORT TALK CONTINUED

"Doctor, I got a lot of blast there by the wall. I figure my leg must've been sticking out from under Ting there."

"But there's absolutely nothing wrong with your leg. The examinations have all shown that."

"Then what's wrong with it?"

"You tell me. Did you ever know anyone with a crippled leg like yours?"

Erlanger lay still a long time. Then he said positively, "No, sir, not like mine."

"Are you sure? Think back."

Erlanger lay quiet.

The colonel said, "Well, what about it?"

Erlanger's upper lip began to tremble. He put his hands over his face and broke out sobbing.

The colonel said, "What's the matter?"

When Erlanger had controlled himself, a confession welled up from layers of his mind which were most secret, and he uttered it calmly, as if it were some commonplace tossed out at random by his conscious mind. "I could kill my old man," he said. "I never told anybody that before. I wish I could kill him."

"Why?"

"He made us work so damn hard. One night I fainted at the churn and he beat the hell out of me for being a sissy. He used to drive me and threaten me, that I had to be a real man. He wanted me to grow up strong, like he said he was . . . only he was lazy. He was a lazy good-for-nothing no-good bum and a loafer . . . just like Ting was. . . ." Erlanger continued defiantly, as if he had suddenly caught himself red-handed in a tremendous cheat. "Yes," he said, "I knew someone who had a bad leg. It wasn't this bad. It was just a game leg. My father. He caught some shrapnel in it in the last war."

The matrix of Erlanger's paralysis

Now the colonel knew that he was getting at the extraordinary, apparently coincidental reminiscence that almost always is the matrix of the specific symptom of an hysterical conversion case. It is the thing which is remembered—sometimes dimly, sometimes surprisingly right on the surface of the mind—and is copied as if by stencil for the service of the patient's neurosis.

The colonel said, "Was it his right leg, by any chance?"

"Yeah, it was."

"Just like yours."

"Yeah, that's funny, I hadn't thought of that. Every time the harvesting came long, and usually every day about milking time in the evening, and exactly at the time to feed the chickens, and all of that, why, his leg would trouble him. He'd get a spell. He'd say, 'The boys can do it.' He'd limp around and lie down on the porch."

"Did it hurt him?"

"Yeah, he had a big piece in his leg, it used to hurt."

"Was it right here in the thigh, at exactly the place where you say you feel pain?"

"Yeah, can you beat that? I just this minute realized. Just the same place. . . . He could walk on his leg, though."

"His leg got him out of a lot of work, didn't it?"

"I'll say. And Carl and me, we were the ones that had to do the work."

"And after that patrol you were telling me about, you had some things you wanted to get out of, didn't you?"

"Nobody likes to get killed."

"Of course not. You're no longer bothered by that patrol, are you?"

"I am and I'm not."

"How do you mean?"

"I'm not because I'm away from all that. I am because I seen it."

"But you're no longer afraid of dying, are you?"

"No, sir."

"You don't have to limp around and lie down on the porch any more, do you?"

Erlanger took this as a slur. "I try to do my part, sir. I'm a good patriotic American."

"Nobody's questioning that. I'm just saying that you don't have to be afraid of dying any more, the way you think your father was afraid of working."

Erlanger thought hard about that one, and then said, "I see what you mean, doctor."

"You said you felt guilty about the death of your friend Ting."

"Yeah, I did."

"You did? Does that mean you don't any more?"

"Well, sir, after what you said I figure maybe he would have

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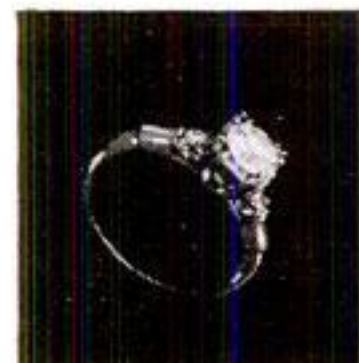
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

She's Engaged!

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to **H. W. SMITH, Jr.**
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HER RING—
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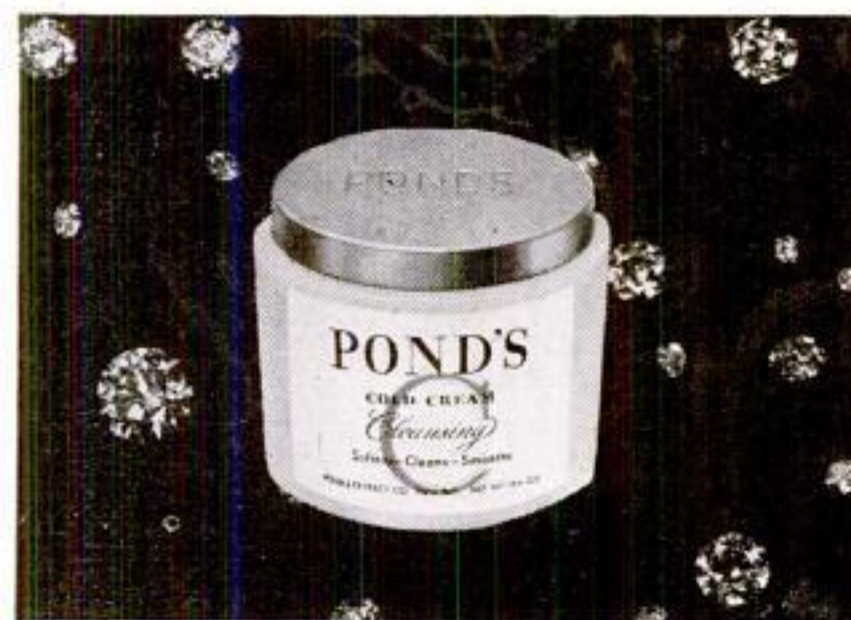
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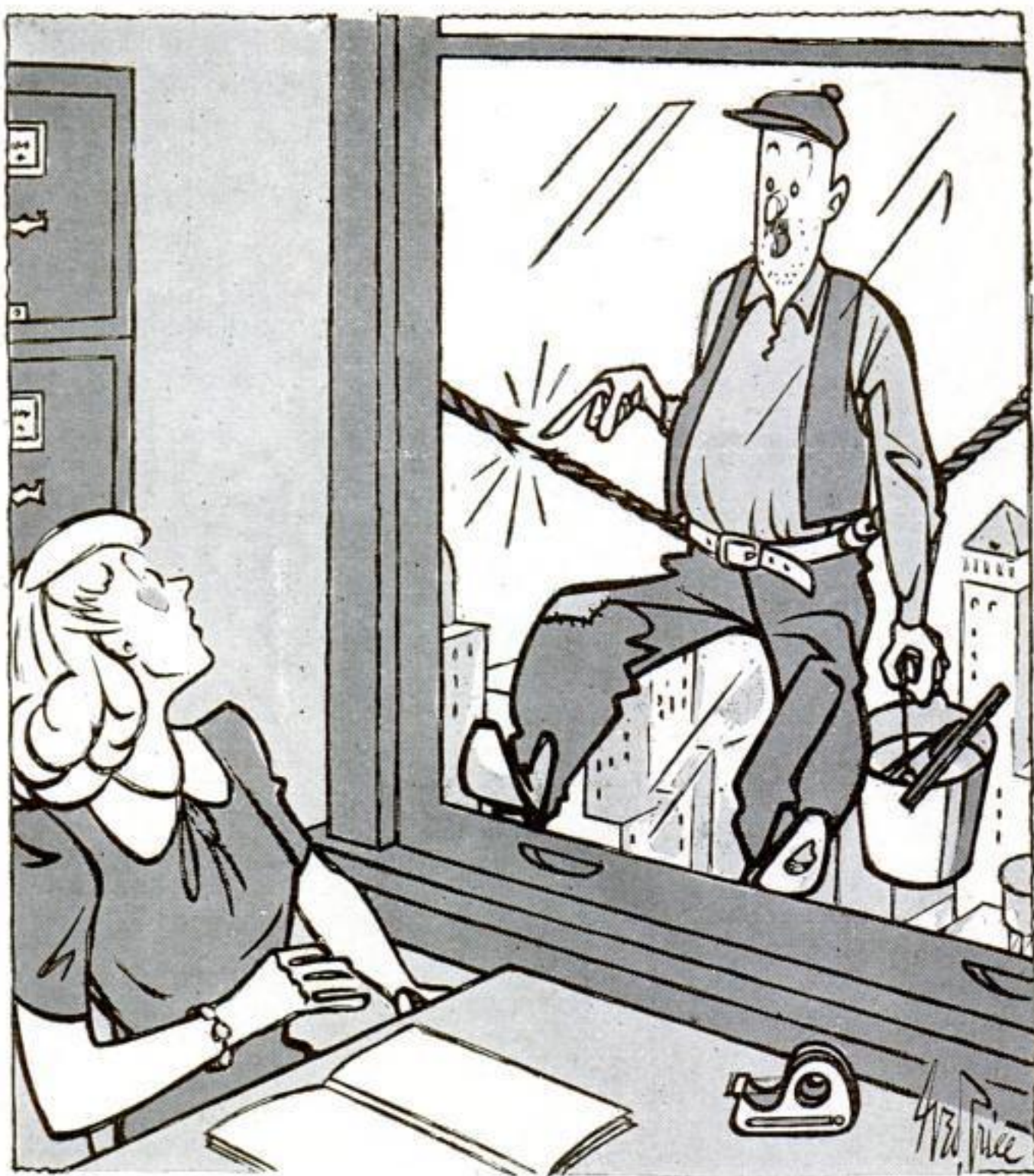


SIGNING UP NURSES—Betty Jane helped at a Nurse Recruiting Information Center during the recent drive for nurses, answering questions, telling girls and women how and where they could give the greatest service. There are many nursing needs these days . . . Registered Graduate Nurses, Student Nurses, Trained Nurse's Aides, Home Nursing. Ask at your local hospital what *you* can best do.

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After an interview, a nurse covers the patient as he falls asleep. He sleeps for four or five hours. When he awakens, he reviews the whole interview with the psychiatrist.

A SHORT TALK CONTINUED

been killed anyhow, at least I figure there wasn't anything I had to do with it."

"Good. About some of those other things, about being afraid that other people may not think you're quite the man your size indicates, about why you like horses and don't like cats, and all that—you and I are going to have lots of time to talk it all over."

"Gee, doc, maybe that's all kind of silly."

"It's only silly when you try to hide it from yourself. You can't beat anything until you know what it is you want to beat. I'll bet you've never told any of those things to anyone before."

"No, sir, I wouldn't want to. You seem to understand."

The doctor stood up and pulled his chair back away from the bed. He said, "Now let's try to get up. Let's see if we can walk."

Erlanger looked at the colonel and said, "I can't, sir. You know my leg is no good."

The colonel said, "There's no more pain in it, is there?"

Erlanger squeezed his right thigh with his right hand. Then he put both hands on his leg and prodded and kneaded. Begrudgingly he said, "No, sir, it don't seem to hurt right now."

"I think perhaps it does work. You just told me that your leg did the same thing for you that your father's did for him. Now you're out of danger and away from the thing your leg got you out of, so maybe it will work again."

With a frightened and yet hopeful expression, Erlanger sat up in bed. He took his right leg, just above the knee, in his hands, and began to lift it to the right, over the edge of the bed.

The colonel said, "You don't have to carry your leg any more. Use it. Take your hands off it."

In spite of the colonel's adjuration, Erlanger followed through and lifted his right leg with his hands all the way. He moved his left leg after it and gradually slipped forward, until his feet touched the floor.

The colonel said, "Stand up."

Erlanger looked at the colonel. The patient's face seemed to be appealing to the doctor not to force him to try to walk. It was not easy to abandon his comforting incapacity. The colonel repeated his command to stand up. Erlanger pushed himself upright, but put all his weight on his left leg and kept a hand on the edge of the cot. He put the other hand to his forehead, because the drug had made him dizzy.

"Now walk."

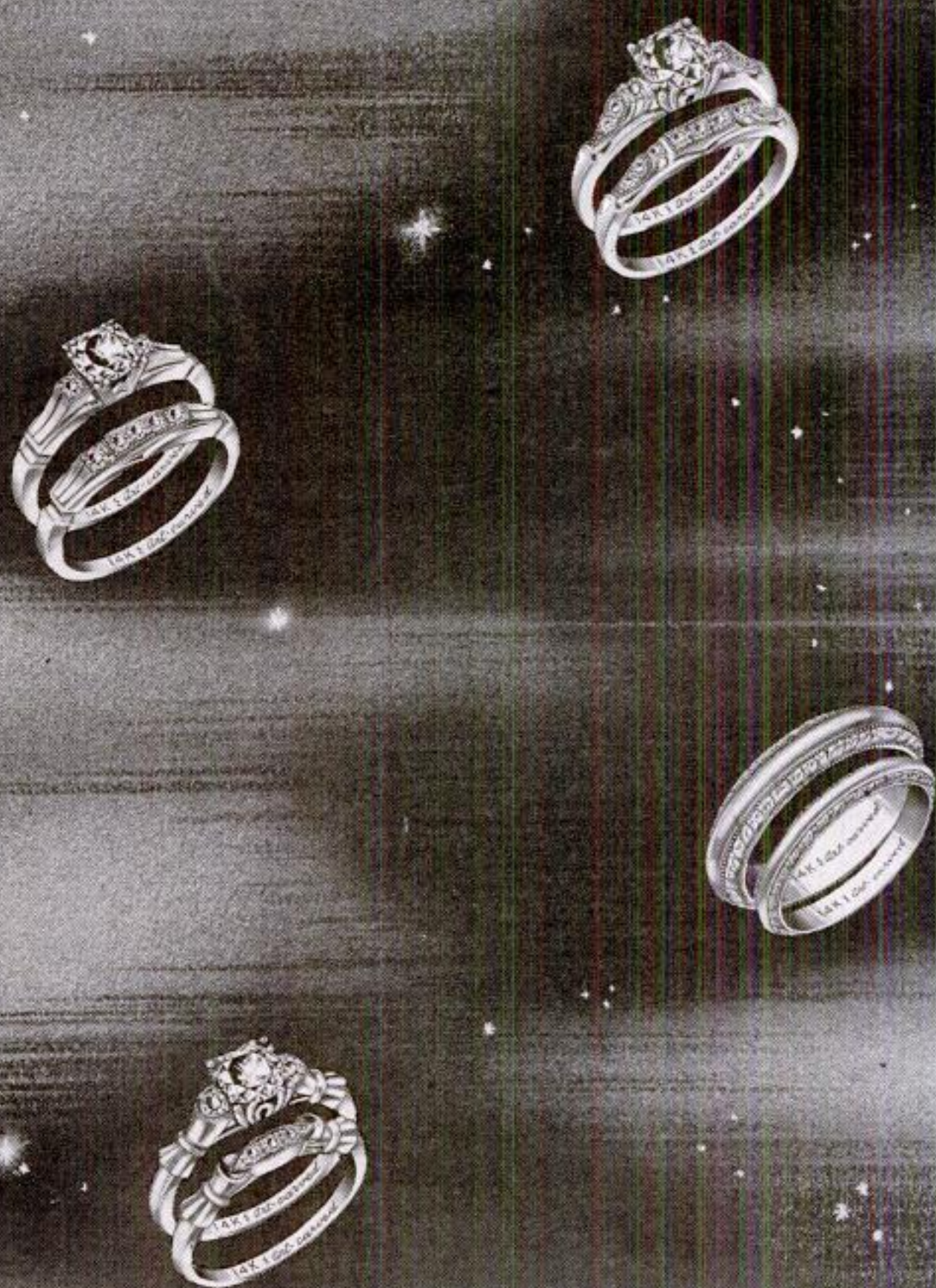
"I'll try to walk . . ."

Erlanger let go of the cot. He said, "I'm not sure I know how. I don't know if I can. I guess I should try. I'll try to walk. . . ." But he stood still for a long time, studying his feet.

Slowly he shifted his balance. He swung his weight to the right until his legs were bearing him equally. Then he eased back on the left leg. With great concentration he turned his body, pushing his right shoulder and hip forward. He dragged his right foot six inches across the floor.

He had begun to tremble and perspire. Again he shifted his weight until he was balanced on both feet. Then, with a look of fear on his face, he continued very slowly to move his weight onto his right leg. He took a step with his left foot that was really a quick hop, so that minimum responsibility fell to his pitied leg. He took another, similar eccentric step. Then he took another and looked up at the doctor and smiled. He took two more steps, firmer ones. Suddenly,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122



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A SHORT TALK CONTINUED

as if a switch had been tripped, confidence flooded through him. He said, "I can walk."

The doctor said, "Go out in the hall and try it out."

Erlanger stepped out now with an almost natural pace. He walked along the hallway, and those in the room could hear him say, "I can walk, God, I can walk. Look at me, I can walk. I can walk, look, I can walk, I can walk."

He came back down the hall and entered the room. He was very happy. "They didn't make me into a cripple or a no-good," he said. "Of course not," the doctor said. "Now lie down again."

Erlanger lay on the bed. He was in a blissful mood. He raised his arms above his head and stretched himself, from fingertips to toes. Then he raised his head and looked down at his leg, and he lifted his leg off the bed, to show himself that he could do it.

The doctor said, "In a few minutes, you'll go to sleep, and you'll have a good long sleep. After you wake up, I'm going to have another talk with you and I want you to try to remember everything you've told me, and some other things, too."

Erlanger said, "I don't know how I can thank you, sir; seems like you're the first officer in the Army I could talk to."

The colonel now was very gentle. He put his hand on Erlanger's shoulder and he said, "You feel better, don't you?"

"Oh yes, sir. I feel pretty good now. Very good." Erlanger yawned. He put his hand over his mouth and let the yawn have full play, and when it had spent itself, he said, "Excuse me, sir."

The colonel said, "Go to sleep, son."

There are many Erlangers. So far the U.S. Army has admitted to its hospitals 1,000,000 cases for treatment as "NPs" — neuropsychiatric patients. (The number of men is smaller since some were admitted more than once.) More than 40% of all Army medical discharges have been NP cases. A large proportion of these patients were men suffering from what is popularly, but not strictly accurately, called combat fatigue.

The designation NP frightens many otherwise intelligent people. It is widely believed by the public that most, if not all, NPs are "crazy." In fact, less than 10% of the mental and nervous disorders encountered by Army doctors have been "psychotics," the broadest diagnostic term describing patients commonly called insane. The other 90-odd per cent — "psychoneurotics," mentally deficient, delinquents — are men who will return to civilian life in many instances no worse off, in fact sometimes better off, than millions of their fellow citizens with minor neuropsychiatric disorders who have not had the benefit of a psychiatric service like that of the U. S. Army.

War and its terrors have, both unfortunately and fortunately, provided an enormous amount of laboratory material for advance of the science of psychiatry. Of the scores of valuable therapeutic techniques which have been improved and elaborated during the war, the subject of the above story is one. Army doctors have most commonly called it "narco-synthesis." The treatment is not usually successful with psychotics except for purposes of diagnosis. It is extremely helpful in many severe anxiety states and acute depressions, psychosomatic and other disturbances. But it is most obviously and dramatically successful in Erlanger's type of neurosis, that which manifests an "hysterical conversion symptom"—a paralyzed limb, a heavy tic or twitch, loss of speech, a digestive disturbance or some other physical failing for which there is absolutely no physical basis. Hysterical conversion is a trick the mind plays among civilians as well as among soldiers.

As with all tools used in scientific progress, narco-synthesis is used differently by different doctors—naturally with varying results. Consequently, according to their individual experience, various doctors place various degrees of confidence in it, from utmost faith to utter scorn. Narco-synthesis is, in any case, never used alone, but only in conjunction with other techniques of psychotherapy. It cannot, therefore, be regarded as a cure, but only as a step along the road. Although it may completely remove the crippling symptoms of an hysterical conversion, sometimes in one session, sometimes only after several, it does not usually get at the deeper causes of the illness but only hints and points the way for the more time-consuming techniques of psychotherapy. It is a short cut, sometimes merely a makeshift. This story is based on observation of a considerable number of narco-synthesis treatments at Mason General Hospital, Brentwood, N.Y., and on the existing literature on its use in North Africa and at the Don Cesar Convalescent Hospital, St. Petersburg, Fla. The characters in this story are imagined; any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

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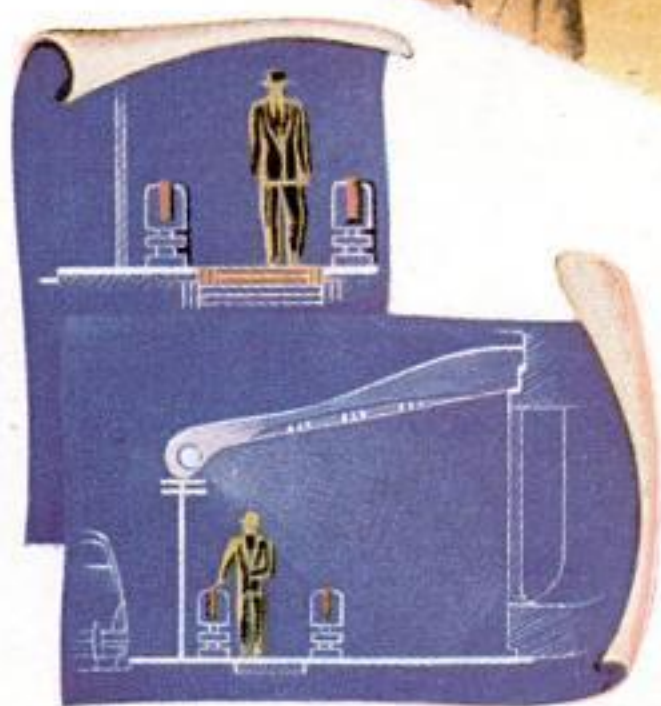
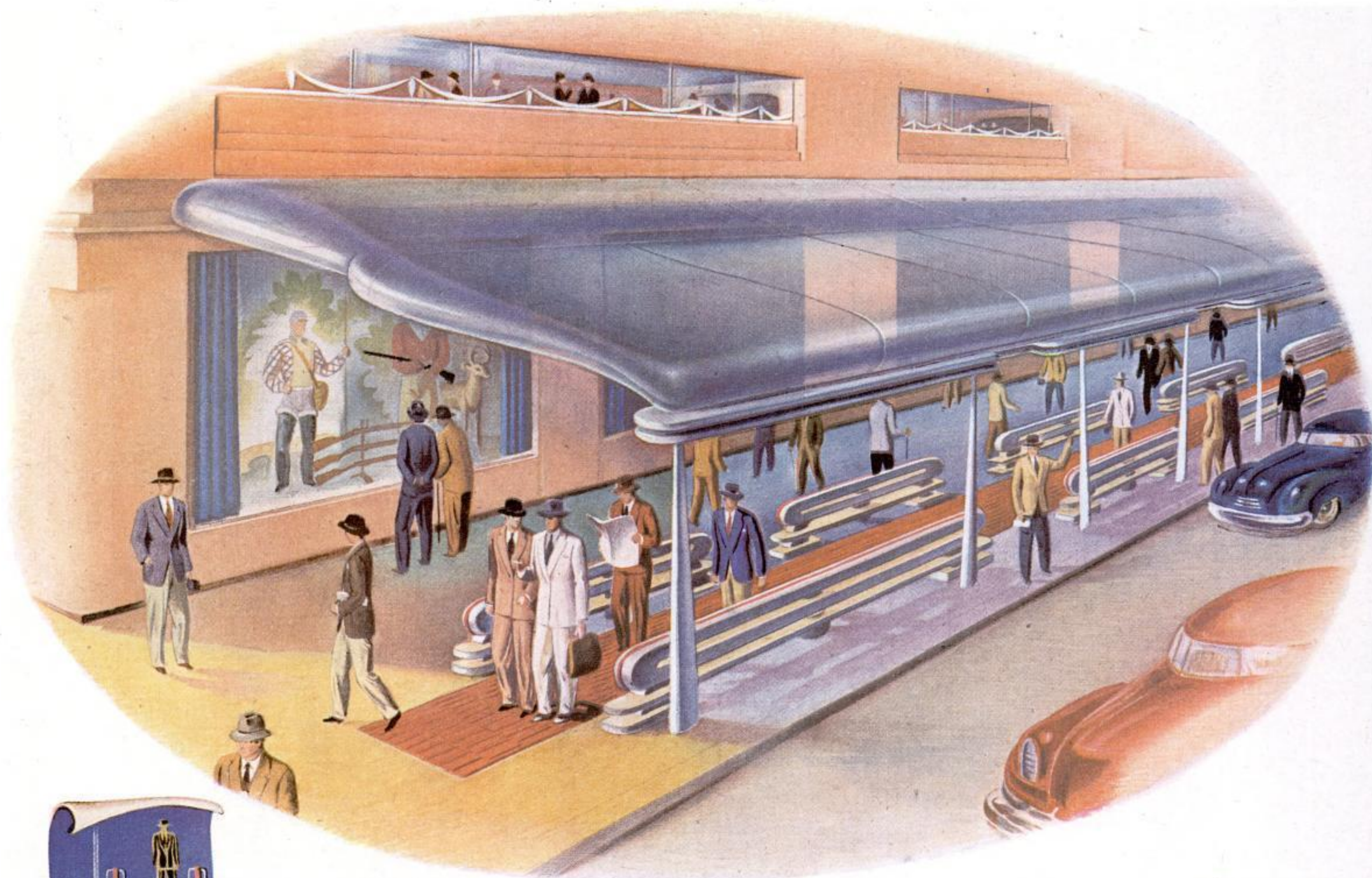


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SCARF TRICKS

Twins use them for identical outfits

A scarf, which used to be nothing more than a narrow band of fabric worn around the neck, has in recent years grown so much in size and scope that it has become one of the most versatile and useful bits of women's wearing apparel. The fad of using scarves for everything except their original purpose became popular all over the country last year (*LIFE*, July 24,

1944). The Baker twins, Virginia and Betty, former New York girls who are now living in San Francisco, find scarves a happy solution to the normal twinlike desire to dress alike. They posed for these pictures to show some of their scarf tricks. Betty and Virginia are not regular full-time models. They just pose part-time to make money to buy feed for their horses.

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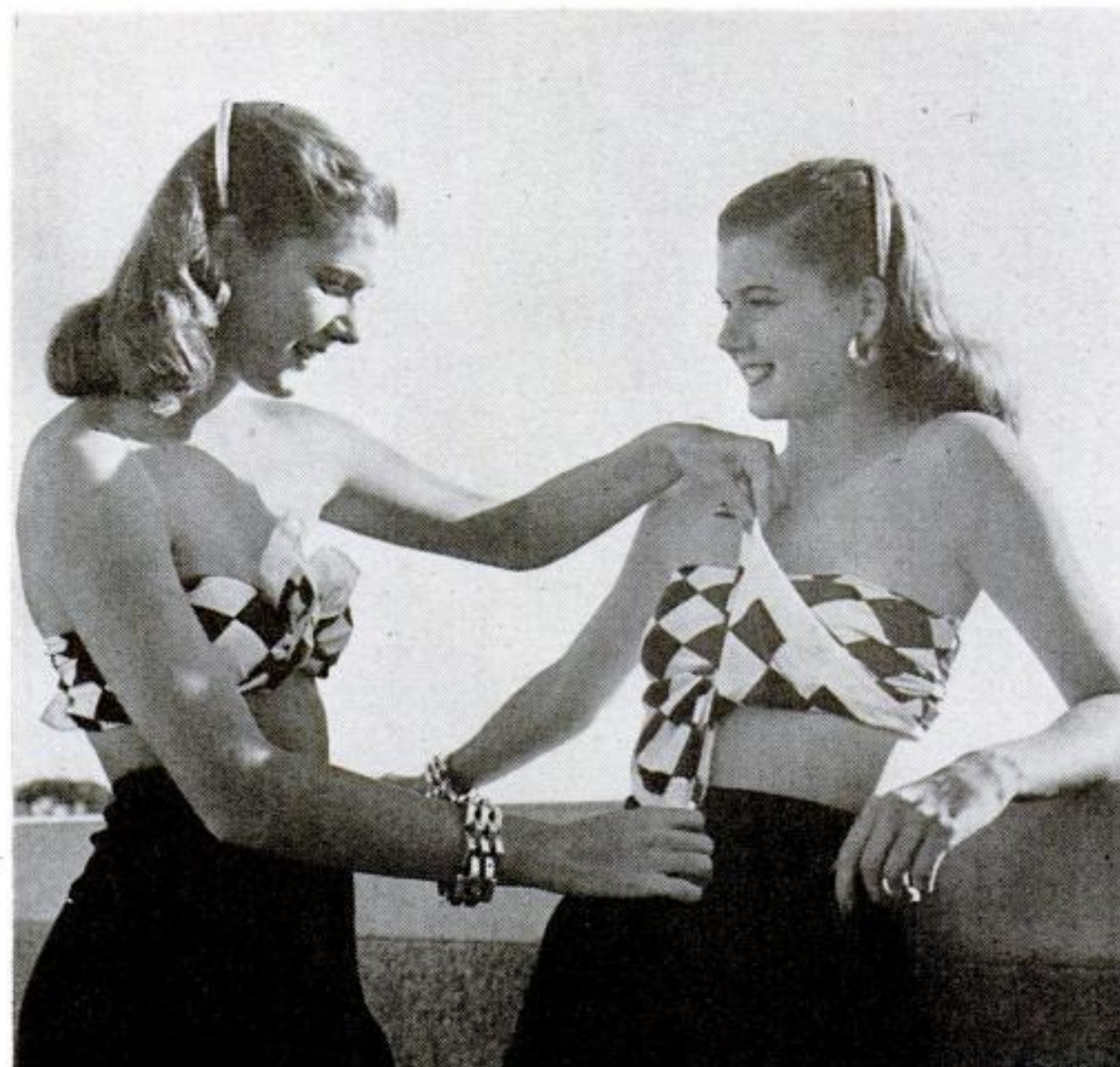
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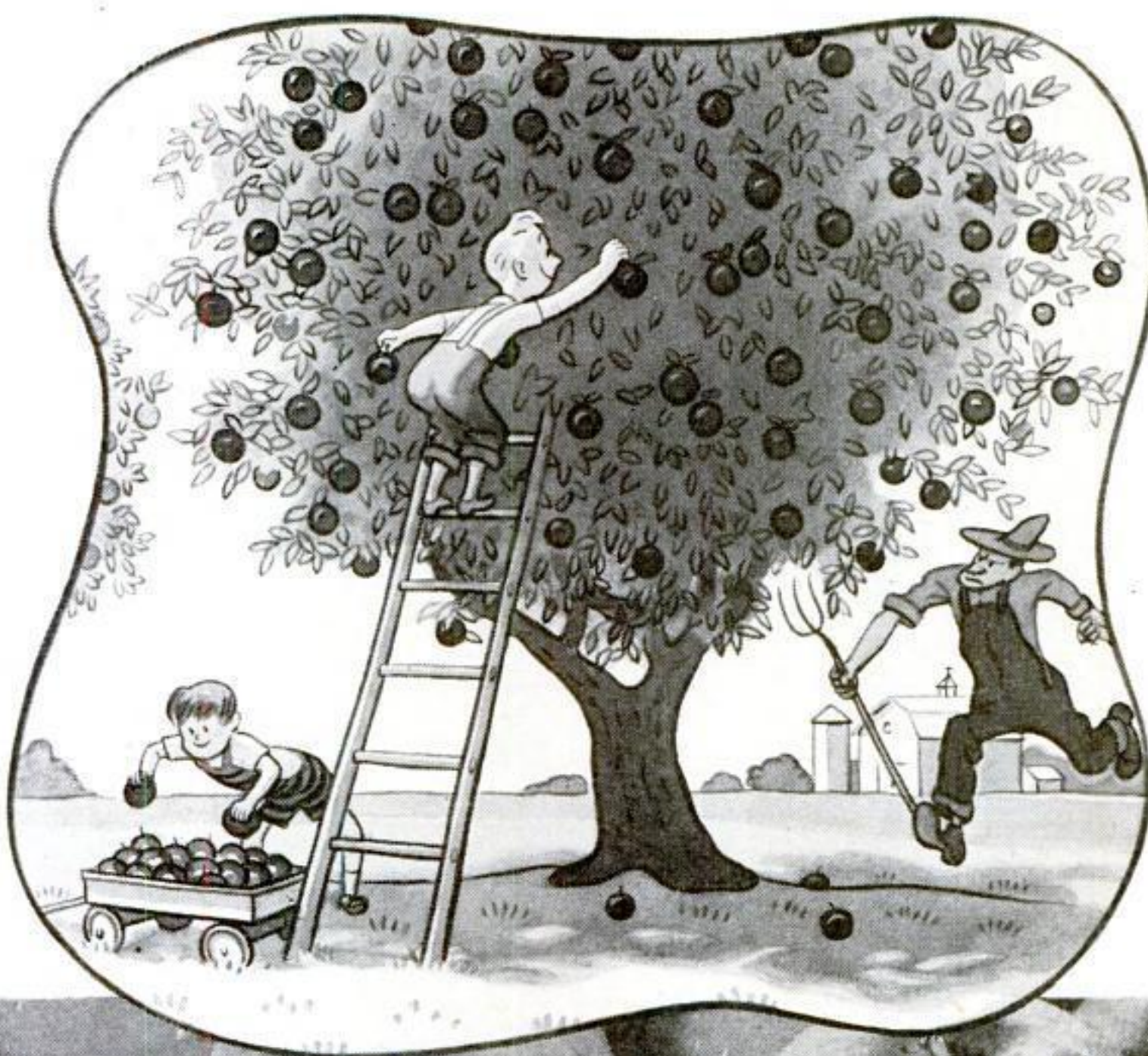
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TWO ENGLISH KIDS GO HOME

War evacuees are back in Harrow

Kathleen and Stanley Russell are two of the 5,000 British children adopted in American homes after Dunkirk. Along with most of these, Kathleen and Stanley, now 14 and 15 years old, have returned. Now home on Kingshill Drive in Harrow, near London, they are adjusting to life in England.

In the U.S. the children lived near Rochester, N.Y. with the families of Eastman Kodak employees. Stanley lived with the Michael Cubitts of Spencerport, played baseball and football with the six Cubitt children. He is having trouble now thinking in terms of cricket. Kay lived with the Fordyce Tuttles of Fairport, learned to ride spirited saddle horses, must now use sedate local ponies. Both children returned in fine health and spirits, delighting their parents who have managed to take philosophically their strange American jargon about hot dogs and tutti-frutti frap-pés and their uninhibited American teen-age clothes.



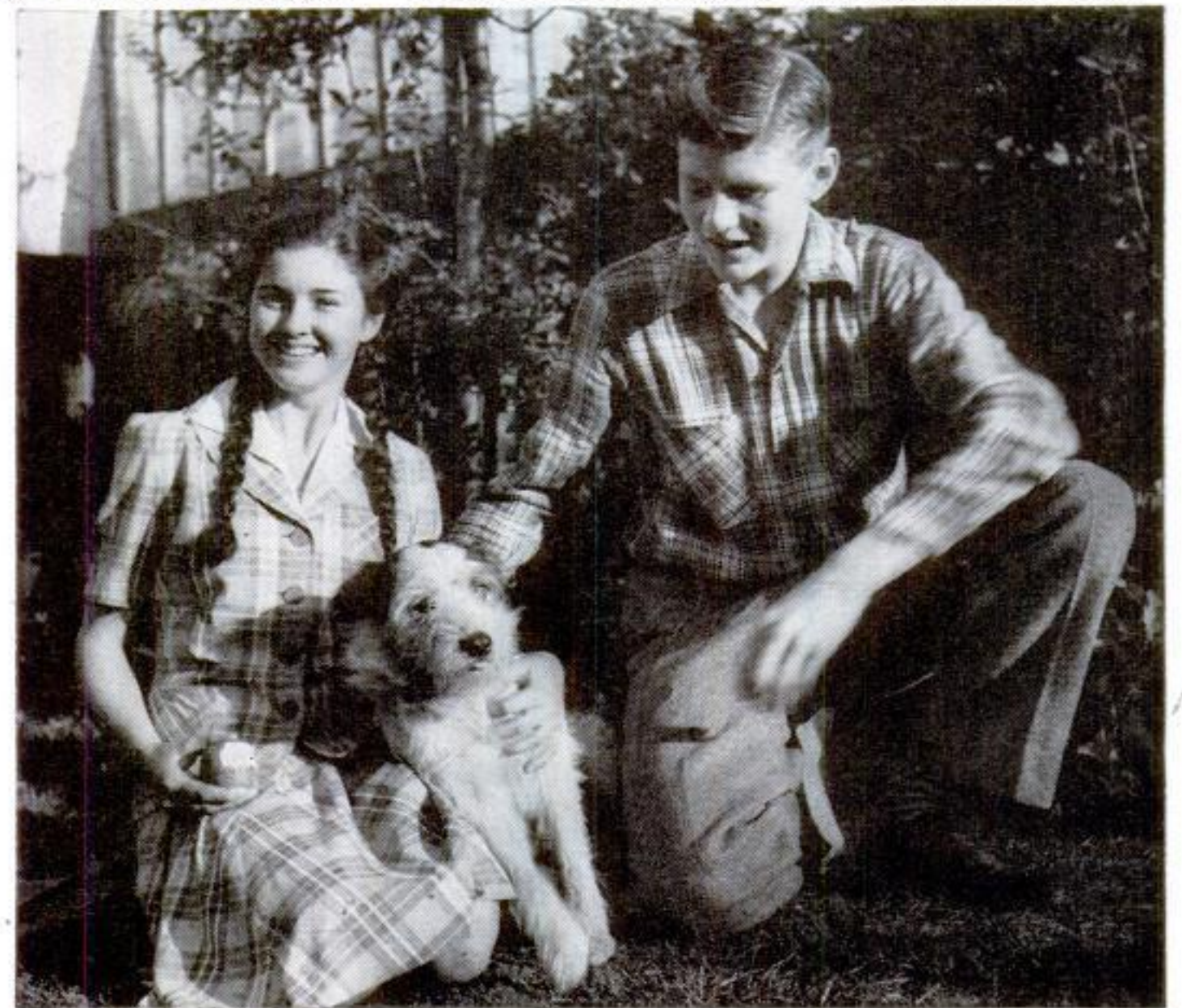
Kay is puzzled by English rationing argot. "Offal" means unrationed liver, kidneys, sweetbreads, i.e., "off the ration."

Two returned evacuees, Stanley Russell (right) and Ralph Feazey, juggle a football while Harrow kids titter at their

"loud" clothes. Ralph, who also stayed near Rochester, grew sensitive to English reactions, gave up wearing U.S. garb.



In England in 1940, Kathleen and Stanley, aged 9 and 10, pose with Patch. Their father is engineer at Eastman Kodak plant in Harrow, had connections with engineers in U.S.



Back in England in 1945, Kay and Stan pose with Patch. All have grown up. Stan left, a shy boy, returned a bounding extrovert. Kay, too, is more self-assured. Patch is more sedate.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—PM's the Popular Mixer . . .
 it blends with all your friends!
 Pour its satisfying mellowness quickly onto the waiting ice . . .
 add soda, gardenias and cheerios . . .
 and three's not a crowd, it's a party!



IF IT ISN'T

PM

IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey.
 86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Roblee

SHOES FOR MEN

Roblees are priced
\$6⁰⁰ to \$8⁹⁵



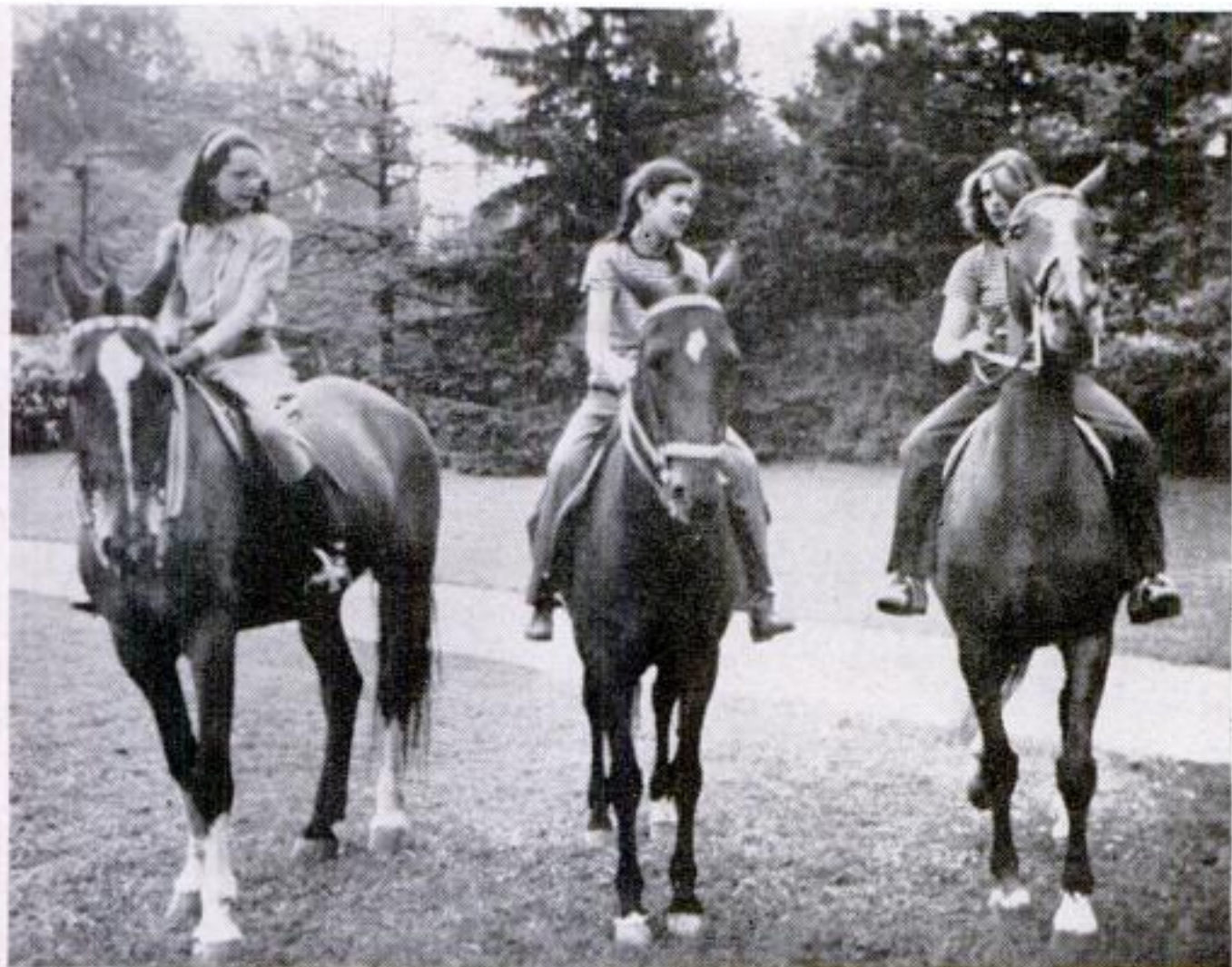
When the barometer's down
ROBLEE
STORMSTERS



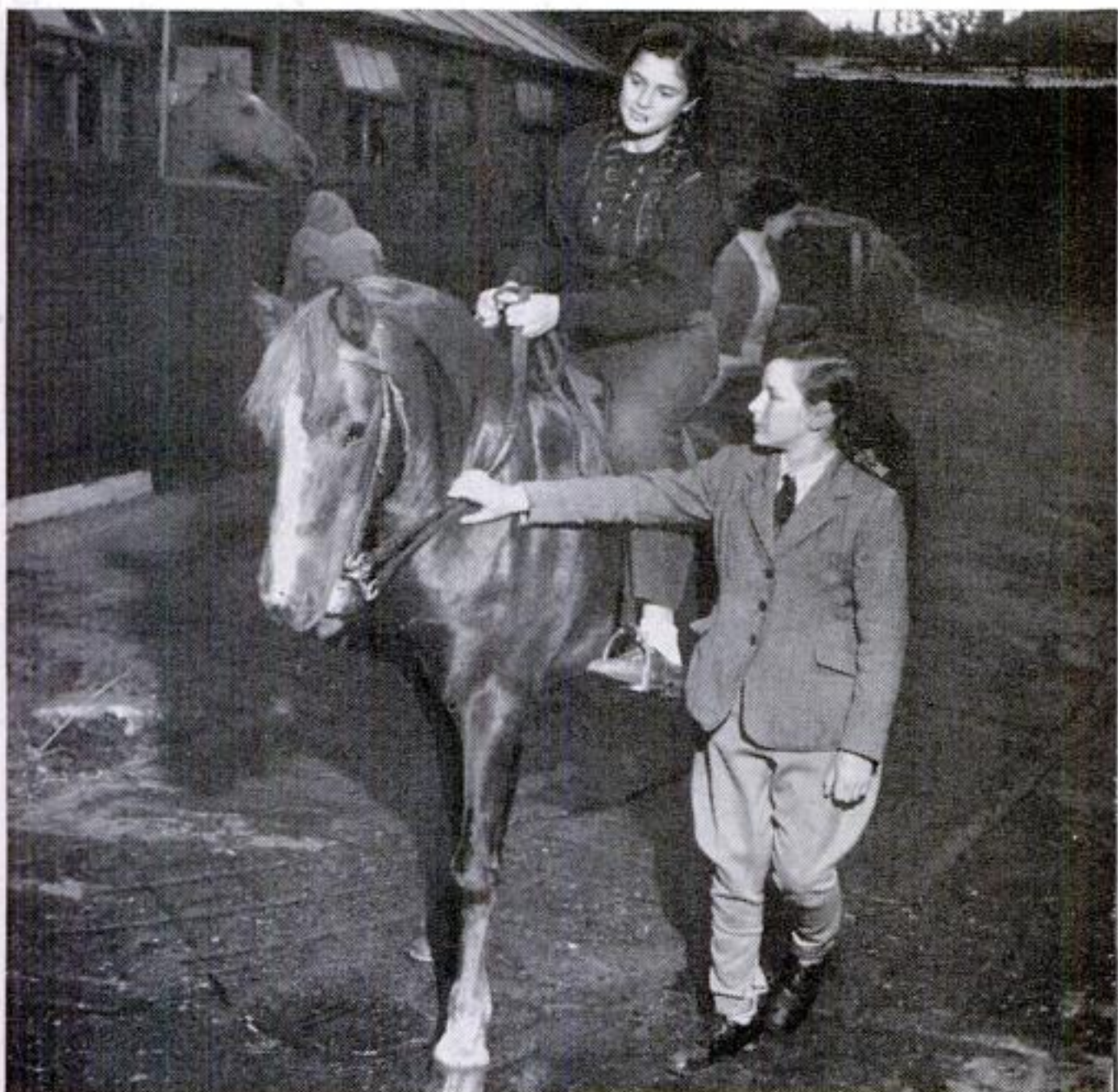
ROBLEE DIVISION
BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

Roblee Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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In the U. S. Kay (center) learned to ride on hired horses. She was taught by Caroline Tuttle (right) who has her own horse, Santa. Note Kay's teen-age jeans and shirt.



Back home in England, Kay still likes to ride. Here she tries out pony from riding school on Stanmore Common, near her house. Girl leading pony is school friend.



Kay's American clothes are shown off to Pamela Brooks, who lives nearby. Home luggage was limited to two suitcases but Kay managed to cram in these cotton dresses.

"Ahhhhh!"
...said the Doctor



**Roaster-fresh coffee
made right in the cup**

Roaster-fresh because in Nescafé all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is sealed in by added carbohydrates.

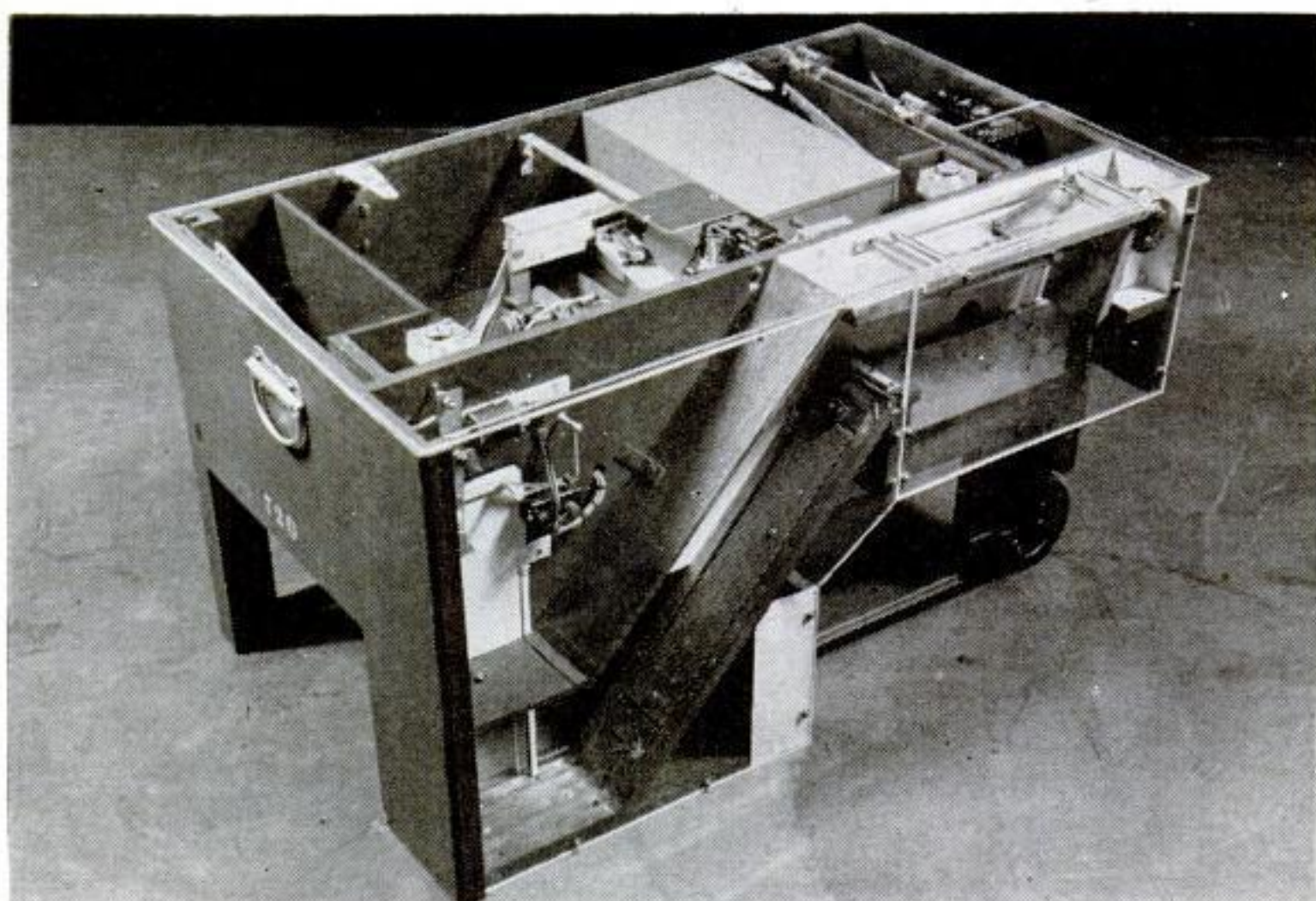
"I'VE BEEN PRACTICING FOR YEARS," said the physician... "*practicing* the art of making good coffee. And I've yet to make a *perfect* cup." "Here's how," chuckled his nurse, instantly stirring up a cup of Nescafé... "*Try it!*" The Doctor did—then took a deep breath—and sighed "Ahhhhhh... that's *it!*"

You'll be delighted, too. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only Nestlé's knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster... *then instantly its flavor is sealed in!* You release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

So easy to prepare...no coffee maker to get ready or clean up...no mussy grounds around. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste...you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.



NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

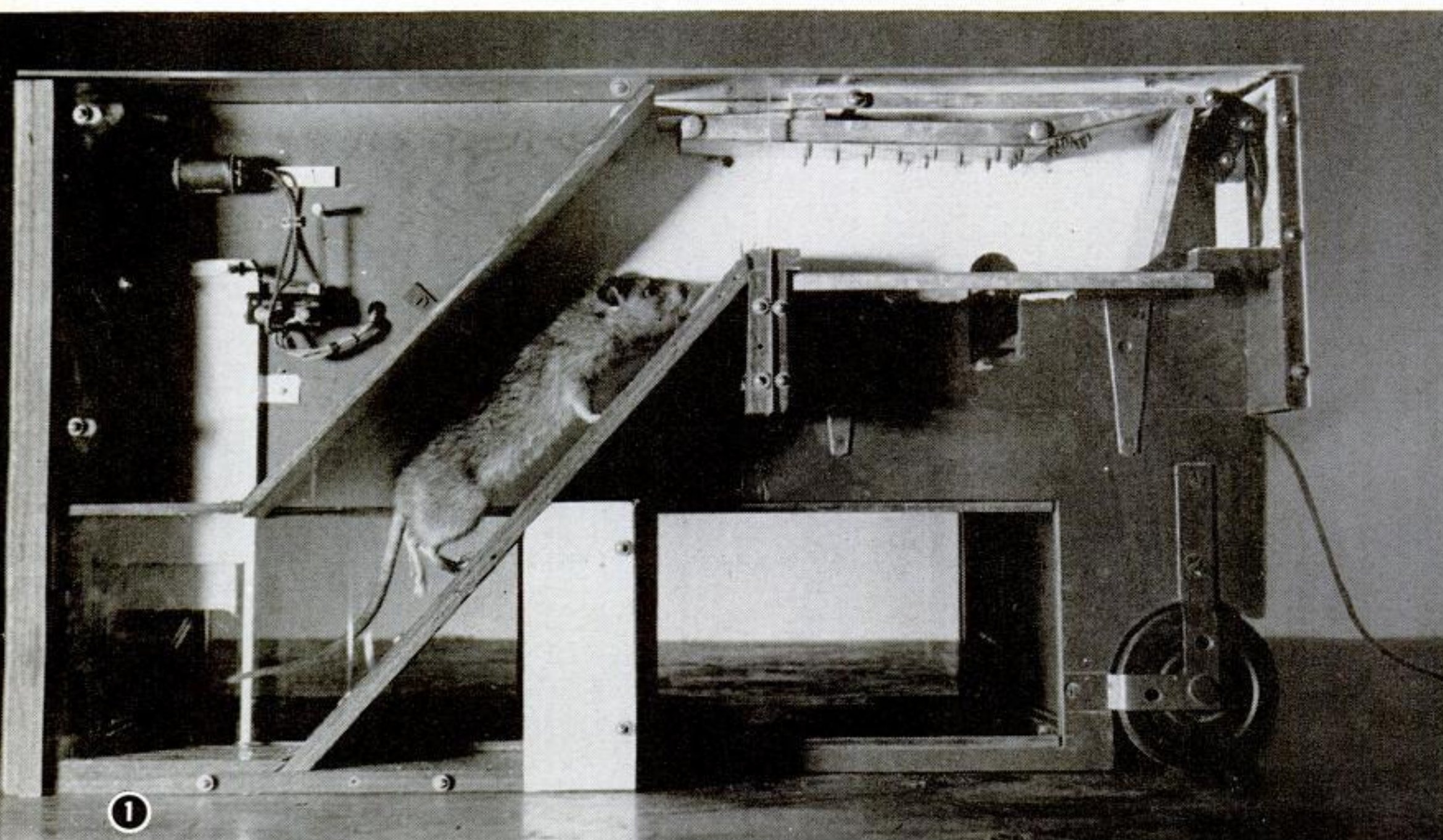


ELECTRONIC RAT TRAP

New device makes rodent's intelligence lead to downfall

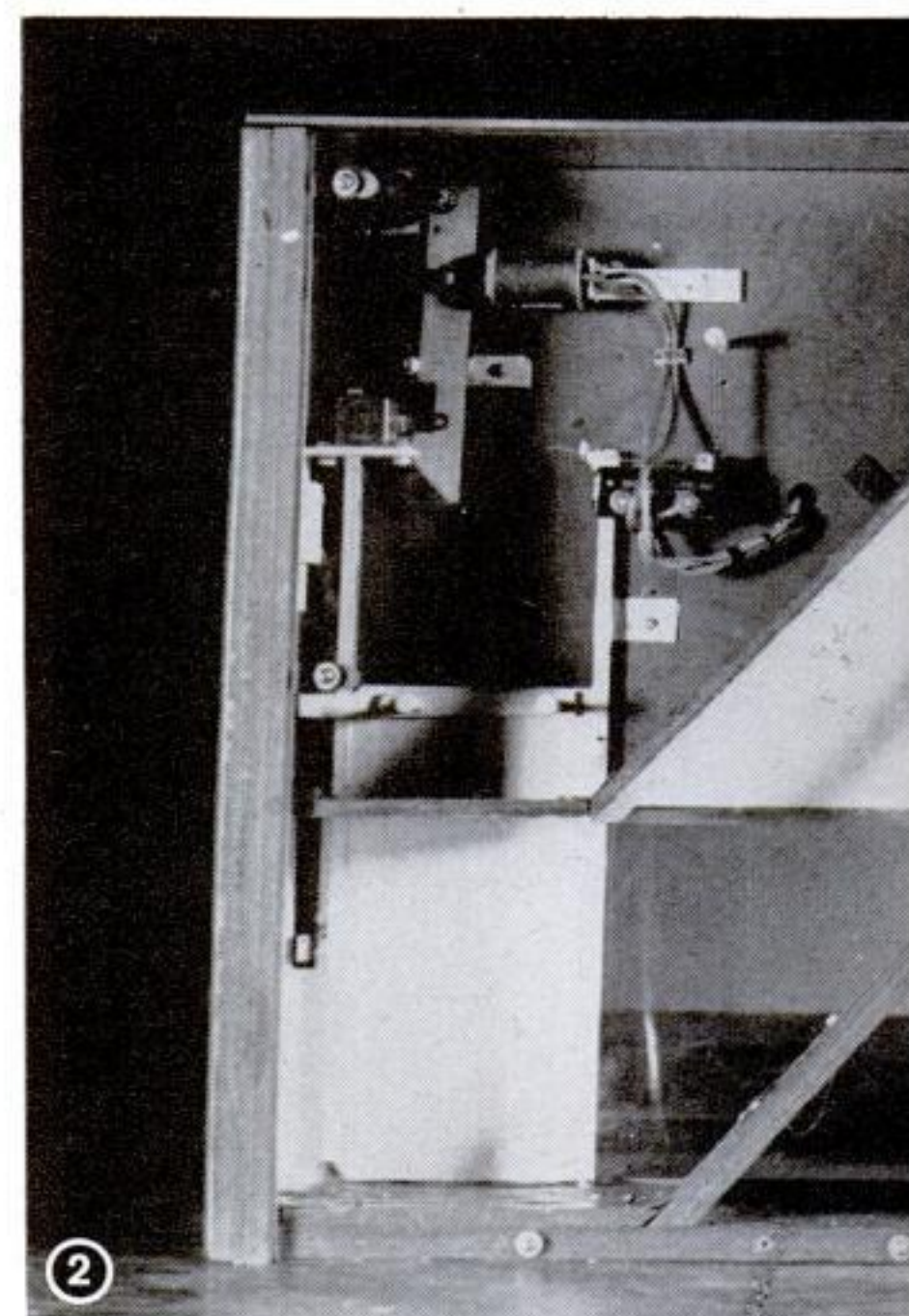
The electronic age has finally caught up with the rat trap. The man behind this advance is Cornelius M. Stanton, a Rochester Telephone Corp. engineer whose new and complex ratcatcher, used and praised by such noted firms as Eastman Kodak Co. and First National Stores Corp., is credited with liquidating as many as 79 rats in a single 12-hour period. Mr. Stanton's trap, manufactured by Electronic Traps, Inc., is based on a profound study of rat psychology. The rat, whose I.Q. stands respectably high in the animal kingdom, is highly suspicious of blind alleys, which his intelligence leads him to mistrust. Catering to rat prejudice, the Electronic trap lures the rat into a tunnel open at both ends. Once in, the rat himself sets off photoelectric mechanism which closes both entrance and exit of tunnel. For what happens then, see the photographs below. Because they rid most places of rats in a few months of use, Electronic traps are not sold but rented at about a dollar a day.

ELECTRONIC RAT TRAP IS A BOXLIKE GADGET FULL OF SURPRISES FOR RATS

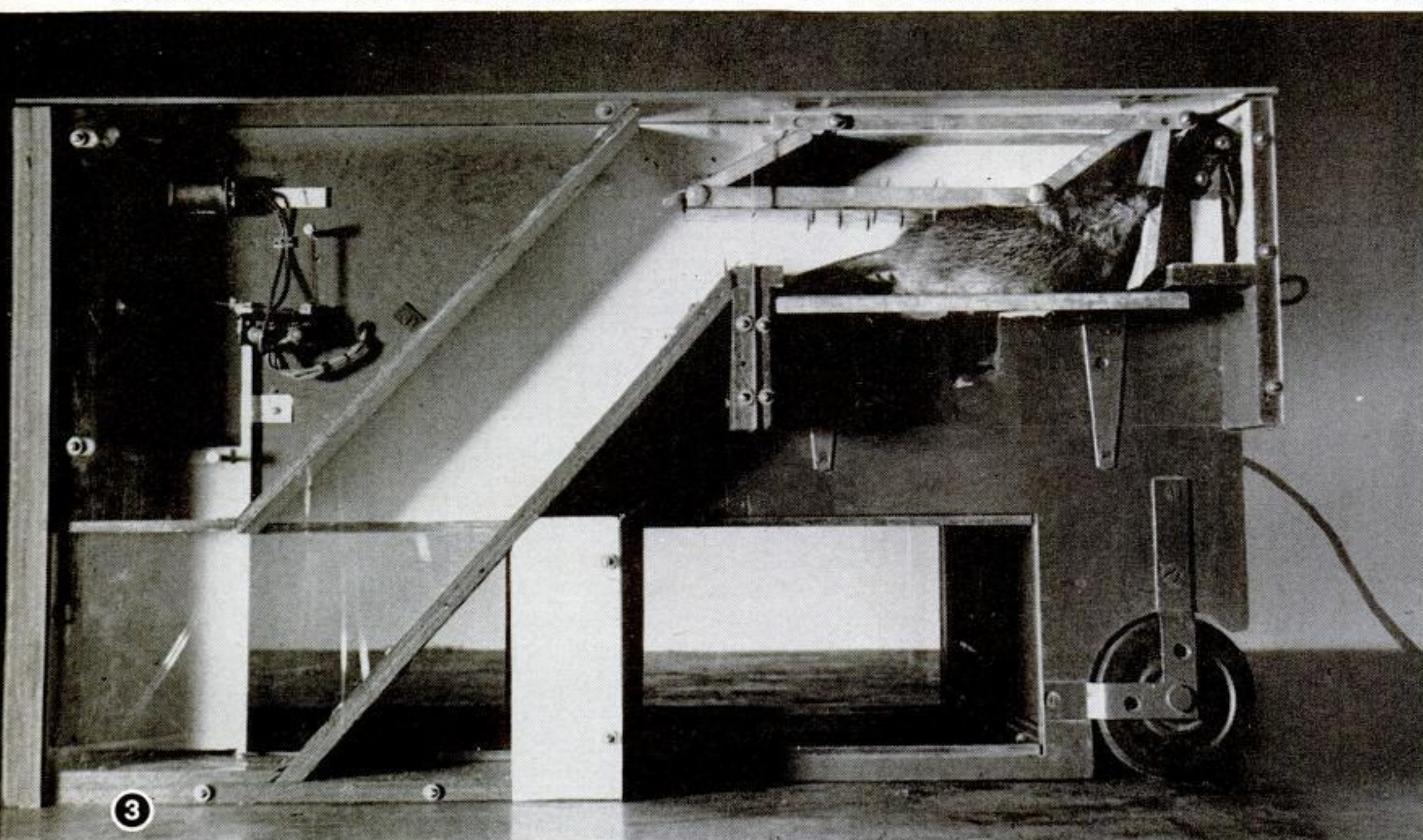


As rat crosses photoelectric beam in tunnel (top, opposite page), doors at ends of tunnel snap shut and a bright light flashes on,

causing him to seek sanctuary on darkened ramp. There electric shock causes him to jump toward death chamber at upper right.

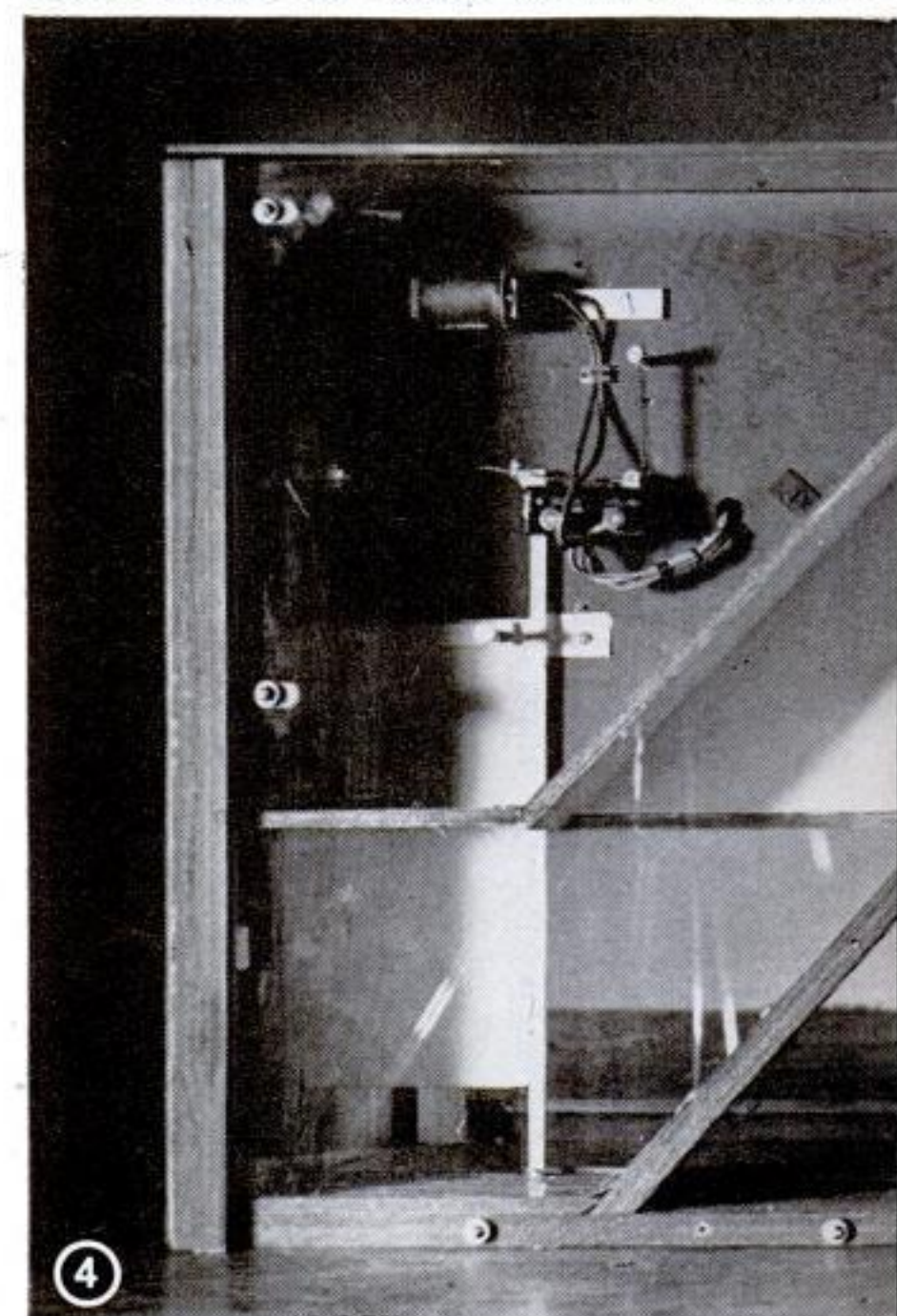


As he enters death chamber, the rat approaches the movable panel on the opposite wall which will release

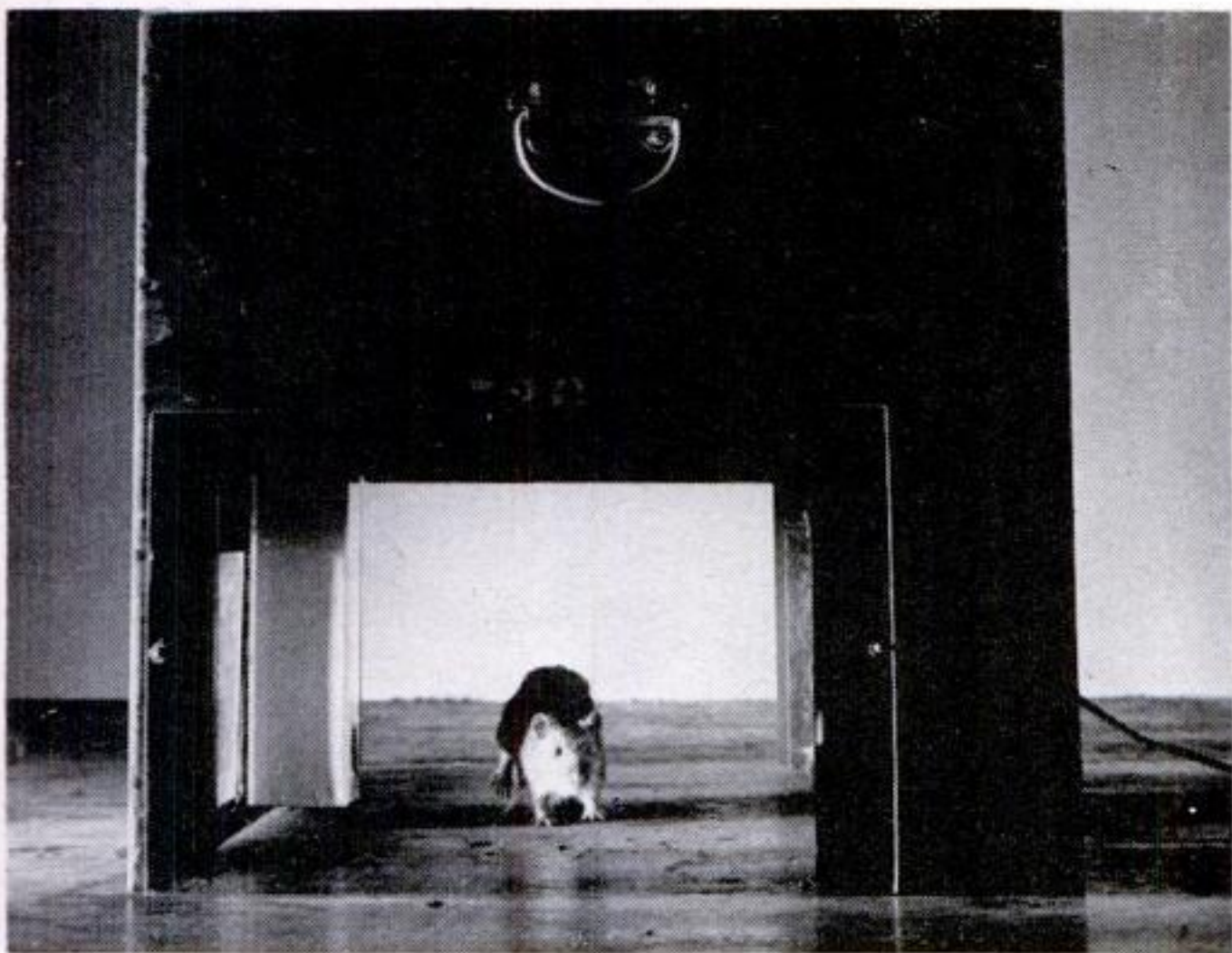


When rat's nose touches panel, a catch releases the electric plate above him which descends, pinning him securely to the floor of

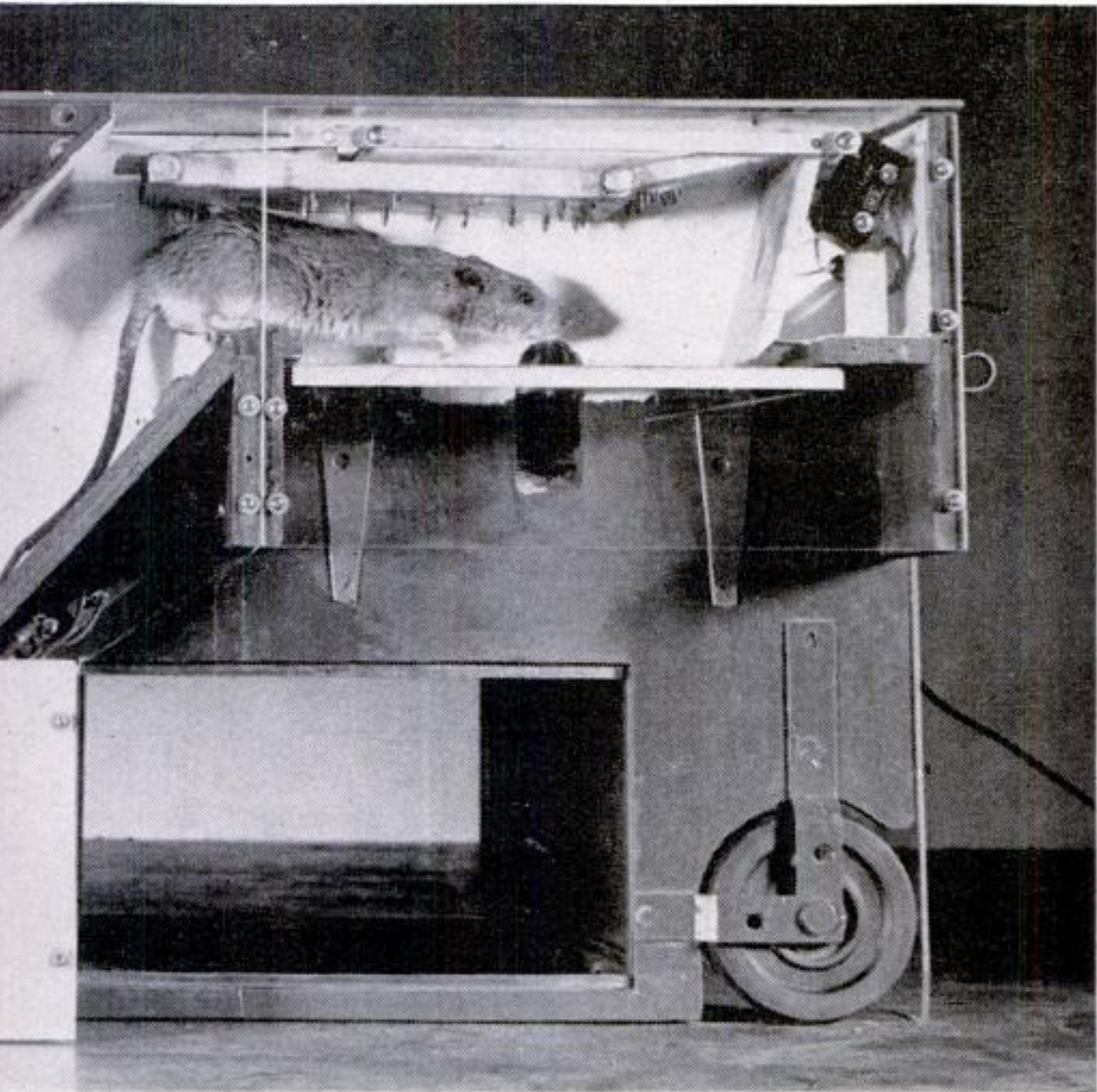
the death chamber and sending a charge of 110 volts through his body. The charge takes slightly over two minutes to kill the rat.



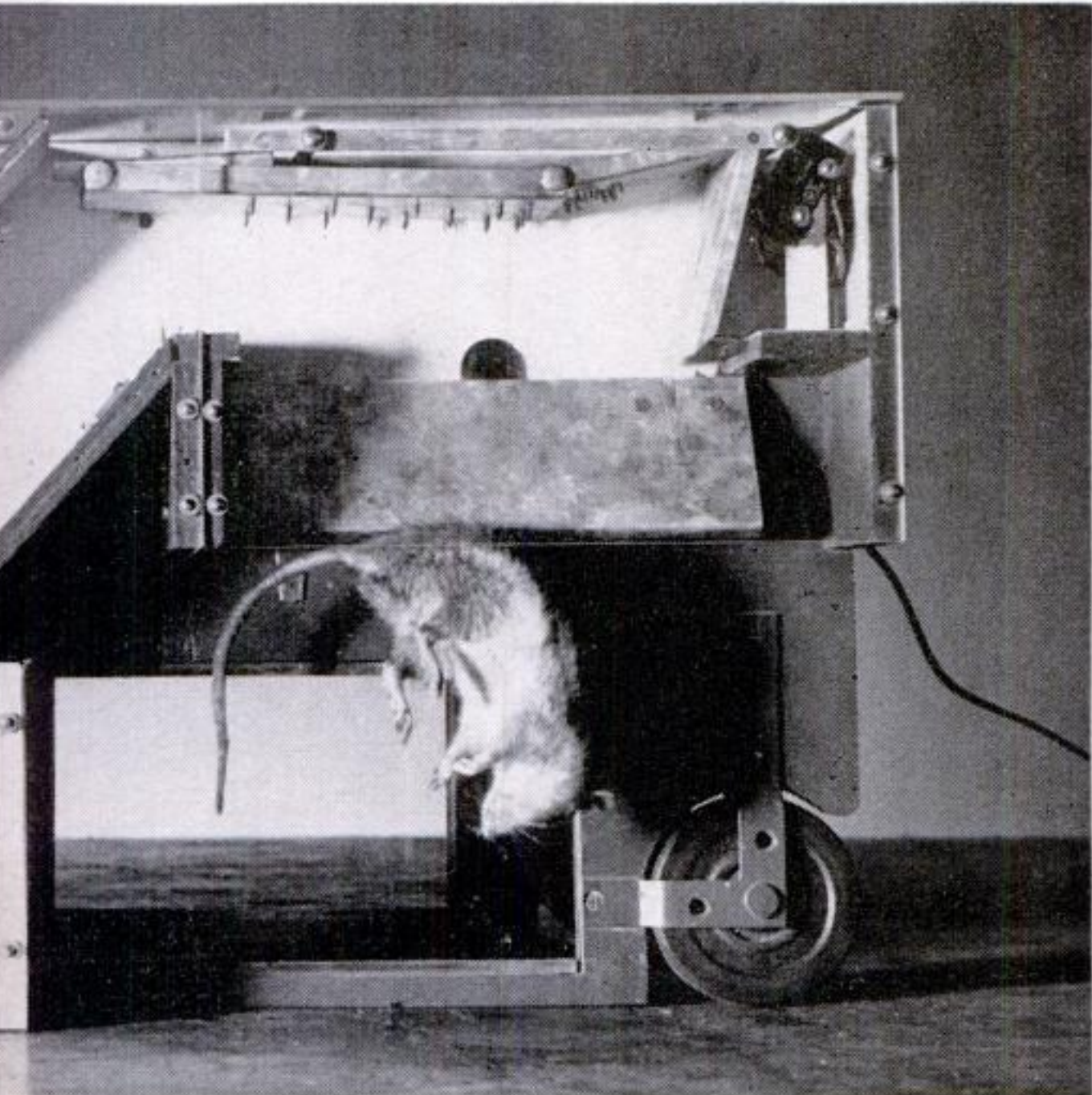
After electrocution, carefully timed mechanism opens trap door under dead rat, dropping him into waiting



TO ENTERING RAT, TRAP RESEMBLES PLEASANT TUNNEL ALONG FLOOR

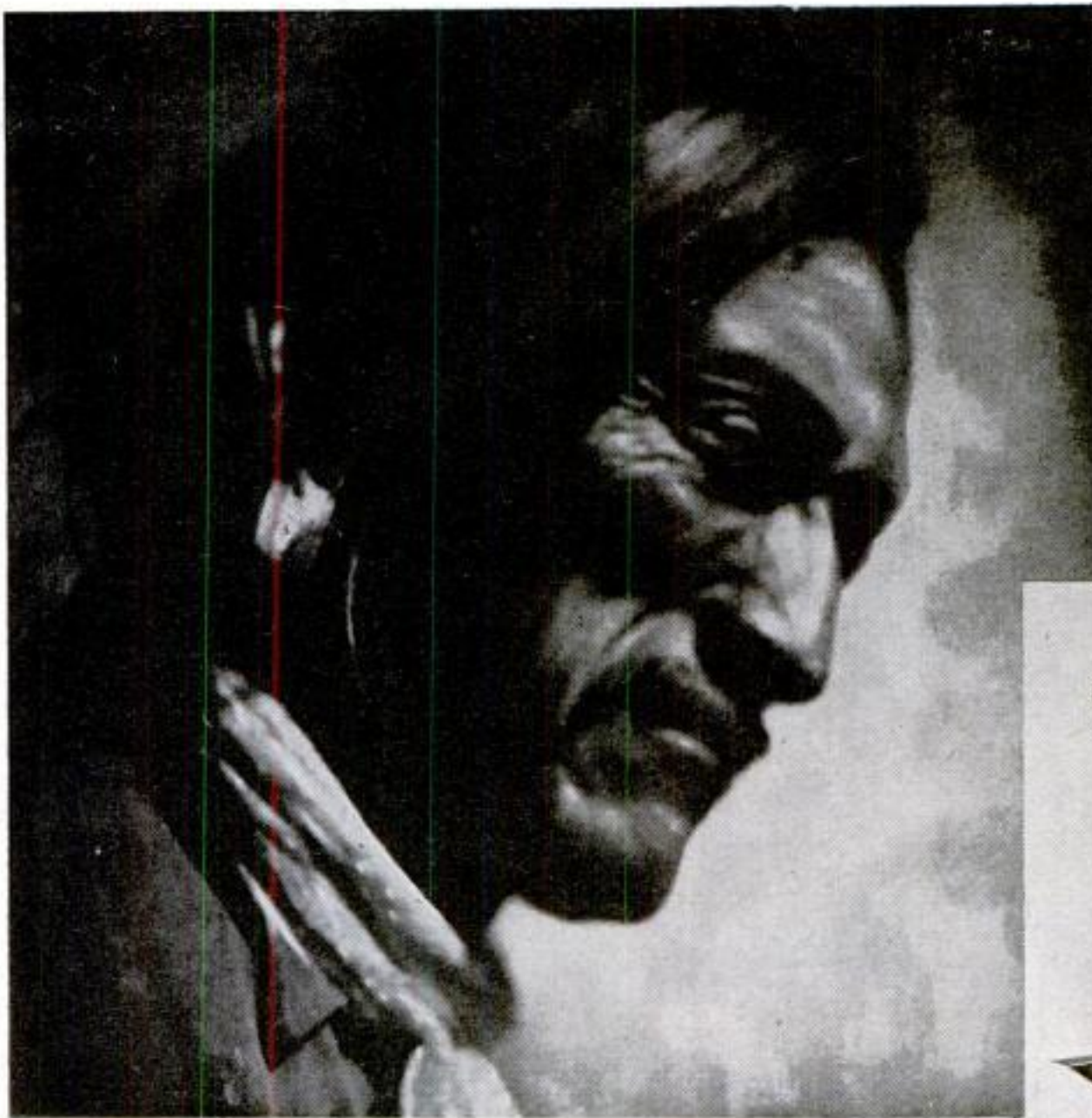


the electrocuting mechanism. At this point the rat probably thinks he has reached a good, safe hiding place. For these pictures a special glass-sided trap was used.



basket. Entrance to trap then opens again and mechanism automatically sets itself for next rat. Entire cycle from entrance to exit of rat takes about three minutes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Dr. Max Thorek, F.R.P.S.; F.R.S.A.; (Hon.) P.S.A.; F.P.S.A.; Founder, Photographic Society of America.

"Be Partial to One Camera Only ... and Learn to Master It."

Advises Dr. Max Thorek, Well-Known Surgeon and Photographer

DR. MAX THOREK, versatile surgeon, has won added distinction as a writer and as a camera artist! Once a camera amateur, he is the founder of the Photographic Society of America and the author of many books, including several about photography. His latest camera book, "Creative Photography", is now in preparation.

Dr. Thorek's prescription for camera success is simple: "Learn to master one camera *only*. I have used most of them and I always revert to my GRAFLEX. With a GRAFLEX, *you are not shooting in the dark!*"

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formerly THE FULMER GRAFLEX CORPORATION

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Fine Watches since 1791

Sold by selected Jewelers . . . 17 jewels, from \$40
Write for illustrated booklet L-5
Girard-Perregaux · 9 Rockefeller Plaza · New York 20

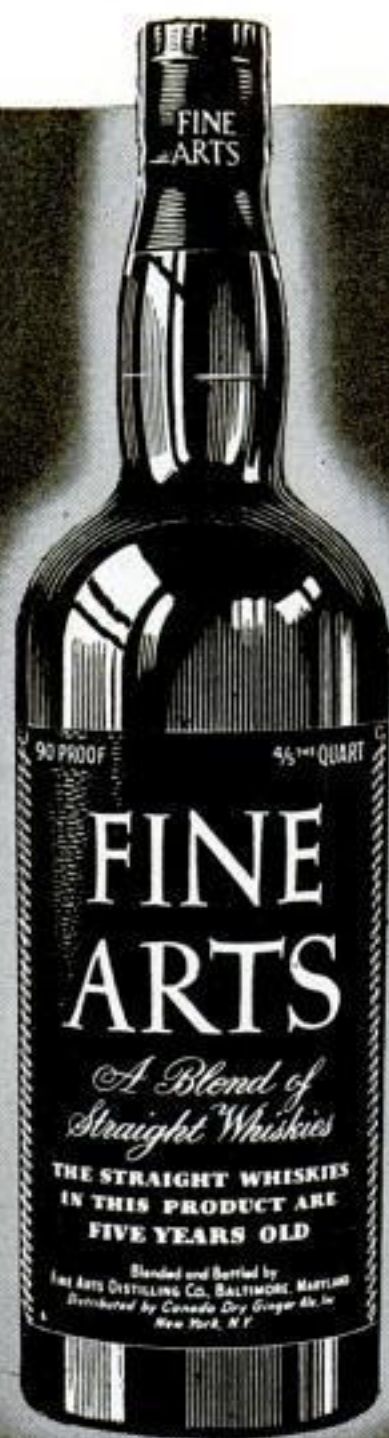
FINE ARTS CORNER



A genius working with furs, feathers, silks was Jock Scott, Scotsman, who first dressed this famous salmon fly. The magnificent Jock Scott fly was tied in England, and is from the private collection of Mr. Charles T. Church of Mill Neck, New York, prominent sportsman.

*There's
always a best
of everything*

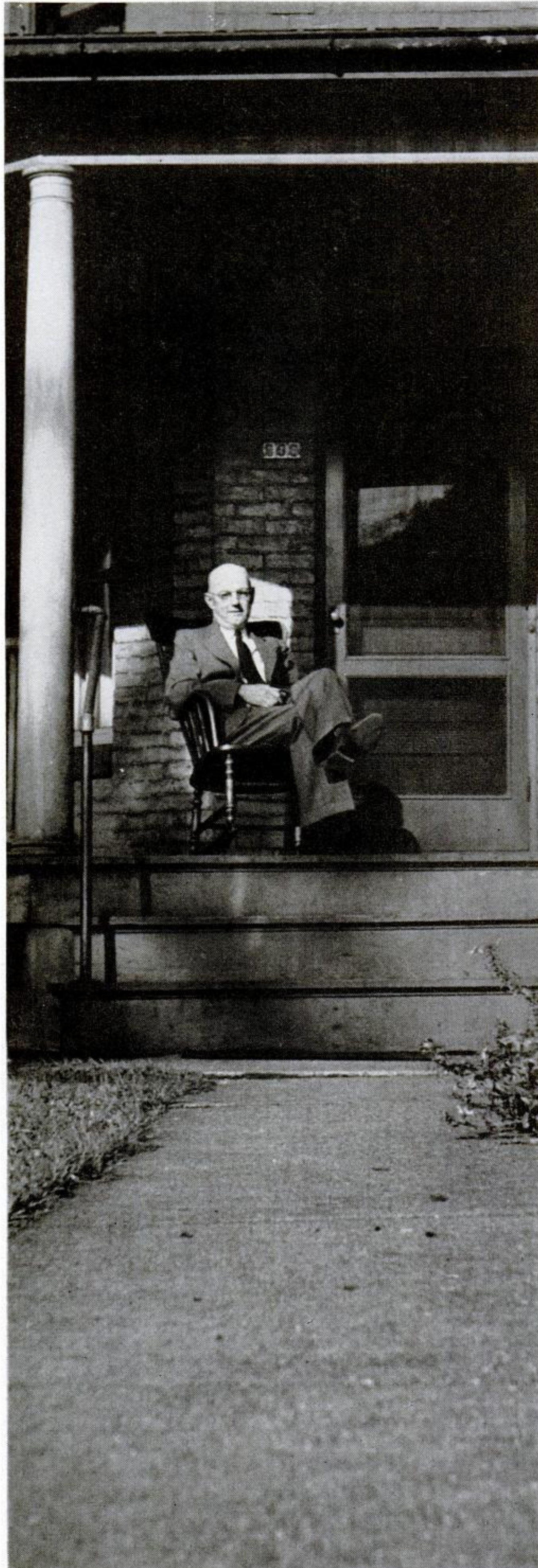
Take several selected 5-year-old straight whiskies. Blend them together for their qualities... deep body, aroma, rounded flavor. That's Fine Arts, a superb whiskey of matchless perfection... all whiskey... all 5 years old!



A Blend of Straight Whiskies All 5 Years Old
(90 Proof)

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Electronic Rat Trap CONTINUED



The better-mousetrap builder, Cornelius Stanton, creator of the Electronic rat trap, sits and contemplates the path the world should proverbially beat to his door.



"Poor Elmer! He tried to sell a customer a substitute for Kirkhill Pignose washers!"

Be sure to get Kirkhill Pignose faucet washers. They outlast ordinary washers as much as 5 years, yet cost but a few cents more. You will be sure of having leakless faucets for many years by installing Kirkhill Pignose washers. Millions have been sold in the past 20 years.



Demand Kirkhill Pignose Washers. The name is marked on every one.

KIRK HILL
RUBBER PRODUCTS • LOS ANGELES



A GOOD, WARM COAT
that looks right — feels light!

Who says it's cold? Not the man who wears an Albert Richard Mariner! Water-repellent gabardine, lined with thick wool pile and topped with a Laskinlamb collar. Just one of many new pace-setting styles in coats and jackets—gloves, too!—in quality leathers and fine fabrics by Albert Richard. All Action-Fit*, of course! Ask to see them. At leading stores everywhere. Send 10c to Dept. M for big, colorful Buried Treasure Map.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ALBERT RICHARD

ACTION-FIT COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • MITTENS
Division of Fried, Ostermann Company, Milwaukee

40 YEARS OF STYLE LEADERSHIP



A Timely Message to Americans

from
The Secretary of the Treasury

America has much to be thankful for.

Abroad we have overcome enemies whose strength not long ago sent a shudder of fear throughout the world.

At home we have checked an enemy that would have impaired our economy and our American way of life. That enemy was inflation—runaway prices.

The credit for this achievement, like the credit for military victory, belongs to the people.

You—the individual American citizen—have kept our economy strong in the face of the greatest inflationary threat this nation ever faced.

You did it by simple, everyday acts of good citizenship.

You put, on the average, nearly one-fourth of your income into War Bonds and other savings. The 85,000,000 owners of War Bonds not only helped pay the costs of war, but also

contributed greatly to a stable, prosperous postwar nation.

You, the individual American citizen, also helped by cooperation with rationing, price and wage controls, by exercising restraint in your buying and by accepting high wartime taxes.

All those things relieved the pressure on prices.

THE TASK AHEAD

We now set our faces toward this future: a prosperous, stable postwar America—an America with jobs and an opportunity for all.

To achieve this we must steer a firm course between an inflationary price rise such as followed World War I and a deflation that might mean prolonged unemployment. Prices rose more sharply after the last war than they did during the conflict and paved the way for the depression that followed—a depression which meant unemployment, business failures

and farm foreclosures for many.

Today you can help steer our course toward a prosperous America:

—by buying all the Victory Bonds you can afford *and by holding on to the War Bonds you now have*

—by cooperating with such price, rationing and other controls as may be necessary for a while longer

—by continuing to exercise patience and good sense with high faith in our future.

The challenge to America of switching from war to peace with a minimum of clashing gears is a big one.

But it is a small one compared to the tasks this nation has accomplished since Sunday, December 7, 1941.

Fred M. Vinson
Secretary of the Treasury

"Your America"



NEVADA

... Harnessed by mighty Boulder Dam, the rushing Colorado River provides irrigation for agriculture, power for industry. From Nevada's farms and ranches come food for the nation's fighters and workers. From its mines come gold, silver, copper, magnesium, tungsten and other minerals of high industrial value.

The distribution of these products calls for dependable rail transportation. Union Pacific provides that transportation over the Strategic Middle Route, uniting Nevada with the East and the Pacific Coast.

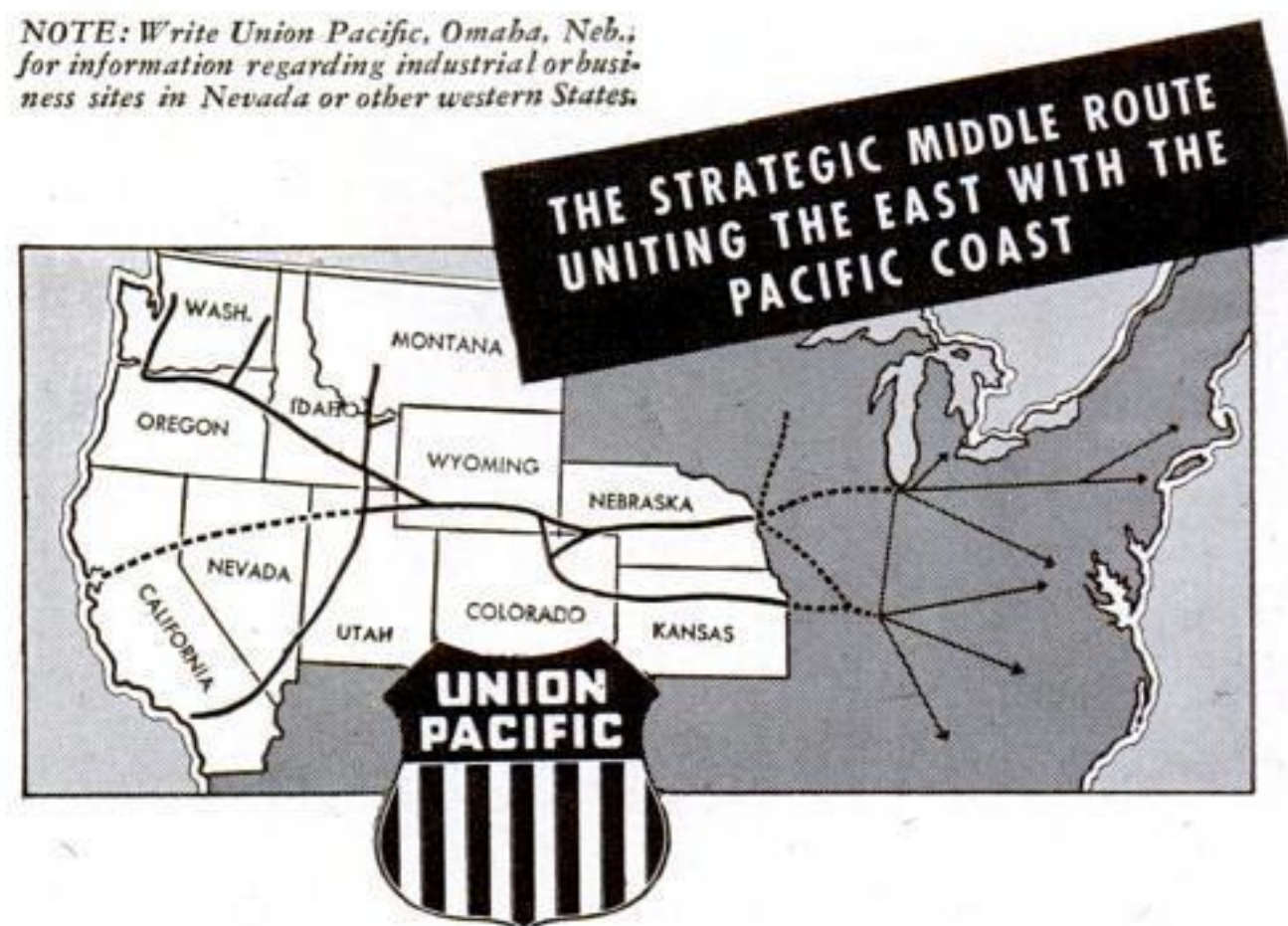
A great era lies on the peacetime horizon for this progressive west-

ern state. Vast quantities of ores and minerals are yet to be mined. There are the facilities—and the space—for industrial expansion.

Opportunity looms large in Nevada. All that is required to convert the state's resources into prosperity for a business or an individual is the same driving spirit of enterprise and initiative that helped to develop Nevada and to build this great nation—*your America*.

NOTE: Write Union Pacific, Omaha, Neb., for information regarding industrial or business sites in Nevada or other western States.

**THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD**





EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD SUSIE REED SINGS AN APPALACHIAN BALLAD TO HER OWN ACCOMPANIMENT ON IRISH HARP. SHE WEARS NO MAKE-UP WHEN PERFORMING

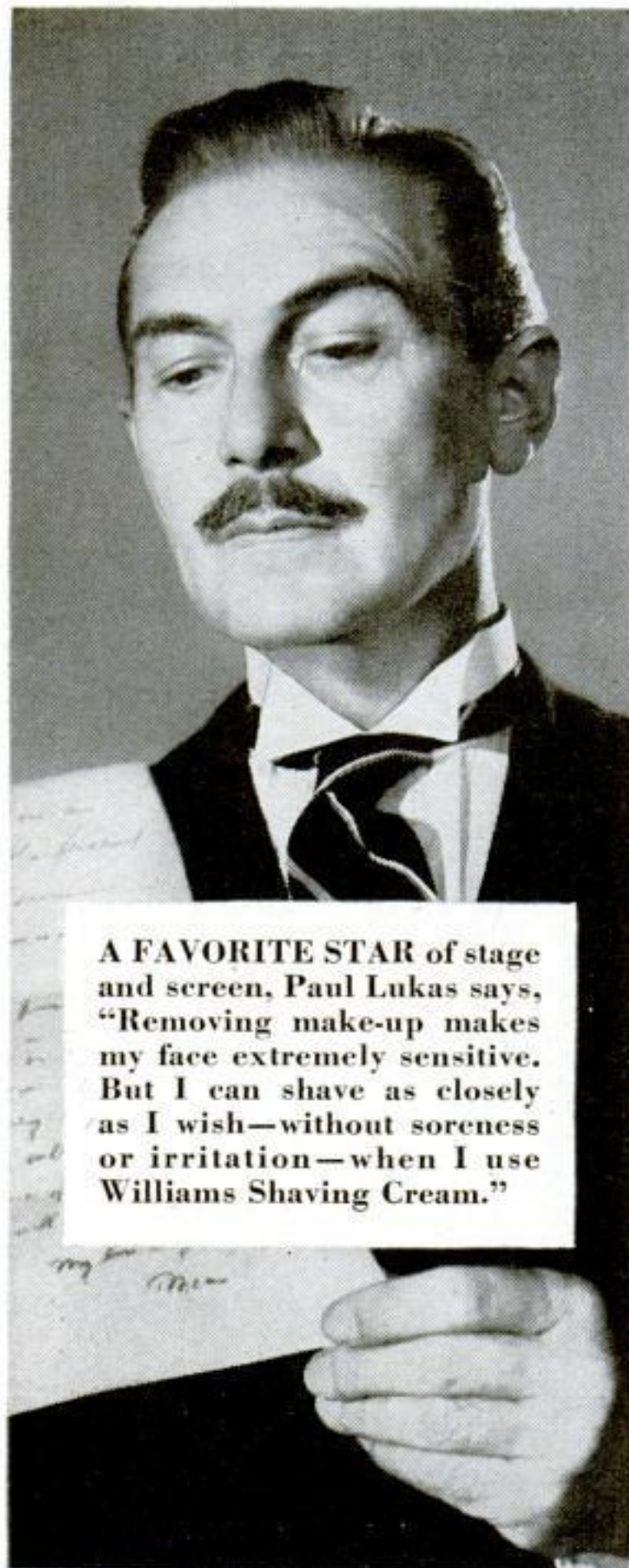
NEW FOLK SINGER

Susie Reed is a nightclub hit with her singing of old ballads

This fall the pet of Manhattan nightclubbers is a chubby, freckled-faced redhead of 18 named Susie Reed. Three times a night Cafe Society Uptown's choosy customers sit enraptured while Susie sings old Irish, English, Scottish and Appalachian ballads (*see next page*) and accompanies herself on the zither or the Irish harp. Demurely dressed, she skips across the floor, climbs onto a high stool and in a small, sweet voice sings songs which she learned from South Caro-

lina mountaineers or dug up in the New York library.

Susie, who made her nightclub debut last summer, has been singing for years for almost anybody who would stop and listen to her. She has developed a violent enthusiasm for fixing up old musical instruments, has reclaimed an old, cracked lute and the battered zither she now uses in all her performances. Her favorite instrument is a poetic-looking green and gold Irish harp, which was made in Syracuse, N.Y.



A FAVORITE STAR of stage and screen, Paul Lukas says, "Removing make-up makes my face extremely sensitive. But I can shave as closely as I wish—without soreness or irritation—when I use Williams Shaving Cream."

ACTORS' FACES are extra sensitive —that's why Paul Lukas shaves with soothing WILLIAMS

THINK of taking off heavy stage make-up every day . . . with rough towels, sometimes even with strong solvents. It's no wonder that actors' faces are so tender—extra sensitive to irritants in shaving cream.

To be gentle to the skin, a shaving cream must be made of high-quality ingredients, combined in precise amounts. Such a cream is Williams, made with skill that comes from over 100 years' experience. Its mild, top-grade ingredients are blended carefully as a doctor's prescription.

Close shaves in comfort

Williams Shaving Cream's rich, creamy lather soaks tough, wiry whiskers completely soft—helps you get close shaves in comfort. It leaves your skin feeling softer and smoother . . . refreshed.

Feel the welcome difference on your own face. Get a tube of Williams Shaving Cream today.



SUSIE SITS ON HIGH STOOL TO SING. HERE SHE HAS ZITHER IN HER LAP

THESE ARE TWO OF HER SONGS

Soldier, Soldier

Soldier, soldier, will you marry me now?
Oh, the fife and the drum!
How can I marry sech a purty little gal
When I have no shoes to put on?
Refrain: So she ran and she ran to the shoe store
As fast as she could run
And she got him shoes of the very, very best
And the soldier put them on, on,
And the soldier put them on.

Soldier, soldier, will you marry me now?
Oh, the fife and the drum!
How can I marry sech a purty little gal
When I have no coat to put on?
Refrain: So she ran and she ran to the coat store, etc.

Soldier, soldier, will you marry me now?
Oh, the fife and the drum!
How can I marry sech a purty little gal
. . . With a wife and three children at home?

Black, Black, Black

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair,
His lips are something wondrous fair,
The purest eyes, the strongest hands,
I love the ground whereon he stands.

I love my love and well he knows,
I love the grass on where he goes:
And if my love no more I'd see,
My life would quickly fade away.



IT'S SMART

To Keep Your Feet Warm, Too!

Fashion says FOOTLETS now! The same sensible FOOTLETS which made the bare-legged season so comfortable will (in new Fall and Winter fabrics) help keep your feet warm and dry, and protect your stockings during cold weather.

J. W. Landenberger & Co., Phila. 24, Pa.
also makers of RANDOLPH KNIT Anklets

Ask for genuine Footlets



*Trade Mark



Precious Nail File

Precision made, peerless in performance, this La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. For the time being it may be difficult to replace. Give it the care it deserves.

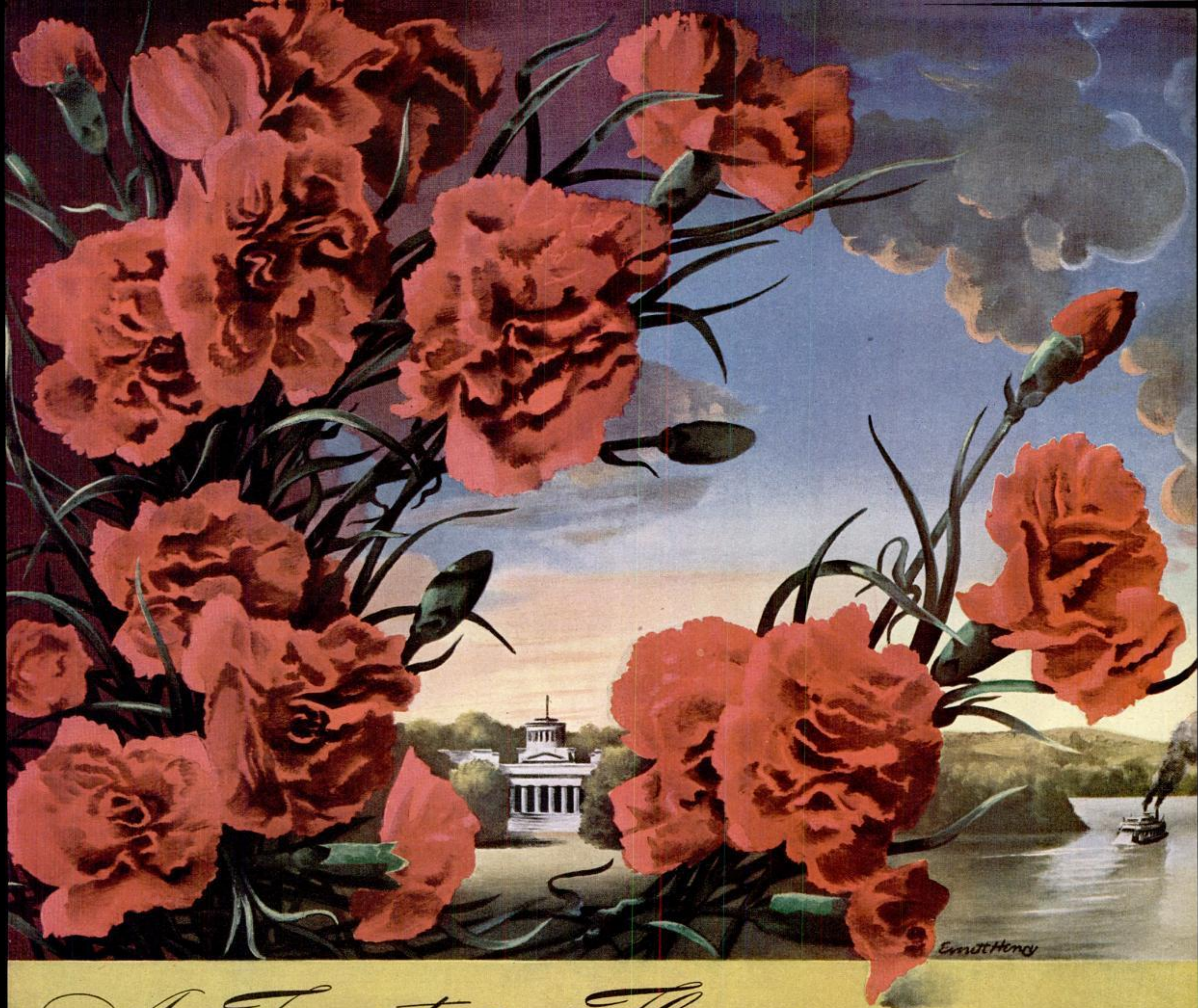
La Cross . . . For more than
4 decades America's Finest
Manicure Implements

SCHNEPFLER BROS. CORP. • 630 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 2

SUPPORT THE VICTORY LOAN



Quality & Candies
WELCH'S



A Favorite in Flowers

THE CARNATION — State Flower of Ohio



**DIXIE
BELLE**

Qualities people prefer are the qualities that make a favorite. Take Dixie Belle, for instance. Here's gin whose exquisite bouquet and bright, clear-cut flavor are distilled into every drop from selected herbs, fruits and berries and choice grain neutral spirits. You'll instantly recognize its marked superiority with your first taste . . . the taste that makes DIXIE BELLE a favorite everywhere.

A Favorite in **GIN**

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Rely on
Reliance

RELIANCE GARMENTS

for Fall and Winter

Reliance again emphasizes outstanding values—the high standards of Reliance production in war and in peace. Wearers of Reliance garments appreciate the full meaning of a Reliance label. Your close inspection of any garment shown below will prove how completely Reliance is meeting its established reputation for top value and dependable quality.



Pictured are a few of the Reliance family of wearing apparel.

A. Yankshire smartly tailored fingertip coat. Of corded wool fabric with quilted lining, insulated with virgin wool for extra warmth.

B. Big Yank plaid flannel shirts, with patented elbow-action sleeves, storm cuffs, special convenient pockets. In a wide variety of colorful plaid patterns.

C. Yankshire boys' mackinaw, four pocket, double breasted model. Warm, rugged fabrics in bold plaids.

D. Yankshire boys' fingertip coat with quilted lining, insulated with virgin wool for extra warmth. Yank Jr. boys' trousers in plain and fancy pattern corduroys.

E. Yank Jr. fall and winter flannel shirts. In brilliant, snappy plaids that both boys and girls go for.

F. Big Yank and Ensenada flannel shirts for men. Included are many types of fabrics and patterns fully meeting men's requirements for fall and

winter wear. Warm, sparkling cotton plaids, twills and suedes in plain blues and grays, and wool buffalo checks so popular for winter sports.

G. Yankshire men's melton mackinaw. Double breasted four pocket model in Navy Blue or Oxford Gray. Heavy winter-weights, and sturdy enough to stand the roughest wear.

Leading stores everywhere sell these and other Reliance quality garments. As shortages ease, stores will have larger stocks to meet the rising demand.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. • New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave., 1350 Broadway

Makers of Big Yank Work Clothing • Happy Home and Kay Whitney Dresses • Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Universal Shirts and Pajamas
No-Tare Shorts • Aywon Shirts • Yankshire Coats • Yank Jr. Boys' Garments





MIKE ROMANOFF AND BULLDOGS, MR. CONFUCIUS AND SOCRATES, MAKE DAILY THREESOME. NONCLASSIC FARE IS COLD SCRAPS FOR DOGS, COLD CUTS FOR MIKE

Life Goes to Mike Romanoff's Restaurant

A fantastic ex-fraud turned honest man runs a profitable, celebrity-filled eating place in Hollywood

The man who was probably the most wonderful liar of the 20th-Century U.S., and certainly its most successful impostor, turned respectable almost against his will in 1940. In that year "Prince Michael Alexandrovitch Dmitry Obelensky Romanoff," who was born Harry F. Gerguson 55 years ago, possibly in Brooklyn, opened a Beverly Hills restaurant with \$7,500 borrowed from a host of incredulous friends, among them Robert Benchley, Cary Grant, Darryl Zanuck and John Hay Whitney. Today his eating establishment caters to Hollywood's great, grosses close to \$700,000 a year and nets Mike Romanoff an honest \$75,000.

But Mike's disintegration into an honest businessman has amazed and saddened his friends. In a long

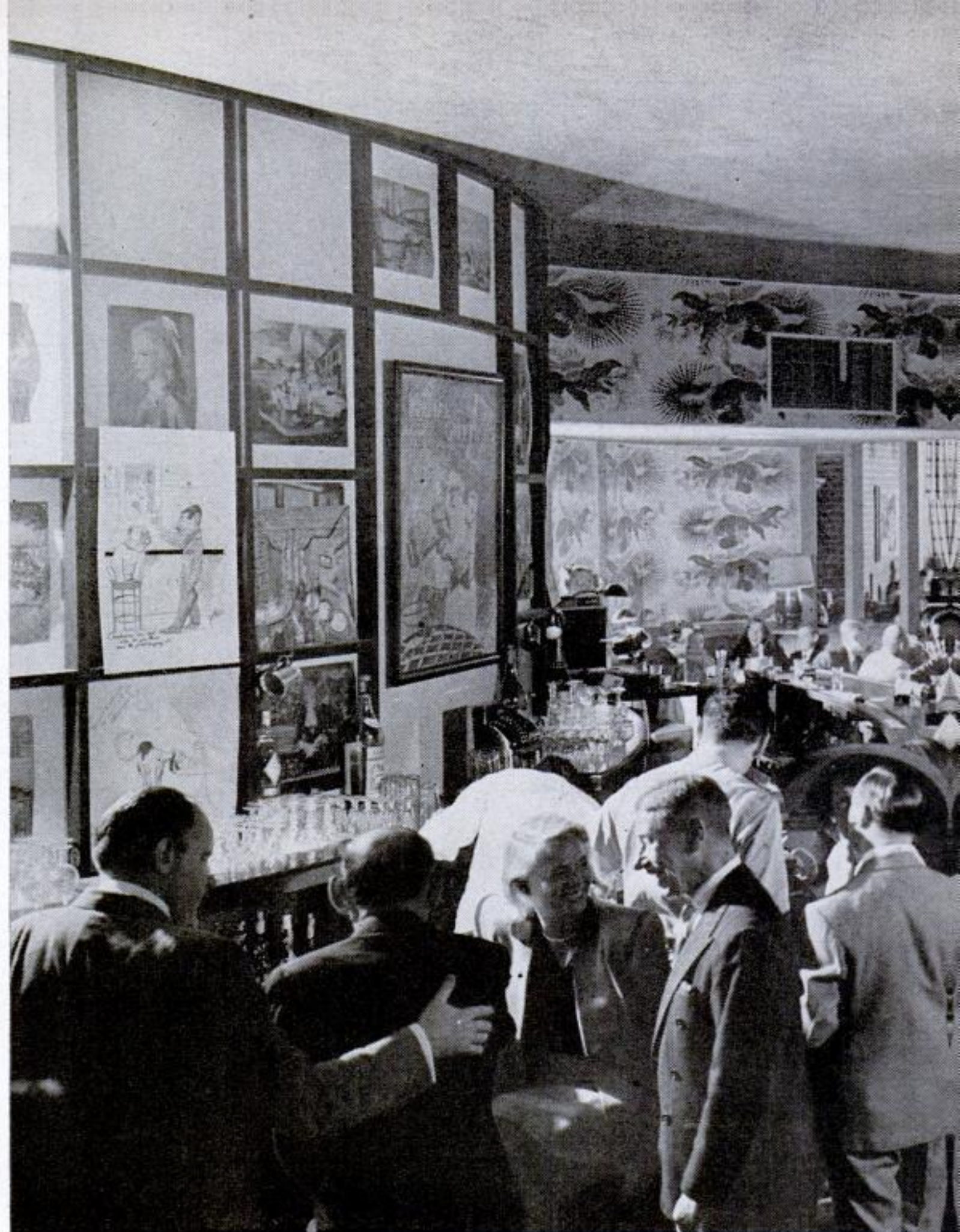
and arrogant career of phony splendor Mike has passed himself off, invariably with initial success, as the son of the late Prime Minister William Gladstone; as the man who killed Rasputin; and, less exotically, as William Rockefeller and William K. Vanderbilt. His greatest impersonation was Prince Romanoff, cousin of the late czar. Under one alias or another, Mike has cheated the tradesmen of two continents out of choice food, rare wines and luxurious lodging. He has been royally entertained by the wealthy of New York City, Hollywood and intermediate points, once sold a priceless old master for \$1,500 while it still hung on the wall of a municipal museum and once stole a suitcase from the son of the late Andrew Mellon. Mike made a fine art of passing worth-

less checks and wound up in countless jails, one of his longest stays being five months in New York City's Tombs. In 1921 he was tossed out of England for "impersonating and marauding," hotfooted it for France where a rash of bad checks forced him to migrate to America. Mike always thrived on being discovered and exposed. The people he duped became very fond of the dauntless impostor and began to consider it almost a privilege to be bilked by him.

His current affluence has not noticeably dimmed the arrogance which has always been a big part of Mike's charm. He snubs most of his customers, is particularly contemptuous of phonies, almost always lunches in lone splendor with his two dogs (*above*) and is chagrined to find that honest toil is so rewarding.



Lunching on terrace, George Sanders (*left*), Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Mike (*back to camera*) can be viewed by pedestrians on North Rodeo Drive. Adjustable disks overhead keep off sun.



In crowded dining room Mike (*left foreground*) greets bar patrons. Restaurant has four sections, seats about 170 with elite booths (*right*) always reserved for favored few. Steak and tur-



Van Johnson signs for heckler who ventured on terrace where Johnson sits. Table partner is Gretchen Donahue, wife of Socialite Woolworth Donahue, ex-wife of John Randolph Hearst.



In back garden Elsa Maxwell gives dinner for Darryl Zanuck. Going clockwise from Miss Maxwell at table's head: Monty Woolley, Mrs. Zanuck, Lauritz Melchior, Mrs. Joseph Cotten,



key are favorite foods. Fancy dishes and pungent sauces are not very popular. Flamboyant orange, yellow and green wallpaper was chosen by Mike, who was responsible for general layout.



Gregory Peck and Producer Casey Robinson order dessert. Peck likes dessert, often eats several at a sitting. He is partial to Romanoff's banana shortcake. Robinson prefers salad to dessert.



Romanoff, Esmé O'Brien Sarnoff, Gregory Peck, Mrs. Charles Boyer, Mr. Zanuck, Anita Colby, Cole Porter (*not visible*), Mrs. Artur Rubinstein, Spyros Skouras. Other guests sit at rear.



Monty Woolley eats alone at a regular table with specially rigged light behind a cash register and abaft the wine-cellar door. The book is Sheldon Cheney's *Men Who Have Walked with God*.

An Old Friend Returns! Regal-Aire

The All-Wool Tie that Defies Wrinkles
Pre-War Quality! Pre-War Price!



The demand for Regal-Aire usually exceeds the supply. If not available at your favorite store, ask to see other

Regal Ties

Regal-Spun • Royal-Aire • Regal Foulards • Regal Crepes • Regal Satins
\$1.00 and up

FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO. • MANUFACTURERS • SAINT LOUIS

Mike Romanoff's CONTINUED



EYE-CATCHING NUDE IN GLASS OVER CHAMPAGNE ROOM BAR BELONGS

FEEDING BIGWIGS IS HARD WORK AND

Five years ago virtually all of Romanoff's patronage came from the stanch band of Romanoff stockholders who bought meals to protect their investment. Now nearly 300 patrons jam the place daily to eat good food (average dinner: \$7), ogle celebrities and watch the proprietor at work. Mike's day begins at 9 a.m. and rarely ends before midnight. He punches a time card which has become smudged by the fingers of unbelieving hired hands, writes dunning letters to a welter of debtors, buys toothbrushes which he gives to friends at the rate of 40 a month, oversees the work of a staff of 90, shoos photographers and autograph hounds from his famous



TABLE-HOPPING MIKE TALKS TO JEANETTE MACDONALD AND FAY WRAY



TO A ROMANOFF BACKER WHO WANTS IT BACK "IF MIKE GOES BROKE"

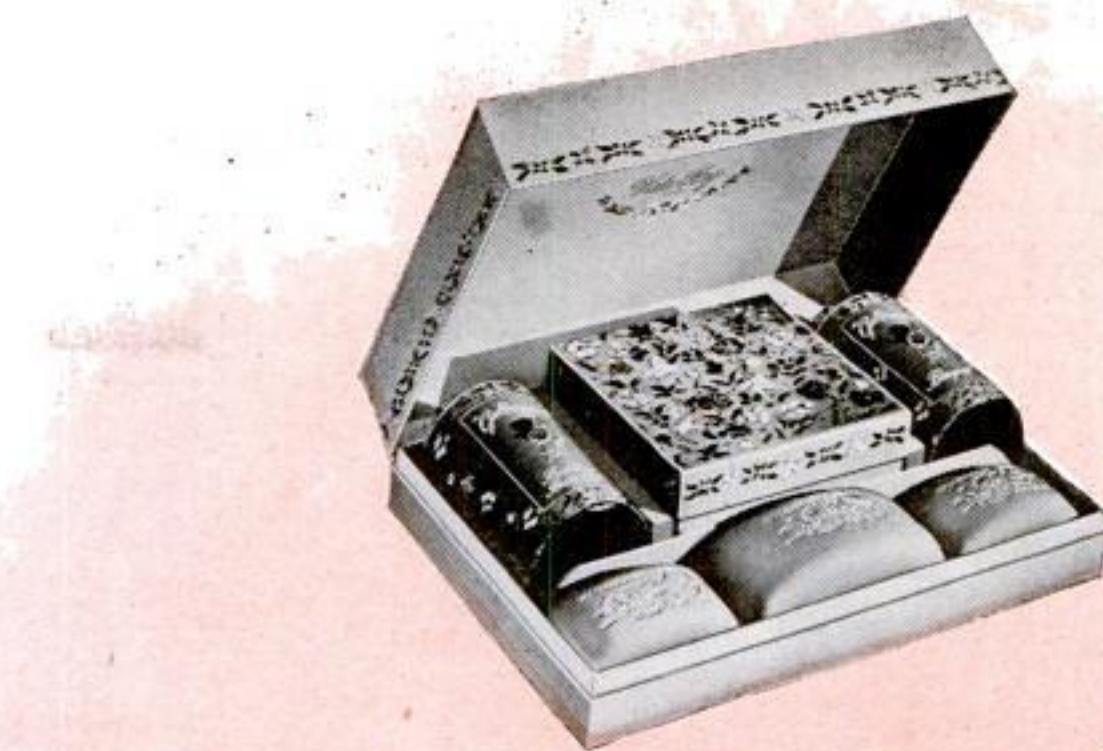
NOW MIKE WANTS TO SELL HIS PLACE

customers, usually finds time for a dip in his pool wearing a "Mae West."

Although at his restaurant he moves skillfully from table to table, he treats many celebrities to nothing more than a good look at his rapidly retreating back. Others, like the movie executive whose table manners displeased him or the lady columnist who irritated him and got kicked in the shins, are banned forever from Mike's restaurant. Recently mentioned as a candidate for mayor of Beverly Hills, he says he is too restless for high civic office, wants only to sell his business to the proper party. Already Mike has counted out the Duke of Windsor as "lacking the background."



MIKE SWITCHES TO TABLE OF DONALD NELSON AND CONSTANCE BENNETT



"Everything for Beauty"

VIDA-RAY'S famous cosmetics, of course! Now in THEME SETS...dressing table boxes that *group* together the things she *uses* together. So obviously right...so downright pretty!

Bath Box

Everything for the bath; soap, bubbling bath oil, dusting powder, bouquet — all "Gallivanting"-scented.

\$5.00

Pretty Face

Everything in color-harmony, micro-pulverized face powder, rouge and lipstick picked to co-ordinate color-tones.

\$2.75

Beau Box

Everything for the dressing table; Vida-Ray Cream, hand lotion, sachet, cake make-up, rouge, face powder, lipstick and Gallivanting Bouquet.

\$10.00

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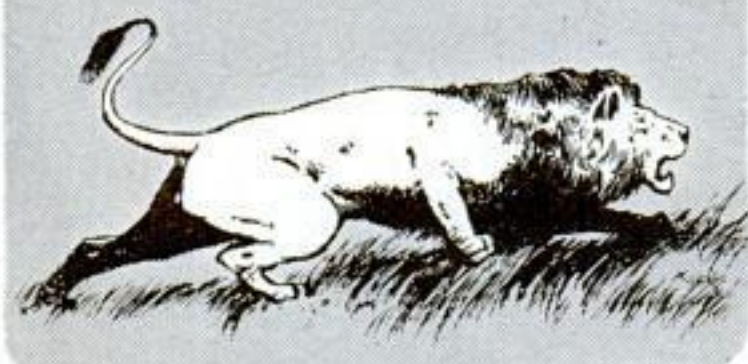


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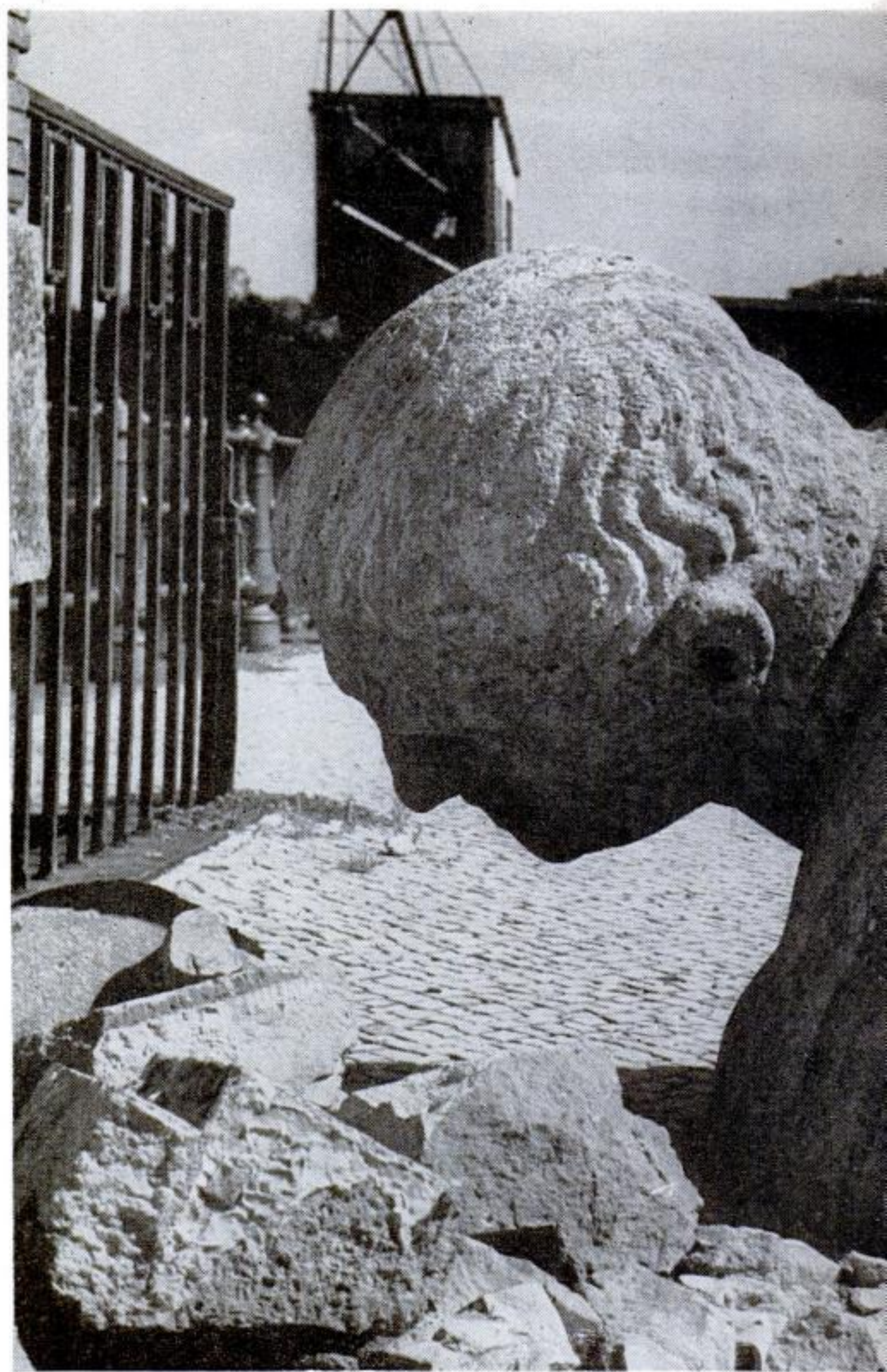
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Delco-Remy ... WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

MISCELLANY



HUGE NORDIC FIGURE OF BARGE PULLER WAS TOPPLED FROM BRIDGE.

BERLIN'S BROKEN STATUES

Allied bombs ruined some of city's unlovely art



Margrave Otto IV (d. 1309), a war-making elector of Brandenburg, now lies in pieces at the feet of his one-time adviser. This is one of the 32 statues in the Siegesallee.



SEEING HIM NOW, PESSIMISTS SAY HE IS DIGGING BERLIN'S GRAVE

Although it was an artistic laughingstock to other Europeans, Berlin's outdoor statuary was a source of deep pride to the capital's residents. When war began, the statues were encased in sandbags and brick shelters, but the Allied bombers demolished most of them. Hardest hit of all were the 32 statues of historic German military leaders which stood in arrogant marble poses down six blocks of the Siegesallee in the Tiergarten. None of them will be quite the same again which, esthetically, is a good thing.



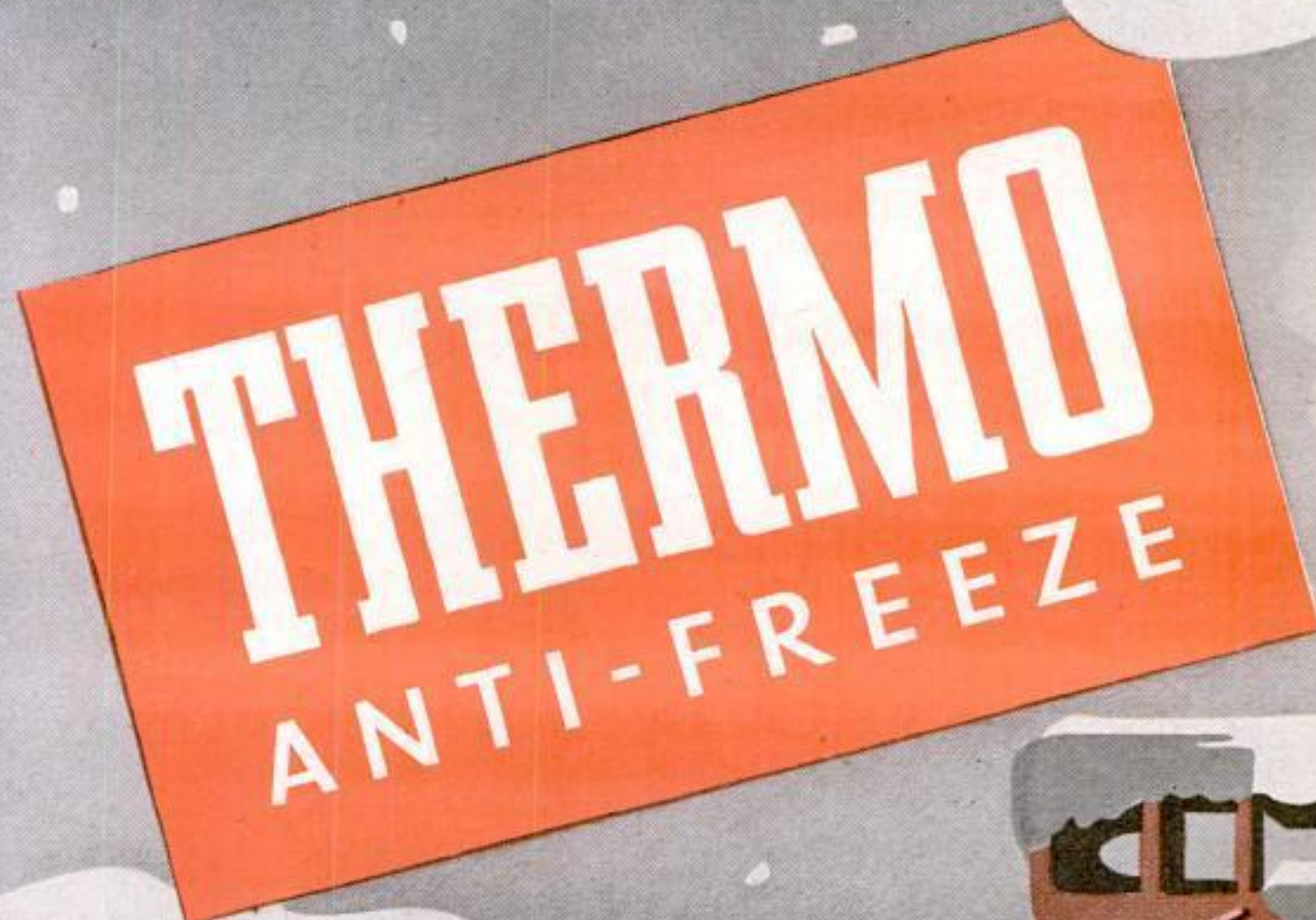
A lady bather, who formed part of a fountain outside now-gutted Berlin Schloss, was not saved from bombing despite the formidable brick shelter built around her.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

TIMELY WARNING!

Cold strikes without warning . . . but here's a timely tip. Forestall sudden freeze-ups with THERMO. Now! That's the way to keep your car out of the shop. That's the way to get sure, economical, long-lasting winter protection for your car. THERMO safeguards against freezing at lowest temperatures. Take no chances. Demand THERMO.

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The best brushes have
**DU PONT NYLON
BRISTLES**



... and now **THEY'RE BACK!**

Here they are in time for Christmas giving! Bristles of Du Pont nylon will soon be found in brushes on the counters of your favorite store. For Christmas, drop a hint that for the first time since war began "he" can give you the nylon-bristled hairbrush you want.

Nylon-bristled hairbrushes are beautiful to look at, and a joy to use. These crisp, clean bristles give your hair the shimmering lustre it deserves. And keep on giving it... for years longer.

Just look at the gleaming back and handle of this brush! That's Du Pont "Lucite"... sparkling, crystal-clear, sturdy and always pleasant to the touch. Look for the word—*nylon*—stamped on the

handle of the brush.

The better toothbrushes, too, have nylon bristles... quick-drying, lively and long-lived. (*Du Pont does not make hairbrushes; we supply the nylon bristles and "Lucite" to brush manufacturers.*)

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Dept., Arlington, New Jersey.



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Berlin's Broken Statues CONTINUED



Frederick William I (1688-1740), King of Prussia and father of Frederick the Great, teeters precariously on his ornate pedestal, which was knocked askew by a bomb.



Frederick William II (1744-97) still postures with his head lying on ground. These statues were erected by Kaiser William II as a testimonial to Hohenzollern might.

APPARITION in BERMUDA

1 "This Man from Mars," writes S. P. Nickerson of Pittsburgh, Pa., "is a friend who invited me to fish from his seawall in Bermuda one day last Spring. As a surprise for me, he'd organized a spear-fishing party, and this is the proper regalia — glass-front mask, flipper-like shoes, and a satanic sort of three-pronged spear. The trophy for the prize catch, incidentally, was really a particular one . . . a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky.



2 "First time in, I speared a beauty and sewed up that bottle of Canadian Club—beginner's luck, I guess. But mostly I spent my time walking the ocean floor . . . for Father Neptune puts on a gorgeous display beneath these turquoise waters.



3 "But for me, Bermuda's greatest thrill is still her Old World-ness—a world of 'Righto' and shillings, of left-of-the-road traffic, of bicycle bells and hoofbeats rarely interrupted by the roar of a motor. In Bermuda, you really relax.



4 "And that's an easier-to-enjoy thrill than ever before . . . thanks to the great Pan American Clippers that seem to land and take off in endless procession . . . for today Bermuda is the aerial stepping-stone to Europe.

5 "Just 5½ hours from New York, yet it's a completely different world . . . As different, you might say, as the flavor of Canadian Club—which certainly enjoys all the esteem here that it does at home!" Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch,

rich as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

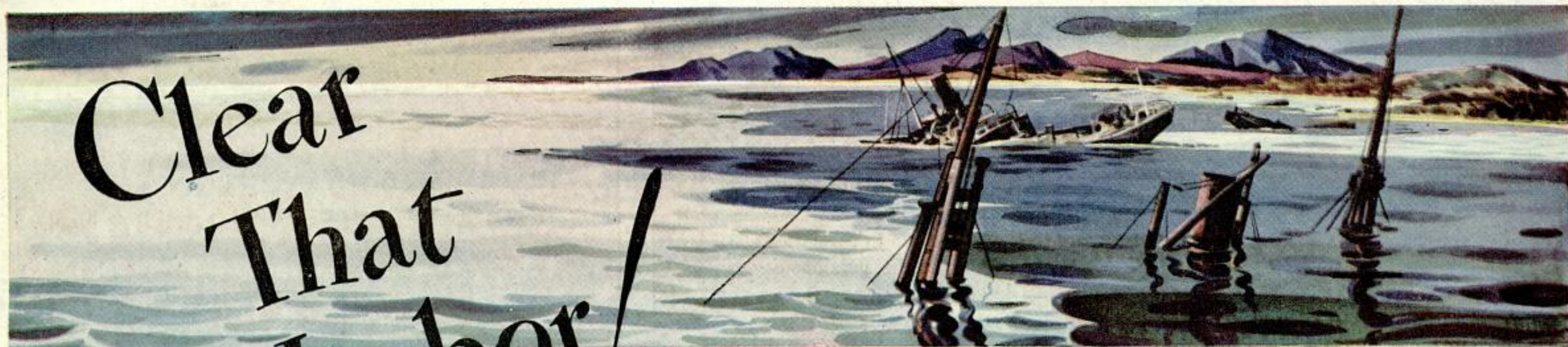
IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



Clear That Harbor!



It's a battle all its own as the Navy diver fights his way through scuttled ships and sunken mines to clear away the underwater wreckage of war

THE HARBOR may be peaceful now. War may long since have passed on by. But for the Navy diver an enemy still lurks beneath those waters.

An unexploded mine or depth charge. A scuttled freighter "booby trapped" with dynamite. A sunken ammunition ship with a cargo that's still "alive."

"And you're down there in the dark and the mud, 200 pounds on your back, a fistful of dynamite all primed and 'ready' (ready to blow if you make a misstep). You can't see—only feel! You bet it's good to get up on deck again... to light up a Camel!"

That's a Navy diver talking. That's one of the service men you're sharing your Camels with today. For with Camels it's the Service First! Remember that when you can't always get all the Camels you want. But, when you do, you're still getting Camels... the cigarette of costlier, properly aged tobaccos.

Actual color photograph of Navy diver at work under water →



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



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